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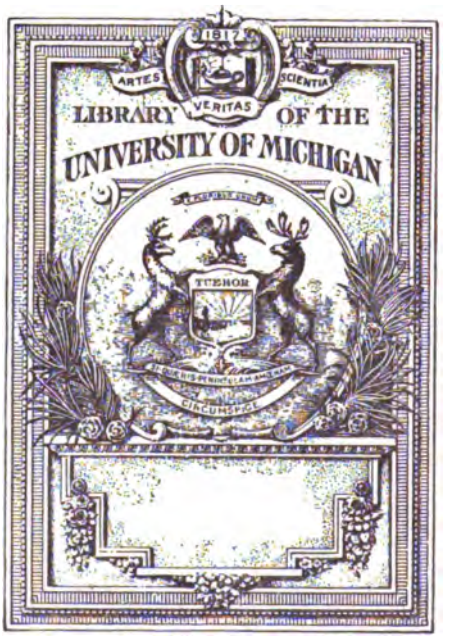

THE GIFT OF
Mrs. Katharine Hawley

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Secret Memoirs

WILLIAM II AND FRANCIS JOSEPH

VOLUME II

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WILLIAM II

Germany

FRANCIS JOSEPH

Austria-Hungary

MADAME LEBEDEFF KNOUTED

BY

MME. LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

After a drawing by Oreste Cortazzo

VOL. II

Illustrated

PHILADELPHIA

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Courts of Europe

WILLIAM II

Germany

FRANCIS JOSEPH

Austria-Hungary

BY

MME. LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

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AND

FRANCIS-JOSEPH

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CHAPTER XVII

It is not so very long ago—about six years, if I remember aright—that the chief forester of the imperial preserves at Rominten, a most worthy and popular official of the name of Reiff, was shot and killed on the spot by a poacher, who made good his escape, and who has never been brought to justice. In 1897, Count Charles Finck von Finckenstein, one of the most intimate friends and cronies of the kaiser, was shot at and badly wounded by a poacher in his gloomy forest at Alt-Madlitz, which is situated on the River Oder, between Frankfort and the fortress of Küstrin. The emperor had spent a couple of days shooting at Alt-Madlitz only the week before his friend was laid low by the poacher's bullet.

Here, too, the culprit managed to get away, his escape being facilitated by the fact that the Alt-Madlitz forests, comprising ranges of hills and valleys covered with magnificent pine and oak trees, the latter many centuries old, adjoin other great feudal estates of a similar character right along the northern coast of Germany to the Russian frontier, so that a criminal, especially one accustomed to forest gloom, such as a poacher is, would experience no difficulty in getting even as far as the Russian limits without once seeking the open.

The poachers in Germany, Austria and Russia are ten

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times more dangerous bandits than men of the same class in England and in Western Europe. In Germany and Austria the old feudal relations between the nobility and the lower classes have remained in existence to a greater degree than anywhere else in Europe, and one of the principal features of feudalism is the severity and relentlessness which the aristocracy are wont to visit upon anything in the shape of poaching. War to the knife, indeed, is waged between the poachers on one side, and the foresters and landowners on the other. In England, poachers are hunted down by the gamekeepers with dogs and buckshot, the guns being used only when the men resist capture. It is seldom that a poacher gets killed, or even seriously wounded, and when that does happen the gamekeeper has to answer for the consequences, the sympathy of the jury being invariably on the side of the poacher, whereas the magistrates and judges, who are as a rule drawn from the landowning class, are of course prejudiced in favor of the gamekeeper.

In Germany and Austria it is altogether different; when a poacher is caught prowling about in the forests of great landowners, such as Count Finckenstein, or in any of the imperial preserves, he is at once shot at without parley, not with buckshot, but with bullets, and if he is killed no one ever dreams of calling his slayer to account. He in turn knows that he need expect no mercy, and, being desperate, shoots to kill, not only whenever he is brought to bay, but often when he can get a shot at either gamekeeper or proprietor without being seen himself.

I have known of many German and Austrian territorial nobles who have been shot at in this way by poachers, and it has always appeared to me that altogether inadequate means are adopted for protecting the two kaisers from

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perils of this character. Francis-Joseph and William are surrounded by the most elaborate systems of safeguard when they are in their respective capitals or travelling about—in fact, at all other times than when they are engaged in the pleasures of the chase. Regiments of infantry and cavalry, squads of uniformed police, and hordes of detectives, arrayed in various disguises, hover around them with the avowed object of shielding them from that nightmare of Old World royalty, namely, assassination, which, as has been so often declared, is meant to stay despotism and tyranny. But from the very moment when the Austrian emperor takes to the Styrian Alps for the purpose of stalking chamois, or the German kaiser buries himself within the innermost recesses of the immense and gloomy forests of Rominten, and of Hubertusstock, all these precautions seem to be abandoned.

Francis-Joseph dispenses with guards altogether, convinced that he is safe among the hardy highlanders of the Styrian Mountains, while William contents himself with a guard of twelve "leib-gendarmes," or palace police, who are supposed to guard the approaches and entrances to his shooting-lodge at night.

But it seems never to have entered into the head of either of the two emperors that during the daytime, when out with their guns, and ordinarily accompanied only by their loader or "leib-jäger," they might be shot at and laid low by the bullet of some hidden foe, whose identity would remain undiscovered, the world being left in doubt as to whether the outrage was the work of an ordinary desperado-poacher, or of some bold and intentional regicide—the instrument, in a word, of a full-fledged conspiracy against the life of the monarch.

When Count Finckenstein was shot, he was standing at

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the edge of a glade, or stretch of moor in the forest, having only his jäger with him. The bullet that struck him was fired from behind trees on the opposite edge of the moor, a distance of several hundred yards, and neither the count nor his attendants were able to catch even a fleeting glimpse of the assailant, nor was it possible for the jäger to pursue the poacher, as he was obliged to devote all his attention to the count in order to prevent him from bleeding to death. In the same way, in case of a similar attack, would the attendant of Francis-Joseph, or of Emperor William, be obliged to devote all his energies to the preservation of whatever chances remained of the recovery of his illustrious charge, and would be thus debarred from taking any steps to pursue and capture the assassin of the monarch.

This is a peril which menaces both William and Francis-Joseph whenever they go out shooting, and if until now they have escaped the same attacks on the part of poachers that have fallen to the lot of so many of the great landowners and territorial nobles, it is almost miraculous.

Emperor William is firmly convinced that he is doomed to die by the hand of an assassin. It has been predicted to him, not once, but several times; in two instances, at any rate, by Hungarian gypsies, when he was a young man, visiting his friend, Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, on the borders of Galicia, prior to his accession to the throne, and I can bear personal witness as to the alarm experienced by those who happened to be with him on one of these occasions. The kaiser believes that his doom will come to him from the centre of some crowd in the streets of Berlin, but to my mind it is infinitely more probable that some day the world will be startled and shocked to learn that William has been laid low by the bullet of some

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unknown murderer in the depths of the forests around Hubertusstock or Rominten, where, as I have suggested, danger seems to lurk, and where the pursuit of an assassin would be secondary to caring for the emperor.

This conviction that he is destined to die by violence forms not only a constant topic of discussion, but also of correspondence between the emperor, his advisers, and especially his friends. The bullet from the anarchist's revolver that may put an end to his existence seems to be a subject of daily thought and preoccupation. Not that Emperor William is afraid. He may have some faults, but cowardice is certainly not among them. The sentiment that fills his mind is one of intense and bitter impatience and anger at the idea of not being able to grasp by the throat the man who may be lying in wait for him. He is probably the only European monarch who carries a revolver, and he is resolved to strike a blow for his life, if he only gets a chance. He is extremely skilful in the use of the weapon, and his jäger or body servant, who accompanies him everywhere, inspects it every morning to make sure that it is in perfect working order.

It is not pose, as many people believe, that causes his face to assume so set, stern, and even forbidding an expression, when he rides home through the streets of Berlin at the head of his troops, or drives along "Unter Den Linden." Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the defiance, nay, even almost the abhorrence, that is apparent in his glance and in the drawn-down corners of his mouth when he gazes at the populace that line the sides of the streets, and shout themselves hoarse in his honor. He feels sure that the bullet will come from among them some day, perhaps not before populace and troops are arrayed once more face to face in sanguinary conflict, as

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they were in 1848. Those who live in his intimacy know the true meaning of the almost fierce manner in which he hurls his half-smoked cigarette to the ground, and rattles his sabre in the scabbard, as if burning to draw it against the *canaille*, by whom he believes he is doomed.

It is perfectly correct that, so far as the public is cognizant, no attempt has as yet been made on the life of his majesty. But it must not be forgotten that he had already attained the age of manhood when he saw his aged and passionately-loved grandfather carried into his palace unconscious and covered with blood, after having been so cruelly shot by Nobiling. He was also a grown man at the time when his cousin, Emperor Alexander II., was shattered by the nitro-glycerin bombs of the Nihilists, and it was William who on that occasion represented the German Empire and the Court of Berlin at the obsequies of the ill-fated czar. Indeed, he has seen so many of his friends and relatives made the object of more or less successful attempts on the part of would-be assassins, that it is easy to understand why he should be so assured that he is destined to die, to use a Western phrase, with his boots on; and that, too, in the streets of Berlin, where he is less popular in all probability than anywhere else in Germany, or indeed in the world.

That the kaiser does not trust his Berliners is shown by the fact that since his accession to the throne he has spent a considerable sum of money in causing a subterranean passage to be made, so as to be enabled to reach his box at the opera, or rather, I should say, to leave it without being observed. The exit of the subterranean passage in question is a block or two distant from the so-called "Zeughaus," where there is a very strong military detachment always on duty.

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Possibly, William derives this idea from Paris, where the crown theatres were similarly provided with secret underground passages for the use of the reigning family, in case of danger, during the first or third empire, as well as throughout the reign of King Louis Philippe.

Napoleon III., not content with this, had a secret underground passage leading from the Elysée Palace beneath the Rue de l'Elysée to a private house on the other side of the street. This private house belonged to his confidential chamberlain, Count Bachiochi, and whenever the emperor wished to undertake some secret excursion, or to visit one of his fair friends, without the knowledge of his jealous empress, he would proceed from the Tuileries to his former residence, the Elysée Palace, for the alleged purpose of quietly working there with his ministers, and then, while the spies with whom his wife surrounded him remained watching at the gate, he would quietly pass from his private room through the subterranean passage to the count's house, enter the count's carriage in the court-yard of the mansion, and drive off.

Eventually, Italian conspirators became aware of the existence of this underground passage, where on one occasion, towards the close of his reign, an attempt on his life was made by a Carbonari assassin, who was himself immediately killed by the emperor's Corsican body guard and the chief of palace detectives, Baron Griscelli.

Would-be assassins are not the only sources of peril to reigning sovereigns in the Old World. They are also subjected to almost incredible persecution at the hands of lunatics and cranks, some of them of the most dangerous description. Hardly a week passes when the emperor and empress are in residence either at Berlin or at Potsdam without men and women being quietly taken into custody

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by the palace detectives or uniformed police, and bundled off by night to the great lunatic asylum on the outskirts of the Prussian capital. The men, as a general rule, profess to be either passionately in love with the empress, and resolved at all costs to throw themselves at her feet, or else insist that it is they who are her husband, and that the emperor is merely an interloper who has alienated her affections. The women, on the other hand, are equally positive that they are the real and only legal wives of his majesty, or else that they are his lost sister. Then there are men and women maddened with real or imaginary wrongs, which they are certain can only be righted by the emperor. Indeed, there is no end to the crazy ideas with which the brains of these poor maniacs are filled, who haunt the imperial palaces.

The border line that separates the lunatic from the anarchist is so difficult to define that the emperor, as well as his police, may be excused for seeing in them all an element of danger, and in adopting adequate measures of protection.

Emperor Francis-Joseph has been less fortunate than his brother monarch at Berlin in the immunity which the latter has until now enjoyed of any serious and full-fledged attempt on his life; for the ruler of Austro-Hungary has been on no less than five different occasions the object of either actual attacks, or of narrowly averted plots on the part of men sworn to take his life.

His first encounter with an assassin was when he was still quite young. He had been on the throne but three or four years, and was walking along the ramparts of Vienna one afternoon, when a Hungarian tailor of the name of Libenyi, half-crazed by the wrongs to which his fellow countrymen had been subjected by Austria—it was shortly

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after the close of the sanguinary repression of the great Magyar rebellion of 1849—stole up behind his majesty and plunged a sharp knife, such as is used for cutting cloth, into the back of his neck. The man had evidently hoped to reach the emperor's heart by stabbing him beneath the shoulder blades; but although he missed his aim he inflicted so serious a wound that the emperor's life was in danger for several days.

There is no doubt that the assassin would have stabbed the prostrate monarch, who had fallen forward on his face, a second time had not his majesty's young equerry, Cavalry-Lieutenant Maximilian O'Donnell, hurled himself upon the murderer, and held him, although with the utmost difficulty, until the arrival of assistance, which was not before some minutes had elapsed, as the bastions where the emperor had been walking, were quite deserted at the time. Young O'Donnell received several bad cuts from the assassin's knife in endeavoring to wrest it from him.

The would-be regicide was quickly tried and sentenced to death by hanging, while honors of every kind were showered upon the young Irishman—for O'Donnell hailed from the Emerald Isle—to whom the emperor undoubtedly owed his life. The fortunate subaltern was promoted at one bound to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was created a count, presented with an estate, and honored with decorations, not only by the emperor himself, but also by most of the sovereigns then reigning in Continental Europe. Count O'Donnell died only a year or two ago at Salzburg, honored and kindly remembered until the very last, not only by the emperor, but by the entire imperial family.

Two other attempts have been made upon the emperor's

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life in Bohemia. Just about the time when he was to be crowned King of Hungary, he was shot at in Prague by a Czech, while twenty years later his train met with a fearful accident, and narrowly escaped complete destruction, owing to the rails having been removed at the top of an embankment by conspirators, who were subsequently discovered to be members of the German Nationalist party in Bohemia.

About twelve years ago, a deserter named Oberdank attempted to shoot him at Trieste. It was ascertained that he had been instigated to the crime by the *Italia-Irredenta*, a political society which has for its avowed aim the transfer to the Kingdom of Italy of the Italian-speaking provinces still under the rule of Francis-Joseph. Oberdank was tried, convicted and hanged, and to this day the anniversary of the man's execution is celebrated as a day of mourning by the *Italia-Irredenta* party.

All these encounters with assassins experienced by Francis-Joseph during his long reign of more than fifty years, are, however, obliterated and relegated to the background by the terrible tragedy which robbed him of his consort. To this day, the question as to whether Empress Elizabeth's assassination at Geneva was the irresponsible act of a crank or the result of a deep-laid conspiracy on the part of the leaders of the anarchical movement, remains unanswered.

Contrary to popular belief, it is not the gorgeously apparelled body guards who constitute the principal protection of such monarchs as Francis-Joseph and Emperor William. If these body guards still exist it is more for the purpose of pomp and show than for protection. The duty of providing for the latter is vested in the hands of a special corps of picked police, who are for the most part

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arrayed in plain citizens' clothes, so as not to attract such attention as might impair their usefulness. Indeed, the general public knows very little about them and has but a faint idea of the character or extent of their duties, for of the men who guard their illustrious charges, the best are naturally those who make the least fuss. Thus a detective whose sagacity and intelligence may over and over again have preserved their majesties from any kind of trouble or hurt, will receive less notice than the more demonstrative servant, who perhaps once in his life had the good luck to stay the arm of a would-be assassin as the pistol was fired, instead of beforehand.

Unfortunately, these police, who enjoy altogether exceptional powers, owing to the fact that they are entrusted with the duty of protecting the life of the monarch,—a life regarded as a consideration surpassing all others in importance,—occasionally misuse these powers, and a few years ago the chief of the special corps of detectives appointed to watch over the safety of Emperor William, a man named Colonel Baron von Tausch, whom I have already mentioned in these pages, became involved in such an extraordinary scandal that the emperor was compelled to dispense with his services. True, he had shielded his imperial master from every kind of danger at the hands of both assassins and cranks, but not content with this, he established a sort of bureau of espionage on the same lines as the once celebrated "Third Section" of the police at St. Petersburg. He made it his duty to furnish reports to the emperor concerning the private life and doings of all sorts of personages forming part of the court and the government, and became the cause of so much intrigue, and even of administrative difficulty, that ultimately, after having vainly appealed and protested to the emperor,

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Baron Marschall, the minister of foreign affairs of the empire, proceeded against him for libel and conspiracy before the Berlin tribunals, exclaiming in the witness-box, with a cry that seemed to come from the very heart: "I am obliged to take refuge in publicity."

The staff of Baron von Tausch not merely comprised a perfect army of clever detectives, but also a number of men and women, chiefly people of rank and social position, in need of financial help, and ready, therefore, to act as police spies for the sake of a consideration,

One of the most active of these spies was a Baron von Luetzòw, the bearer of a name celebrated for heroism during the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the century. It was revealed during the trial that Colonel von Tausch, desiring to obtain certain information for the emperor concerning the national movement in the Polish provinces, ordered Baron von Luetzòw to court the daughter of a Polish noble who was at the head of the movement, and to become affianced to her, with the object of winning the confidence of her father. As soon as Luetzòw had extracted from the father of the girl the information that he needed for Colonel von Tausch, he coolly jilted the girl and returned to Berlin.

Among the correspondence produced at the trial was a confidential letter in Colonel von Tausch's handwriting, addressed to Count Philip Eulenburg, the German ambassador at Vienna, in which he boasted of having successfully accomplished some dirty piece of intrigue which he expected would have the effect of finally "doing for" the minister of foreign affairs, Baron Marschall, in the eyes of the emperor. It was shown that shortly after this, Count Eulenburg sent to Colonel von Tausch a high Austrian

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decoration which he had obtained for him from the Austrian government.

In fact, when the colonel appeared in the prisoner's dock his uniform was covered with decorations. He had accompanied the emperor everywhere, and was to such an extent considered responsible for his safety, and so high in his master's confidence, that every royal or imperial personage who visited the Court of Berlin, or received a visit from the emperor, considered it politic to make handsome presents to the colonel. Hence, at the time of his trial, he was wearing on his finger a ring worth five thousand dollars, given to him by the czar, and a jewelled watch and chain, of the value of one thousand dollars, which were a present from the Prince of Wales.

It also incidentally came to light during the trial that the late Prince Egon Hohenlohe, grand master of the household of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, having conceived a dislike for one of the ducal chamberlains, Count Griebenòw de Paderno, employed Von Tausch to hunt up this nobleman's somewhat questionable, but by no means criminal, antecedents, and to publish them anonymously in a number of German papers, the result being a public scandal of sufficient magnitude to compel the duke to ask the count for his immediate resignation.

Prince Egon Hohenlohe was only one of the hundreds of dignitaries, princes and nobles who had recourse to the services of Colonel von Tausch in order to gratify their private spite and dislikes.

It will readily be understood that none of these great personages in Germany relished the idea of their intrigues and petty dishonor being revealed by the colonel to the public, nor were they anxious that he should be driven to lay bare the part which he had played in arranging and

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hushing up all the scrapes in which they had become involved. The emperor, moreover, did not care to have his relatives, his ministers, the princes and nobles of his court, and the leading personages of the non-Prussian courts of Germany, learn of the espionage to which they had been subjected by Colonel Tausch in his behalf.

The long and short of the whole matter was that Tausch had been employed in so much unsavory work that would not bear the light of day, that his conviction on the criminal charges proved against him was impossible from the very outset. If Tausch had spoken and disclosed all he knew, he would have set the Court of Berlin and the society of almost every city of Germany, aye, and of Austria and other countries as well, by the ears.

Nevertheless, while the tribunals did not dare to convict Colonel von Tausch, and acquitted him of the charges of forgery, perjury, and conspiracy brought against him, a result due, of course, to the fact that he knew too much about the confidential affairs of the emperor, and of the great people at Berlin, yet he cannot be considered as having got off scot-free. Being a Bavarian by birth, and deriving his military rank from the Bavarian army, he was decreed by a court of honor composed of officers of that army to have been guilty of conduct so dishonorable as to render him an unfit associate for gentlemen, and no longer worthy of holding a commission in the service of the King of Bavaria; the minister of war at Munich ratified this decree, and Colonel von Tausch, therefore, was expelled from the Bavarian army in disgrace.

The emperor has been obliged to dispense with the services of the colonel, but his majesty has enabled him to retire into private life, with all the honors, such as they are, of a chief of police placed on the retired list, the enjoy-

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ment of his titles as such, and a comfortable pension, in addition to the considerable fortune which he amassed while chief of the palace police; nor is there any danger whatsoever of his ever being in financial difficulties as long as he retains his memory and his confidential papers.

It should be said by way of explanation that Emperor William is by no means the only sovereign who considers it necessary to keep his leading statesmen, the principal personages of his court, and, above all, the members of his own family under close observation by means of the secret police. In fact, espionage is part and parcel of court life, and to such an extent is this carried in the case of some of the reigning families that the late Emperor Alexander III., while still czarevitch actually had his private correspondence stopped in transit, examined, and copies made of the contents. At one moment, when he seemed to be in open revolt against his imperial father, the chief of the Third Section at that time,—in other words, of the imperial secret police,—took it upon himself to make a report on the subject to the czar, at the same time giving copies of the letters in question to his majesty. This led to a memorable scene between father and son, which terminated in the dismissal of the chief of police.

On another occasion, the surveillance to which the late Grand Duke Constantine, a man of notoriously liberal tendencies, was subjected, led to the inference on the part of the chief of the secret police that the prince was in some way implicated in the dynamite outrage of the Winter Palace in 1880. Full of what he considered his discovery, he hastened with it to the czar. Alexander II., who was very fond of his clever brother, took the report without saying a word, and the next time that he saw Constantine, he showed it to him, exclaiming: "Don't say a

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word; I don't believe it!" Then he threw it into the fire and affectionately embraced his brother.

Many are the European rulers who have been practically terrorized by unscrupulous chiefs of secret police, such as Colonel von Tausch, into doing otherwise unaccountable things. Napoleon III. suffered greatly from this espionage, which he himself had inaugurated.

No one knows how cruelly mortified Emperor William must have been in connection with the revelations concerning the ignominy of Colonel Tausch. His imperial pride suffered the more because he was unable to permit the man to be punished. Only a few years ago, the whole Court of Munich was stricken with dismay by the revelation made by a Baroness Irma von Schmadel, who, with the object of venting her hate against Baron von Müller, at the time minister of public worship, actually published a number of his fac-simile letters and reports of which he had secured possession, showing that during the lifetime of the late King Louis he carried on, by the order of his majesty, a most elaborate system of espionage over every member of the reigning family, keeping track of their habits, their shortcomings, and, above all, of their associations and entanglements.

I do not know if Emperor William has appointed a successor to Baron von Tausch, but I should imagine that the lesson which he received in connection with that personage was sufficient to prevent so clever and wide-awake a man as himself from ever again placing himself in the power of unscrupulous police spies.

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CHAPTER XVIII

Where is Emperor William at home? That is a question which it is exceedingly difficult to answer offhand with any degree of exactitude. There are many who would insist that he is most at home on board his famous sailing yacht, his superb private railroad train, or his magnificent steam yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, and it must be confessed that they have no little ground for taking this view, since a sovereign who spends on an average two-thirds of the year in travelling about from place to place, following this fad to such an extent that he is popularly known as "Der Reise Kaiser," (The Travelling Emperor) may well be considered to feel himself more at home in his railroad cars, or on board his yachts, than in any palace. There are others again who argue that he is nowhere so much at home as at his shooting-boxes of Rominten or at Hubertusstock.

Certainly, the royal castle or palace at Berlin cannot be looked upon as his home, for he spends only a few weeks there during the winter, for the purpose of giving a number of magnificent entertainments, migrating thither as late as possible in the autumn, indeed only just before Christmas, and manifesting the utmost hurry to get back to Potsdam, for neither the empress nor himself likes Berlin. In the first place, there is no sympathy between either the emperor or the empress and the Berliners, who have from time immemorial been noted for their disloyalty towards

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the reigning house; then, too, the palace built hundreds of years ago is terribly inconvenient and uncomfortable, lacks privacy, looking as it does right onto the public street, and has no grounds or gardens where the children can play. In fact, whenever the kaiser's children wish to have a romp, they have to drive off to the palace of Bellevue, a small and incommodious building, but which has large grounds, in order to find some place where they can play without being mobbed.

The palace which Emperor William considers as being his home more than any other is undoubtedly the "Neues-Palais," or New Palace at Potsdam, which was the summer home of his parents throughout their married life, and where he spent his entire youth.

He makes this palace his headquarters from the early spring until just before Christmas, and although he is usually away, yet, after all, there is no doubt that he looks upon the place as his real home.

"New Palace" is as misleading a title as "New College" at Oxford, for the "New College" is one of the oldest colleges of the English University of Oxford, and in the same manner the emperor's favorite residence at Potsdam dates from the close of the Seven Years' War, when it was built by Frederick the Great in a spirit of bravado, on ground which until then had been a bog, just to show his enemies that they had been as little able to exhaust his coffers as his courage. And when the royal philosopher had finished the New Palace (that is, new by comparison with Sans Souci, which was built before the war), he caused a crown of glory to be made and fixed on its dome, a crown supported by completely undraped figures of Empress Elizabeth of Russia, Empress Maria-Theresa of Austria, and Madame de Pompadour, who virtually ruled

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France, these three ladies having been the prime movers in the Seven Years' War against him, and his principal antagonists. The crown which the statues of these three ladies support is that of Prussia, and adding injury to insult, old Frederick the Great caused them to be perched up there aloft, with their backs turned to their respective countries.

The late Emperor Frederick always took the ground that the palace, in view of this peculiar feature in connection with the dome, should have been styled Friedrichskron, the title of New Palace being misleading, and as soon as he came to the throne he issued a decree commanding this change of appellation, having in view, not his own name, as has been generally supposed, but that of Frederick the Great. William, who professes the most extravagant, but altogether unnatural cult for King Frederick II., came to the conclusion that it would be better to adhere to the title which the old monarch had originally given to the palace, and, therefore, in restoring the original name of "Neues-Palais," did not intend any disrespect to his father, as has been often asserted.

The New Palace is the Prussian counterpart of Windsor Castle in England, of Versailles in France, of Schoenbrun in Austria, and of the Peterhoff in Russia. It is about half an hour by rail from Berlin, and it is reached by means of the Magdeburg line. The walk from the private station, known as the "Wildpark," to the palace takes only about ten minutes, through a broad arch-like avenue of lofty elms, with the exquisitely kept pleasure grounds of the palace on the right, and on the left, the open, crop-producing country stretching away to the horizon in a waving, verdant plain. In a few minutes the outer gate is passed, before which a huge, helmeted sentinel paces up

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and down, and then advancing a little farther, one finds oneself face to face with the New Palace, a vast and imposing brick building, the ground plan of the structure forming a kind of inverted letter "E." A broad flight of steps leads to the main entrance, which is surmounted by a lofty central dome, topped by the Prussian crown, and the three nude figures already described; the whole edifice, with its fluted Greek columns and classical outlines, conveys an impression of great, but exotic magnificence, as if the architecture of Versailles had been adapted to the tastes of Potsdam.

Opposite the palace, but with a less frontage, there being a broad and spacious esplanade between, are a series of structures in a corresponding style of ornate classical art, called the "Communes," which were originally designed for the accommodation of the ladies and gentlemen of the household, but which are now chiefly tenanted by the "Lehr-Battallion," or pattern training-battalion, composed of picked men from all the regiments of the Prussian army, who here, under the searching eye of the kaiser himself, imbibe those rules of unrivalled discipline with which they will in turn as non-commissioned officers leaven the whole mass of the German army. This "Lehr-Battallion," which is not, as so many people imagine, a learning, but rather a teaching battalion, is one of the great shows at Potsdam, and to see it march past and perform other military manœuvres when the emperor has some illustrious guest at the New Palace, is a sight as much to be remembered as were the evolutions of the celebrated regiment of giants of Prussia's first king.

The show place of this palace is the "Shell Hall," or "Müschelsaal," reminding one of that "Hall of Shells," that was sung by Ossian. It is a tremendous apartment,

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and even in the hottest weather it is as cool as the submarine retreat of Neptune. Every inch of wall and ceiling is covered with gorgeously colored shells of all imaginable hues and shapes, fantastically arranged. In fact, this "Hall of Shells" is one of the quaintest and most beautiful sights of Europe, and it is doubtful whether there is anything so absolutely unique and picturesque to be found in any other palace of the Old World. It forms the division between the southern and the northern halves of the palace; and it is to the latter portion that the imperial family confines itself, having about fifty rooms at its disposal for private apartments. Almost the only thing up-to-date about them is the furniture, which is chiefly new, as on the death of her husband, the widowed Empress Frederick had the contents of this portion of the palace, which were her own property, removed to her present home at Friedrichoff, near Homburg, only the ground floor room in which her ill-starred consort breathed his last being left undisturbed, in the floor of which a mosaic cross has been set to mark the spot where he completed his martyrdom.

The kaiser's own "arbeitzimmer," or study, looks out upon the terrace, and commands a view of one of the most charming garden landscapes in all Germany. It is not a large room, but one is particularly struck by its English air of perfect simplicity and comfort. A large writing table in the centre is covered with official books of reference, military histories, biographies, and the like, while another, at the side, is devoted to maps of places of momentary interest, for instance that of the Transvaal, etc., "kriegspiel" problems, and letters of the day's mails. There are but few ornaments about, and of these the most conspicuous and characteristic are the models of a Krupp gun and of a modern battleship, for the emperor is ardently devoted to

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the navy, and often when talking to a visitor will let his pen run over his blotting-pad, tracing the hideously inartistic outlines of the ironclad of the future. His picture of a "fight between torpedo boats and ironclads," which hangs on the wall, is distinguished as much by scientific accuracy of detail as by its dramatic force and vraisemblance. There are likewise some water-color souvenirs of Norway, which adorn the walls of his study, and quite a number of battle pieces illustrative of Prussia's more modern wars on land.

Occasionally he will, if the weather is very fine, transfer his *arbeitzimmer* for the morning to a lovely little garden-house in the grounds, surrounded by a hedge and panelled inside and out with majolica tiles. Over the entrance is nailed a horseshoe, and beneath it is inscribed this English verse, composed by Empress Frederick:

> "This plot of ground I call my own,
> Sweet with the breath of flowers,
> With memories of pure delight,
> And toil of summer hours."

This little garden-house is literally imbedded in flowers, the lovely hues of which are reflected in the marble-bordered sheet of water, which gives an additional impression of coolness to the place.

The south side of the palace is left very much as it was in the time of Frederick the Great. There is the theatre, with a seating capacity for an audience of six hundred people, and in the music-room is a complete manuscript copy of *Les Œuvres Mêlées du Philosophe de Sans Souci, Avec Privilège d'Apollon*, with autograph notes by Voltaire, of a critical character, for instance, where the word "plat" occurs in two or three consecutive lines of

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the king's works, Voltaire remarks, "*Voici plus de plats que dans un très bon souper!*" This room, as well as all the others of Frederick the Great, is adorned in the rococo style, with a profusion of marble, jasper, malachite, and other valuable colored stones, on both walls and floor. One of the strangest features of decoration is to be found in a room used by Frederick the Great as his sitting-room. It is furnished in white and gold, and the ceiling as well as a portion of the walls are adorned with a huge spider's-web, painted in gold, in which are two flies and a big spider. The explanation of this decoration is as follows. Every morning, Frederick the Great was accustomed to drink a cup of chocolate. One day, after the happy ending of the Seven Years' War, the king was engaged longer than usual at his writing-table, the chocolate having meanwhile remained untouched on the table, and when later he wished to drink it, he found that a large spider had let itself down from the ceiling into the cup. The king, not wishing to share his meal with the spider, poured the chocolate into the saucer for his two greyhounds. These eagerly drank it, but were soon after seized with convulsions and died, displaying all the symptoms of poisoning. The French cook was thereupon sought; but having already learned of the death of the greyhounds, he had blown out his brains, in dread of the discovery subsequently made that he was in Austria's pay, and had poisoned the king's chocolate. Frederick consequently looked upon the spider, which had invited itself to share his breakfast, as having saved his life, and it was in memory of his narrow escape that he had the room in question thus decorated.

Formerly, the "Neues-Palais" was very damp. As I have already mentioned, Frederick the Great built the palace on a site that was nothing else than a bog. For-

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getting this, the late Emperor Frederick, discovering this dampness, and being under the impression that this, as well as the malarial symptoms from which he suffered, were due to the wide and deep moats by which the palace was surrounded, foolishly had them filled in. He failed to realize the fact that they served to drain the place, and that they were absolutely necessary to the proper sanitation of the building. The result of this was that the water got into the basement, and that the palace became so unhealthy that it has always been a question in my mind whether this condition of affairs was not largely responsible for the malady to which Emperor Frederick succumbed; cancer being invariably developed by dampness, as is proved by medical statistics, which show that it is particularly prevalent at the mouths of rivers, near stagnant pools, or even lakes, and especially in the proximity of marshy ground.

Ultimately, after the kaiser had almost lost two of his boys from diphtheria at the "Neues-Palais," he caused it to be subjected to a most searching investigation by sanitary engineers, and on the strength of their reports the palace has been furnished, at an enormous cost, with an entirely new foundation and basement of cement, while the moats have all been re-opened and additional and improved methods adopted for thoroughly draining both the palace itself and the grounds.

The kaiser's day begins at six o'clock in the morning, and his orderly officers, or *flügel-adjutants*, are obliged to be on hand at half-past six punctually. Winter and summer he plunges into an entirely cold-water bath, dresses rapidly, and then betakes himself to the breakfast-room of the empress, with whom he breakfasts quite alone, not even servants being present, for the various dishes are

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placed all ready to hand on dumb-waiters. As I have already stated, this is the one moment of the day when the emperor and empress are able to discuss personal matters and family affairs without a third person being present, and ever since William became emperor, his wife has insisted that no one should be permitted to intrude upon his breakfast hour, which she regards as peculiarly her own.

The meal is, as I have also mentioned previously, in every sense of the word, an American or English breakfast, and another feature that is essentially Anglo-Saxon about it is that the emperor invariably takes his seat at table fully dressed, instead of donning that garment so dear to the German family father,—namely, the dressing-gown! Dressing-gowns find no favor with the reigning house of Prussia. On one occasion, when one of the leading purveyors to the court sent to old Emperor William a superbly embroidered and quilted silk *robe de chambre*, he caused it to be returned with the curt remark, "The Hohenzollerns have no use for dressing-gowns."

The late Emperor Frederick, a few years before his death, and while still crown prince, noticed, during the course of a military inspection, a number of gorgeous dressing-gowns in the officers' quarters. Turning to the colonel in command of the regiment, he exclaimed, in his half serious, half jocular way:

"You had better get your subalterns to use up their dressing-gowns, and to get rid of them before I come to the throne. I am a field-marshal, and I have never owned a dressing-gown in my life, nor should I even like to think of what would have taken place if my father had ever found me wearing one of those garments!"

The present emperor's wardrobe comprises hundreds of different kinds of costumes, and garments of every descrip-

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tion, save one. In his entire wardrobe there is not a dressing-gown—no, not even one of those smoking-jackets, or morning flannel *complets* which so many men wear.

The emperor takes the ground that not only the sovereign, but every true man as well, should always be prepared for any emergency, and never inclined to lounge.

At seven o'clock, or a few minutes later, the emperor enters his workroom, and as soon as his two orderly officers have reported to him and taken up their places in the ante-room, he commences to receive the various chiefs of departments of the imperial household, military and civil dignitaries, ministers of state, etc., and last, but not least, the sons of generals and statesmen who have died in his service, and who come for the purpose of officially reporting to the sovereign their father's demise, and to restore to his majesty the orders and decorations which the dead man may have possessed. It speaks volumes for the delicacy and consideration of the kaiser that, in spite of the incessant calls made upon his time, on such occasions he almost invariably dons the uniform of the regiment or particular military corps to which the deceased officer may have belonged, out of compliment to his memory. At nine o'clock the emperor is off on horseback with already a whole day's work behind him, and after a sharp, brisk ride, usually spends an hour or two in visiting various barracks or holding military inspections. By noon he is back at the palace, transacting business of state and receiving some of the higher dignitaries of the empire, or royal personages who may happen to be visiting Berlin, and whom he generally invites to lunch with him.

Luncheon is a very cheerful meal with Emperor William The emperor, thanks to his long morning, the greater portion of which has been spent in the open air, invariably

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has an excellent appetite, and as he is fond of company and possesses a very remarkable gift of quick and witty repartee, the second *déjeuner* is invariably a pleasant one, the more so as there is an absence of the ceremony that characterizes dinner.

The menu is, as a rule, simple, consisting of a soup, a roast, with one or more vegetables, and a single sweet dish, everything being sent from kitchen to dining-room by a sort of electric railroad.

After luncheon the emperor stays chatting with his guests, and it is at such moments that his extraordinary magnetism is most powerful. With an air of genial abandon, which disarms all prejudice and suspicion that one may have previously entertained concerning him, he proceeds to fascinate all those to whom he turns his attention. In fact, he becomes at such times so winning that it is difficult to resist him, and even veteran diplomatists have come to actually dread his powers of captivation, and to look upon them as a dangerous factor in the political affairs of Europe! Thus it is well known that the reason why the present czar avoids the kaiser in so pointed a manner is that he has found that each time he has been brought into contact with William, he has been induced by the latter's personal charm to go much further in promises and implied understandings than he intended, or than sound Russian statecraft and sober after-thought approved.

It was, in fact, after one of these luncheons at Darmstadt that the czar, who had just come from Paris, was to such an extent won over by the German emperor that he permitted himself to be photographed, with William's arm affectionately encircling his neck. It was only on the following day that Nicholas realized the political interpreta-

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tion which would be given to this photograph, and the discourtesy which it constituted to the French nation, which had just accorded so magnificent a reception to the czaritza and himself on the banks of the Seine. He accordingly took measures to have both the negative and the proofs destroyed, not, however, before some copies had been quietly struck off. It is needless to state that they are extremely rare. Perhaps there are not more than half a dozen in existence.

The afternoon is generally given up to driving with the empress, to visiting relatives, artists' studios and public buildings, or to military reviews. On returning home there are more audiences to be accorded, more reports to be read and endorsed with the brief comment of *Ja*, if approved, of *Nein*, if the subject does not receive his majesty's sanction; then at seven o'clock there is dinner, which, like that of the Prince of Wales, never lasts more than an hour.

For every two guests there is a footman, to whom the dishes are handed by pages. Meat is served in silver dishes, vegetables in china dishes, while the glasses are of crystal, edged with gold, and adorned in the centre with the imperial arms, also engraved in gold. Flowers play a great rôle in the adornment of the table, red roses being an almost invariable feature. The dinner usually consists of six courses, and is simple, rather than elaborate. Indeed, the art of gastronomy is perhaps less cultivated at the palaces of Emperor William than at any other European court. This is in a great measure due to the fact that so far as the table is concerned the kaiser's household is run very much in the same manner as a hotel on the American plan, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, on the *table d'hôte* system.

It is only within the last four years that this method has

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been inaugurated, and it was instituted by William with the object of putting a stop to the extraordinary amount of pilfering and waste that went on in the imperial kitchen. What has now been gained in economy has been lost in the quality of the cuisine, and the cooking at the court of the kaiser is distinctly inferior to that at Windsor, or at the Hofburg at Vienna.

The rate paid for the management of the kitchens ranges from two dollars and fifty cents a cover for the table of the emperor to fifty cents for the table of the servants. The average cost for the boarding of the servants comes to about one dollar a day, whereas the emperor, the empress, and those who lunch and dine at their table, and the dignitaries of the court, who take their meals in the palace, average from eight dollars to ten dollars a day.

It must not be inferred from this that anybody is expected to pay for his own meals. The emperor pays for everything; only he does so at a fixed rate per head and per meal.

When it is borne in mind that the number of persons whose rank or status entitles them to be fed at the emperor's expense often reaches five hundred in a single day, and at times a thousand, the source of the profit of the kitchen department will be easily understood, as well as the fact that the amount allowed per head is far more liberal than appears at first sight. Of course, this sum does not include wine, liqueurs or cigars, but merely the actual food and fruits on ordinary occasions; as much as ten dollars and fifteen dollars per cover being paid whenever the emperor gives state banquets. The kitchens are under the direction primarily of Count Augustus Eulenburg, the grand master of the household, who submits the menus to the emperor, in the case of state banquets, and to the

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empress, on ordinary occasions. The executive heads of the kitchen are a French head chef, and a German, who bear the title of *Chefs de Bouche*, and they are assisted by a perfect army of lesser chefs, German, Austrian, French, and even Russian, for there are some Russian dishes of which the emperor is particularly fond. Previous to the inauguration of the present system, the kaiser was in the habit of paying occasional surprise visits to the imperial kitchens at all sorts of unexpected times, he being the first member of his house to visit this department. His visits were not relished by the cooks, who considered that the honor conferred was more than counterbalanced by the fact that these appearances partook of the nature of his majesty's military practice of "alarming the garrison." Of late years, however, he has left the cooks to their own devices.

What the imperial table lacks in the quality, and above all in the delicacy of the viands, is more than atoned for by the superb character of the wines. The cellars of the rulers of Prussia have an international reputation, and what to private individuals would appear enormous sums, are spent each year in purchasing fresh pipes of wine for consumption twenty, fifty and even a hundred years hence. Since the beginning of the last century, samples of the best wine of each year's yield have been purchased, and left to lie in the cellars. The latter comprise some two hundred thousand bottles of fine wine, besides at least five thousand hogsheads. There is some Rhine wine that dates from the year 1700, and it may be remembered in this connection that one of the very last presents sent by the emperor to Prince Bismarck, was a huge flask of old Steinberger Cabinet, which had been in the imperial cellars since the reign of Frederick the Great.

The emperor is an extremely abstemious man, in spite

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of his reputation as a hard drinker, due to the fact that on one occasion he drained at a single draught, in public, a more than gigantic goblet of Rhine wine. He dislikes red wines, prefers Rhine wines, is particularly fond of beer, and relishes a glass or two of champagne with his dinner. He is also very fond of Tokay, of which there is an almost priceless assortment in the imperial cellars, representing gifts of many successive emperors of Austria. This Tokay is usually served towards the close of dinner. This is a wine which cannot be obtained in the market. True, every wine merchant's list contains the name, but none can possibly supply their most cherished customers with genuine Tokay. The produce of these vineyards, which are situated at Tarczal, belong exclusively to the Emperor of Austro-Hungary. To manufacture this imperial Tokay, which is of the variety known as "Mezesmele" or honey-beams, the grapes are never gathered until fully ripe, and are put into a cask without any artificial pressure being applied. The juice extracted from sun-dried grapes is then added, and the mixture becomes really essence of Tokay. It is a syrupy sort of liquid which is served at the court of Emperor William, as at that of Francis-Joseph, in tiny glasses, hardly bigger than a thimble, and the bouquet of perfume thereof is so powerful that even a single one of these diminutive glasses is sufficient to fill a room with a penetrating odor of extreme sweetness. It is true that there are some few vineyards at Tokay which belong to Prince Windischgrätz, who, however, does not sell his wines; so the wine sold under the name of Tokay is grown in the region of Nismes, France, where a number of Hungarian vines were long ago transplanted, and is not real Tokay.

Emperor William's cellars are built under the royal pal-

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ace at Berlin, "Unter den Linden," and are in the form of the letter "L," the short arm being directly under that part of the palace fronting the fountain, the portion occupied by the imperial family during the short winter season. The cellars cover an enormous space, are well ventlilated, and lighted by gas.

Sometimes Emperor William will devote the evening to his family, at other times he will invite all the gentlemen who have been dining with him to what he styles a "Bier Abend," which usually takes place in one of the largest apartments of the ground floor of the palace. It is a sort of nineteenth century counterpart of the tobacco parliaments which the father of Frederick the Great was so fond of holding in the company of his intimate associates and cronies. The hall is filled with a number of long tables, without any table cloths, and the people invited take their seats, irrespective of precedence and rank, and are served with flagons of beer, while the atmosphere becomes thick with smoke. There is an absolute freedom from ceremony and restraint, loud talking and laughter are to be heard from all parts of the big room, which partakes on such occasions of the character of a public "Bier-halle."

Occasionally the emperor's clear metallic voice and hearty laugh will be heard, even above the noise which prevails. Thanks to the social conditions existing in Germany, no undue advantage is taken of this freedom from all court etiquette, and these beer evenings of the kaiser have become as enjoyable to his guests as to himself. They are brought to a close before midnight, the emperor disappearing as he appeared, without making any fuss, and often even without attracting attention.

Occasionally the emperor will devote his evenings to the theatre, to which he is extremely partial. Indeed, his

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taste for theatrical matters is so pronounced that he actually sometimes snatches a moment during the day to attend rehearsals at the court theatres, intimating to the actors and actresses the manner in which their various rôles should be interpreted. He has written several plays which have been put on the stage under the name of his collaborator, Colonel Lauf. Two of them at any rate have been of a historical character, destined, I am sorry to say, to exalt the House of Hohenzollern at the expense of that of Hapsburg, and quite recently he has been devoting his time, in conjunction with Colonel Lauf and his intimate friend, Count Philip Eulenburg, in writing a new *libretto* for Weber's well-known opera, *Oberon*.

When he visits the theatre he is ordinarily followed by a *fourgon*, or species of closed light van, containing a portable stove, on which are kept warm a number of dishes, as well as chocolate, coffee, etc., and during the intervals between the acts, a table is usually set in the salon at the rear of the royal box, where his majesty and his guests are able to enjoy a hearty supper.

There is nothing more phenomenal than the appetite of the emperor. He never retires to bed at night without having a cold bird and a bottle of beer, with some *semmels*, or rolls, placed by his bedside, together with a pad of paper and pencils for memoranda in the event of his being unable to sleep. As a rule, but little of the bird remains by morning.

Nor does the kaiser restrict himself to his regular meals during the day; for it is but seldom that he goes from his half-past six o'clock breakfast to his one o'clock luncheon without having taken some refreshment, even if it be only in the shape of a bit of ordinary sausage and a mug of beer to sustain his forces.

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Indeed, there is no doubt that William would become inordinately stout and gross from the extraordinary quantity of food that he consumes, were it not for the astonishing amount of exercise that he takes. He is on the go from early morning until midnight, and as if his occupations were not enough to fill up all his spare moments, he never permits a day to pass without getting rid of at least some of his superabundant energy by at least half an hour's fencing, and also, when the weather permits, by playing tennis. He is as clever with the rackets as he is with the foils, and probably because he learnt to play the game in England, invariably scores in English, aye, and swears in that language too, when he happens to make a miss.

No adequate account of the emperor's home life, or of the manner in which he spends his day, can be given without devoting a word to those horses of which both he and the empress are so passionately fond. Curiously enough, neither the emperor nor the empress seems to care much for dogs, and although they have a number of canine pets, yet one never sees them in the company of their majesties, who only occasionally visit them at their kennels. But they are both exceedingly devoted to horses. This is especially the case with the emperor, who is not only a magnificent equestrian, but also a very bold one, which is the more to his credit, as he is terribly handicapped by his useless left arm, which prevents him from mounting without a mounting-block, a step-ladder, or some other assistance. Like so many other people who, through some misfortune, having lost the use of a limb, appear to develop added strength in the remainder of the body, the emperor possesses an extraordinary muscular development of the legs and the right arm. Indeed, once seated in the saddle, there are few horses that could throw him, and the manner in which he

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takes hedges, ditches and stone walls when hunting is such as to evoke the keen admiration of even such an acknowledged expert in cross-country riding as the Earl of Lonsdale, master of the celebrated Quorn Hunt, which serves in every particular as a model to masters of the hounds in all parts of the world.

It is thoroughly in keeping with the emperor's love for horses that he should entertain the hobby of owning the finest stables in the world, and it must be confessed that his fad in this connection is in a fair way of being realized, for the imperial stables now in course of construction at Berlin will cost when completed about three million dollars. The architect is named Ihne, son of the former German tutor of the Prince of Wales and his brothers, and the designs have all been supervised and modified from the point of view of an expert horseman by Lord Lonsdale, whom the emperor greatly likes. When completed, the stables will comprise two riding courses, or schools, storage room for three hundred vehicles, and boxes for two hundred and seventy horses.

There will be dwelling rooms for fifty families of employees, and lodgings for one hundred single coachmen and grooms. The stables proper are two stories high, and have elevators. The large hall where the imperial state coaches are kept is a very imposing affair, running the entire height of the building, and is surrounded by a balcony for visitors. One of the riding schools will be reserved for the emperor, the empress and their children exclusively, while the other will be for the attendants. The entire stables are under the control of Count Wedel, the master of the horse. No mares are used, only stallions, black ones being the rule for drawing the court carriages. On all state occasions, however, the emperor uses white horses, and no one else is per-

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mitted to drive behind them. All these horses are bred at Trakenen, and inasmuch as for more than a hundred years past the only Trakenen horses placed upon the market have been geldings or mares, the emperor's Trakenen stallions, black, white and bay, are absolutely unique. I may add that the bays are usually employed for *fourgon* and omnibus work.

Count Wedel, as master of the horse, attends the emperor when he takes his daily rides, and usually keeps a little in the rear with the aid-de-camp. The emperor's mount on such occasions is usually a rich bay, the beau ideal of a charger. He likewise has a grey charger, of which he is very fond, and then there is his pet horse "Fritz." The team which he likes best for driving is one of four white horses given to him by the Emperor of Austria, with which he traverses the distance between Berlin and Potsdam, a good four miles, in sixteen minutes. In fact William insists on being driven at an absolutely killing pace, and while the Trakenen horses possess more staying powers than those procured elsewhere, the carriage horses seldom are retained for his personal use after three years' work. It is hardly necessary to say that the emperor takes his own horses about with him everywhere, no matter whether it be to Windsor or St. Petersburg, while in his own dominions he takes his carriages about with him as well, an entire special train being frequently devoted to the transport of his travelling-stable. One of the reasons why the emperor insists upon always using his own horses, is that he knows that they are trained to every kind of noise. A by no means inconsiderable part of the education of the horses for the emperor's personal use is taken up with accustoming them to sights and noises which they must expect to meet with when his

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majesty is on their backs, as, for instance, the roll of drums, the crowded, noisy streets, the deafening cries, the waving of handkerchiefs and the throwing of flowers, the music of bands, the crack of musketry, and the roar of artillery. Until they can stand all this without flinching they are not considered as qualified for service.

The empress at the time of her marriage hardly knew how to ride. But since then she has acquired this difficult art, and now not only rides exceedingly well, but also supervises the lessons of her children in horsemanship. Hardly a day passes without her being in the saddle, for she takes her rides in the riding-school in the event of the weather being unfavorable. The carriages used by the emperor and empress have the lower portion painted in blue, with white lines, whereas all the other court carriages have their bodies painted red, with black lines. On state occasions, the empress drives in a carriage drawn by six coal-black horses, preceded by outriders, while her master of the horse, in a scarlet coat embroidered with gold, white knee breeches, top boots, a sword and a cocked hat, rides at the carriage wheel.

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CHAPTER XIX

Although the laws of etiquette, hierarchy, and those concerning ancestry, are popularly supposed to govern all things at the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, yet they carry no weight whatever where the political or military interests of the two emperors are concerned. Emperor William certainly ignored all rules on the subject of hierarchy when he selected for the post of minister of foreign affairs for the entire German empire a young man whose two principal titles to fame are, that he plays the piano excellently, and that while secretary of embassy he eloped with the wife of his ambassador, who, being still in the service, is now subservient to his commands. Nor had the kaiser any regard for the obligations of etiquette and social usage when he selected so sworn a foe to all conventionalities as General Count Haseler for the highest military dignity of the empire. Emperor Francis-Joseph also assuredly closed his eyes to the requirements of blue blood and ancestry when he appointed as minister of the imperial household and of foreign affairs, in a word, to the virtual chancellorship of the dual empire, a man whose nobility is of the most questionable and mushroom character, while his wife is a daughter of that house of Murat which was founded at the beginning of the present century by the stable lad who became, during the reign of Napoleon I., King of Naples, this terribly plebeian strain of common blood being to some extent improved by the marriage of

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his son with a Philadelphia girl, a Miss Frazer, who occupied the position of governess in the household of ex-King Joseph Bonaparte at Bordentown, New Jersey.

In order to realize the enormity of the action, in the eyes of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy, perpetrated by Francis-Joseph when he appointed Count Golouchòwski as minister and controller of the imperial court, it must be borne in mind that, as such, the count is charged with the execution of the family statutes of that house, which govern the conduct of all its members; that he has charge of all the family archives; is entrusted with the many deep and terrible secrets of the Hapsburgs, including those pertaining to the succession, of which more anon; and last, but not least, is called upon to pass judgment upon the genealogical qualifications, the social antecedents, etc., of those members of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy who demand admission at court.

In fact he is, by virtue of his office, the marshal and supreme head of the Austro-Hungarian nobility, and the arbiter of all its disputes and controversies. And yet, the count can hardly be described as an Austrian, for he is so far of Polish origin, that his father's brother, the late Count Arthur Golouchòwski, was one of the principal leaders of the Polish insurrection against Prussia and the minister of war of the short-lived revolutionary government of that country, in spite of which fact, even the Poles themselves do not hold him in very high regard, and question the purity of his blue blood; for Poles are great sticklers on the subject of genealogy and ancestral qualifications.

The count is known in Vienna to-day, as formerly in Paris, where he was stationed as secretary of embassy, by the nickname of "Golou," and has by his charming and genial manners, and, above all, by his hospitality, done

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much to reconcile the Viennese to his appointment. Indeed, it is difficult to find a man whose cordiality and charm of manner are more pronounced. Were he a woman one would describe him as captivating—perhaps the word winning will best express my meaning—and his voice at times is almost caressing in its soft intonation. Yet it would be hard to find a more masculine looking man, with his broad-shoulders, well-knit, tall figure, and elastic carriage. His face has much in common with the late Prince Metternichs, since he wears his grey hair and whiskers trimmed in the same manner; but his features are more clearly cut than those of the celebrated Austrian ambassador at the Tuileries during the reign of Napoleon III. Count Golouchòwski is essentially a safe man, in which he resembles his friend and predecessor, Count Kalnòky. He has the latter's habit of looking at things in a calm and dispassionate way, carefully weighing the pros and cons, never permitting himself to be hurried, and like the late Count Kalnòky again, regarding haste and bustle as both bad policy and bad form. In spite of his being a Pole, he is totally lacking in excitability, and when dealing with the affairs of state is as imperturbable as his former chief, nor will he ever permit his hand to be forced when he believes himself to be in the right.

When he was in Paris he lived almost entirely, up to the time of his marriage, at the Jockey Club, breakfasting and dining there daily; but after wedding Princess Anna Murat, he almost absolutely ceased to frequent the club, for he is a most devoted husband. The countess sincerely returns his affection and it would be difficult to find a more united couple than the Golouchòwskis, the princess having actually taken the trouble to learn the Polish language, a tremendous feat for a Parisian, in order to please and gratify

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her husband. She is very fond of entertaining, and under her reign the erstwhile gloomy old wing of the imperial palace on the Ballpatz at Vienna, which is the official residence of the minister of the imperial house, has become a social centre and the scene of the most brilliant festivities. Fortunately, the Golouchòwskis are very rich, possessing immense estates in Galicia. The countess is one of the four or five ladies in whose cases genealogical and ancestral requirements have been waived in connection with their presentation at court.

Notwithstanding that American blood flows in the veins of the countess, whose grandfather, Prince Lucien Murat, married Miss Frazer of Philadelphia, as I recorded above, she, as well as the count, is prejudiced against Americans, and while the countess gives expression to her sentiments in society and at court, the count's feelings about the matter find expression in connection with the foreign policy of the dual empire. During the recent war between Spain and the United States, he was the principal leader and originator of the movement in favor of a European coalition against the American Republic. Another demonstration of this ill-will towards the United States was made when both Count and Countess Golouchòwski practically forced the father of the countess, the then widowed Prince Joachim Murat, to break off his engagement to Miss Gwendoline Caldwell of Washington, within a few days only of the date appointed for the wedding, and after the trousseau had been purchased by the bride. It was understood at the time that so anxious was the count to prevent the match that by way of inducing his father-in-law to comply with his wishes in the matter, he settled upon him an annuity of ten thousand dollars, that being precisely the sum which Miss Caldwell, by the terms of the marriage contract had

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assigned to her future husband. The count entertained no personal objection to Miss Caldwell, but was only prejudiced against her on the score of her nationality; and in settling the allowance above mentioned on the prince, he stipulated that its continuance should be conditional upon the prince's steering clear of American belles; and it is noteworthy that he offered no objection whatsoever to the old gentleman's marriage, a year later, to the widow of a wealthy Parisian banker.

Count Golouchòwski's colleague and intimate friend at Berlin, the German minister of foreign affairs, Count Herman von Bülow, is likewise married to a foreigner, the countess being the wife of his former chief, Count Dönhoff, German minister at Dresden, Bülow having married her immediately after she had been divorced by her first husband. Like Golouchòwski, von Bülow is passionately fond of music, and it is largely owing to his tastes in this direction that he enjoys his present eminence and the very high place which he holds in the favor of Emperor William. Entering the diplomatic service when still in his teens, he was attached in the course of time as secretary to the legation of Count Dönhoff, at Dresden. The envoy, a man so celebrated for his good looks that he was known from one end of Europe to the other as "Handsome Dönhoff," had, in the eyes of his wife, two notable and unpardonable defects. In the first place, he was absolutely unemotional, and, what was still worse, he had absolutely no ear or taste for music. The countess is perfectly crazy over music, and is never so happy as when at her piano, which she plays with a talent almost unique among amateurs. Her husband's dislike of this art and his secretary's love for it naturally had the effect of drawing the ambassador's wife and young von Bülow towards each other. Every moment

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that the secretary could spare from his official duties he spent at the piano with the lovely little black-eyed, black-haired wife of his chief; and when, finally, the minister, becoming annoyed by the gossip to which the association between the two had given rise, wrote to Berlin to request the young man's transfer to some other post, the ambassador's wife and the secretary made up their minds that the time had come to take the very decisive step of eloping.

It is difficult to describe the sensation which the affair created at the time, and for two or three years Bülow's name continued to be execrated, not merely by full-fledged envoys, but also by all the members of their staff; for ambassadors are in nine cases out of ten elderly, and, from a feminine point of view, uninteresting, whereas secretaries and attachés are—well, quite the contrary! The natural result of Bülow's escapade was that every plenipotentiary was filled with alarm lest any members of his staff should become imbued with a notion to follow the example of this diplomatic "Don Juan," and, in consequence thereof, subjected secretaries and attachés to a degree of watchfulness and espionage which was as disagreeable to the young men as it was distressing to the wives of the ambassadors.

Of course, Von Bülow was immediately dismissed from the diplomatic service, and remained in strict retirement until the divorce suit instituted by Count Dönhoff against his wife had been brought to a conclusion, whereupon he at once proceeded to marry the lovely divorcée.

In ordinary cases, an adventure of this kind, followed by such a marriage, would have proved the ruin of any diplomatic or administrative career. Even in Russia, where the code of morality is infinitely less strict than in Germany or Austria, Prince Lobanoff was forced to quit both diplomacy and the service of the state, and to remain in retirement

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for more than fifteen years, in consequence of his having, while ambassador of the czar at Constantinople, eloped with the wife of a secretary of the Belgian legation, subsequently adding injury to indignity by badly wounding the deserted husband in a duel. If, then, an ambassador was thus severely punished for eloping with the wife of a mere secretary, it was naturally taken for granted that no penalty could be too severe in the case of a secretary who had run away with the wife of his ambassador.

There were two things, however, which militated in favor of young Bülow. In the first place, old Prince Bismarck's eldest son, Herbert, also selected just that particular period for assuming the rôle of Don Juan in an even still more sensational elopement, the companion of his flight being by birth a member of the illustrious house of Hatzfeldt, married to Prince Carolàth, the mother of several young children, and one of the most brilliant and admired beauties of the Court of Berlin. Herbert Bismarck, it is true, subsequently deserted Princess Carolàth at Venice, in obedience to the peremptory orders of his father, and declined to marry her after she had been divorced by her husband. Indeed, the unfortunate princess has ever since been dependent upon the charity of her relatives, Prince Herbert Bismarck having made no provision whatsoever for her welfare, either at the time when he deserted her or since. The old chancellor realized that he could not very well show indulgence to his own son unless he extended the same forbearance to the son of his secretary of state, Baron Bülow, and with more reason, as the young fellow had certainly behaved in a more chivalrous and correct manner than Herbert.

But there was still another consideration which weighed in favor of young Bülow. The lady with whom he had

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eloped happened to be the step-daughter of the statesman who at the time controlled, as premier and foreign minister, the destinies of Italy. For Madame von Bülow's mother, on the death, in an insane asylum, of her first husband, Prince Camporéale, Duke of Aldragana, became the wife of Signor Minghetti, on whom rests the responsibility of causing his country to become a partner in the Triple Alliance. At the moment when Germany was using every possible device to induce Italy to join the alliance in question, old Prince Bismarck could not afford to offend the Italian premier, Minghetti, by setting his face against the latter's step-daughter, or by manifesting excessive severity towards young Bülow for abducting and marrying her; Minghetti being as fond of the little princess as if she had been his own child. So after a few months' interval, to the amazement of everyone, Prince Bismarck suddenly appointed von Bülow to the post of secretary of embassy at St. Petersburg, the head of the German mission at the time being that General Schweidnitz, who married the daughter of the late John Jay of New York. It was her fondness for music, and her entire sympathy in that particular, that induced the now widowed czarina to overlook the escapade of Baroness Bülow, and not merely to receive her at court, but likewise to admit her to her intimacy. Indeed, the empress-mother, while beyond reproach herself, has always been disposed to charity towards less fortunate and more lightsome members of her sex; and the fact that old Princess Kotchoubey in her younger days played the leading rôle in not one, but several *affaires de cœur*, some of which took the form of a trip to foreign countries, was never allowed to interfere with her continuance in the office of grand mistress of the robes and of the household to her majesty. Baron von Bülow

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did so well as chargé d'affaires at St. Petersburg during the absence of his chief that he was soon promoted to the post of minister plenipotentiary at Bucharest, and shortly after the accession of the present emperor to the throne, was transferred, at the personal request of King Humbert and Queen Marguerite, to Rome as German ambassador, Madame von Bülow's mother, the now widowed Donna Laura Minghetti, being one of the most intimate and influential friends of Queen Marguerite.

At Rome, Bülow proved even a greater success than at Bucharest or St. Petersburg, and during his tenure of the embassy, German influence become stronger at the Quirinal than ever; a circumstance with which the fact that the ambassadress spent the greater portion of the day in playing duets with the queen, was by no means unconnected. On the retirement of Baron Marschall from the post of minister of foreign affairs at Berlin, after the criminal proceedings against the emperor's personal commissary of police, Colonel Tausch, in which he, Marschall, figured as prosecutor, young Baron von Bülow was chosen to succeed him, and has done so well as controller of Germany's foreign relations that the kaiser has conferred upon him the title and rank of count, besides many other tokens of favor. The countess has now become as great a favorite of Empress Augusta-Victoria as she had been of the widowed czarina and Queen Marguerite, plays a prominent part in all the musical evenings of the imperial couple, and has completely outlived, at any rate in the minds of their majesties, the memory of her elopement and sensational divorce.

It is to be hoped that the phenomenal brilliancy of the career of Count von Bülow, whose successes may be said to date from the time of his elopement with the wife of his

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chief, at Dresden, will not furnish any inducement to other young diplomats to follow his example. At any rate, if they do venture upon such an escapade it will be well for them to bear in mind that it can only contribute to their advancement in the event of the lady in the case being the daughter or step-daughter of the premier or leading statesman of some foreign power.

While both Count Golouchòwski and Count Bülow are remarkably good-looking men, and, to use a French expression, *élégant cavaliers*, it is impossible to say as much for General Count von Haeseler, the most important military personage in the German empire, next to the kaiser himself. This old warrior has nothing of the trim, well-groomed and natty appearance of a German officer about him. Indeed, no man dresses worse. His uniforms, always ill-fitting and betraying traces of long wear, seem to hang around him rather than to fit his figure, and, in fact, give him the aspect of an antiquated specimen of the Gamp species. He disdains all the artifices of the toilet, lives on the coarsest kind of food, and seems to grudge every moment that he wastes, either at the table or in bed. He drinks nothing but water, has a heart that is utterly insensible to the charms of the fair sex, and is twisted and warped in shape. This is owing to the fact that he was dangerously wounded in the war of 1870, at the battle of St. Privat, where he lost two ribs. He has ever since been obliged to wear a sort of silver brace or corset, in the same way that General Marquis de Gallifet wears a silver covering upon that part of his abdomen that was shot away during the Mexican war. He has no ear whatever for music, and on one memorable occasion, in the presence of the emperor, made the remark that it was only calculated to "please imbeciles!" The kaiser, who had just

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been expressing the utmost enthusiasm about Wagner, instead of getting angry, merely laughed uproariously. He puts up with everything from Haeseler, whom he regards as the only man who is capable of emulating Moltke, and who, at the grand military manœuvres, some years ago, when his majesty assumed charge of one of the rival armies, had the temerity to surround and capture his sovereign!

How thoroughly the emperor trusts him, may be gathered from the fact that he has invested him with an office which is the modern equivalent of that of warden of the marches, so familiar to the readers of Walter Scott; for as inspector general of the fifth division of the German army, he has military control and supervision over the entire western frontier of the empire, as well as the chief command of the two armies which, in the event of a war with France, would be the first to encounter the enemy, and either invade or resist invasion.

William shows his good sense in confiding so blindly in this remarkable officer, who is not merely the moral and military, but in some respects the physical counterpart of old Moltke, and who rejoices in the nickname of "The watch-dog of the German army;" for there is no one who has taken less pains to propitiate his majesty than this grim and unconventional warrior, or who has told him so many home truths, a few of them being of a very disagreeable character.

How little regard he has for the conventionalities of life may be gathered from the fact that he will occasionally stop a soldier in the most crowded thoroughfare to make him remove his boots and stockings, *coram publico*, in order to see if his feet are as immaculate as demanded by military regulations; while he frequently pays unexpected

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visits to the quarters of his officers in barracks, and goes nosing about their rooms until he had discovered some vestige of feminine raiment, resulting, of course, in the reprimand and arrest of the young epauletted Lothario.

One day while walking through the streets of Metz, he met an infantryman in full uniform, who, serving as orderly to a major, was escorting his master's little girl to school, leading her by one hand, and carrying her school-books and her lunch-basket with the other.

The general immediately stalked up to him.

"Don't you know my orders!" he exclaimed. "I will not allow soldiers in uniform to act as children's nurses; return home at once and ask your master to send a maid to look after this little girl."

Much dismayed, the soldier stammered:

"*Zu befehl* (very well), your excellency. *Aber die Trude kann nicht allein auf der strasse bleiben.*" (But Gerty can't remain alone in the street.)

"That's all right!" replied the general. "I will take care of her." And taking the child by one hand, and her lunch-basket and her school-books in the other, the general remained standing there on the curbstone of the principal and most crowded thoroughfare in the city for fully fifteen minutes, until relieved of his responsibility by the arrival of the nursemaid.

On another occasion, finding, at five o'clock in the morning, that the men were providing themselves at the canteen with provisions for the day, which was to be devoted to manœuvres, he followed their example, and asked to be served just in the same way as they were, with ten pennies' worth of cheese and ten pennies' worth of sausage. These he put in his pocket and coolly marched away.

Afterwards, when the regiment from whose canteen he

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had made this purchase was drawn up in line for inspection, previous to repairing to the field of manœuvres, he strode up to the front rank, and pulling out his bits of sausage and cheese from his pocket, held them up for inspection, and exclaimed:

"*Nun kinder* (children), I paid ten pennies for each of these things. I want to know if they give you at the canteen the same amount of victuals for the same amount of money. Show me what you have."

Immediately, hundreds of pieces of sausage and of cheese made their appearance and were held aloft, and comparison having been made, the general discovered that he had got just twice the quantity for his money that had been given to his soldiers. The result was that the sergeants in charge of the canteen were reduced to the ranks by way of punishment, and that a general order was issued by the old count to the effect that any such dishonesty towards the soldiers would entail the most severe punishment, while the quantity of cheese and sausage for twenty pennies was fixed at that which the general himself had purchased for that sum.

Innumerable are the stories of this kind that are current about the general, who, although past seventy years of age, is on horseback all day long, inspecting, drilling, planning, and executing difficult and arduous manœuvres with the troops. The anecdotes serve, however, to show why the general, in spite of his lack of conventionality, and his disregard for the most elementary forms of social and court etiquette, is regarded with so much affection, esteem and, above all, confidence, not only by the rank and file of the great German army, but also, and especially, by his sovereign, Emperor William.

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CHAPTER XX

Of all the state secrets of which Count Golouchòwski in his capacity of minister of the imperial house of Austria is the keeper, there are none more weighty than those in connection with the succession to the throne. With regard to the throne of Hungary the succession is asserted to be regulated by the so-called "Pragmatic Sanction," which was published as far back as the reign of Emperor Charles VI., but the authenticity of which is denied by many of the leading statesmen of the Magyar Kingdom.

With regard to the succession to the throne of Austria, nothing is known positively about the matter, for it is regulated and governed exclusively by what are known as the family statutes of the imperial house of Hapsburg. These have from time immemorial been kept a profound secret, the successive ministers of the imperial house, who are at the same time the chancellors of the empire, being bound by a most stringent oath not to divulge the tenor of these secret laws to any living soul. What is known of them is merely through inference and through a study of history. There is no positive or definite information about the matter, and the people have no voice whatsoever in the question.

As far as the Pragmatic Sanction is concerned, a very serious doubt prevails as to its existence. Public attention was first drawn to this extraordinary state of affairs by old Louis Kossuth, dictator and president of the short-lived

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Hungarian Republic, who, when a deputation of his countrymen called upon him to offer congratulations on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, urged that the Magyar Parliament should insist upon either the original, or else a duly authenticated copy of the Pragmatic Sanction being deposited in the Hungarian state archives at Pesth. He added that he had received in writing a positive assurance from the celebrated Austrian historian, Hormayr, to the effect that the instrument was a forgery in so far as the Hungarian signatures were concerned. As the succession to the Hungarian throne is regulated by the Pragmatic Sanction, this declaration on the part of old Kossuth, subsequently confirmed by interviews with the historian Hormayr, created so great a sensation that the matter was brought up for public discussion in the national legislature at Pesth. Questions were addressed to the government, which in turn applied for information to Vienna.

Ultimately, the Hungarian Government announced in parliament that its attempts to secure an opportunity of inspecting the original documents of the Pragmatic Sanction had met with failure, owing to the fact that according to the assertions of the minister of the imperial house at Vienna, the documents in question had disappeared from the imperial archives at Vienna, and could not be found.

It may be as well to mention of what the instrument consists. In the beginning of the last century the male line of the imperial house of Hapsburg was threatened with extinction after having for more than four hundred years held sway over most of the territory constituting the German monarchy. Emperor Charles VI., the last descendant in the male line direct of the house of Hapsburg, some time after his accession to the throne, caused a treaty to be concluded between the Austrian and Hungarian

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moieties of his dominions, providing not only for their perpetual union, but likewise for the succession to the Hungarian crown. Until that time the Hungarian succession had been governed by the laws of primogeniture, women being capable of inheriting supreme power. Charles knew full well that according to this rule, his daughter Maria-Theresa would, in default of male issue, immediately become Queen of Hungary upon his death. He feared, however, that obstacles would be raised to her becoming Empress of Germany, that is to say ruler of the Austrian and German portions of his dominions. That is why he caused it to be stipulated in this convention known as the Pragmatic Sanction that Austria and Hungary should always be united, and that they should always be ruled by one and the same sovereign.

On the death of Charles VI., his daughter, Maria-Theresa, became at once Queen Regent of Hungary, and on the strength of this Pragmatic Sanction, laid immediate claim to the crown of Empress of Austria and Germany, a pretension which was denied by a number of German sovereigns, including the Elector of Bavaria. Indeed, it was not until after many sanguinary wars that she ultimately secured a species of compromise by means of which her husband, Duke Charles of Lorraine, was elected and recognized as Emperor of Germany and Austria.

Now, if the Pragmatic Sanction is either a myth or a forgery so far as its Hungarian signers are concerned, in a word, if it cannot be relied upon as a *bona fide* document and agreement, questions would arise with regard to the succession to the Hungarian crown on the death of the present emperor. For, whereas his nephew, Archduke Francis, has already been proclaimed at Vienna as his successor, his rights to the Hungarian throne would,

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failing the Pragmatic Sanction, be subordinate to those of the sixteen-year-old Archduchess Elizabeth, the only child of the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph. If the instrument is a myth, then Archduchess Elizabeth would become Queen of Hungary on the death of her grandfather, the present emperor, and, inasmuch as she could not succeed to the throne of Austria in view of the proclamation nominating Francis-Ferdinand as heir, a dynastic separation between Hungary and Austria would most likely take place, an eventuality that is desired above everything by a vast portion of the people of Hungary.

If the Pragmatic Sanction, on the other hand, is in actual existence, and a *bona fide* document, then the rights of little Archduchess Elizabeth to the crown of Hungary will give way to those of the archduke, who will become King of Hungary by reason of the fact that he has succeeded to the throne of Austria.

It is in view of such questions as these being raised by those statesmen and politicians in Hungary who are in favor of a dynastic separation from Austria, that the emperor is anxious to marry off his grand-daughter as soon as possible, and it is by no means improbable that she may be wedded, in spite of her youth, before this book has been many weeks in the hands of the public.

Her marriage would go very far towards averting any such dangers as these to the Hapsburg dynasty, for, according to an old custom and tradition which has prevailed for centuries at Vienna, each archduchess of the house of Austria, on the day previous to her wedding, solemnly renounces, in the presence of the entire court, her rights of succession to the throne; the idea originally having been that ladies of the imperial house should be content to share the rank of their husbands, and to subordinate any rights

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of precedence which they might have acquired by birth to those lesser ones which become theirs by marriage. As an illustration of what I mean, I need only cite the case of the emperor's favorite daughter, Valerie. She married Archduke Francis-Salvator, a distant cousin and remote relative of the emperor. On the day before her marriage, she renounced all her precedence, rank, and rights, as a daughter of the reigning sovereign, in order to share those of her husband, and now on state occasions comes near the tail end of the imperial procession, instead of immediately next to her father, as was the case prior to her marriage.

This act of renunciation is insisted upon, even when princesses of the house of Hapsburg wed foreign princes of the blood. If, then, as has been asserted, little Archduchess Elizabeth weds Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg, and precedes as usual the marriage ceremony by a solemn act of renunciation of all her rights by birth, the danger of a dynastic conflict between Austria and Hungary at the close of the present reign will be averted.

This act of renunciation on the part of the archduchesses, and which is so little understood abroad, merely adds to the mystery which prevails concerning the family statutes of the house of Hapsburg. The latter are generally understood, and even alleged by history, to embody the Salic doctrines, which prohibit the succession of any females to the throne. But if the Salic dogma governs those secret laws of Austrian succession, why should the archduchesses be called upon to renounce their succession to the throne on the eve of their marriage.

There is no one who can give an answer to this query save the emperor and the chancellor of the imperial archives, Count Golouchòwski, not one of whose predecessors in office remains alive to-day.

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Not even the archdukes and archduchesses are aware of the extent or the nature and character of these family statutes of the house of Hapsburg, which partake both in their secrecy and their rigor of the nature of those laws that govern secret societies in the United States and in the Orient. It was by virtue of these mysterious statutes that the emperor deprived his kinsman, Archduke John, of his imperial titles and prerogatives, and reduced him from the status of a prince of the blood to a mere commoner of the name of "John Orth." To this day no one, even at the Court of Austria, knows definitely the true reason which led to this unprecedented act of severity on the part of Francis-Joseph. All sorts of stories have been circulated about the matter. Not one of them, however, is based on anything but inference, or mere speculation. According to one of them the archduke, who was, without exception, the most brilliant member of the entire Hapsburg family, was suddenly cut adrift by the emperor, who commanded him to quit the country, take an ordinary plebeian name, and disappear.

It has been asserted that this amazing step was taken by the emperor in consequence of the archduke's marriage to a well-known Viennese actress. But this is ridiculous. For, in the first place, he married the lady in question, whose name was Marguerite Stubel, in London, several weeks after he had quitted his native land and abandoned his rank, while it need only be pointed out that numbers of other archdukes have married actresses without being subjected to any loss of rank and titles. Archduke Henry, for instance, who married the actress Leopoldine Hoffman, did so in flagrant defiance of the emperor's peremptory orders. The emperor had forbidden the marriage, consequently no priest in the Austro-Hungarian Empire could be found to celebrate it.

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In order to overcome this difficulty, Archduke Henry adopted the following expedient. He invited the parish priest to a dinner at his castle, at which the actress was present. At the middle of the repast the archduke suddenly rose from his place, as if about to propose a toast; but instead, he pointed to the actress, and addressing the priest, exclaimed slowly and solemnly: "Reverend Father this is my wife." The moment he had said this, Miss Hoffman rose in her turn and, pointing to the archduke, remarked: "This is my husband." According to civil and religious law in Austria these words spoken before a priest rendered the marriage of the pair valid, and sacramentally concluded it.

The emperor was at first extremely indignant, and banished the couple from the empire, but before Archduke Henry died, the emperor became entirely reconciled to them, and has been exceedingly kind to their only daughter, now Princess of Campo-Franco, whose story I propose to relate with more detail in a chapter devoted to the morganatic relatives of the reigning houses of Austria and Germany.

I have mentioned the case of Archduke John here to show how terribly drastic are the mysterious family statutes of the house of Hapsburg, which give the reigning sovereign an absolute and autocratic power over all the members thereof.

There is no such secrecy about the statutes that govern the reigning house of Prussia, nor in connection with the succession to the throne. Salic law governs the occupancy of the throne of Prussia, and women are strictly barred, not merely from the succession, but even from the regency. This is the more to be regretted since many of the princesses of the house of Hohenzollern have been remarkable women, possessed of much intellect and statecraft.

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Queen Louise of Prussia, her daughter-in-law Queen Adelaide, Empress Augusta, the late Queen of Bavaria, the reigning Grand Duchess of Baden, and Empress Frederick, have all been women who have left their impress upon the nineteenth century, whose names are enshrined in the pages of history, and whose influence for the welfare of their country was limited only by the restrictions of the Prussian constitution, and there is every reason to believe that the present Empress Augusta-Victoria would prove to be a safer regent during any illness of her husband than any Prussian prince now living.

With regard to the dignity of German emperor, it is not, as so many suppose, an elective office, but is inalienable from the Prussian crown, according to the terms of the treaties made by Prince Bismarck with the non-Prussian sovereigns of Germany, concluded at Versailles. The title of German emperor will always be held in conjunction with that of king of Prussia, and the two are hereafter inseparable.

Should it ever become necessary to establish a regency for the kingdom of Prussia, the Prussian regent would, by virtue of the conventions vesting the dignity of German emperor in the hands of the ruler of Prussia, be called upon to fulfil the duties of kaiser, no matter how inferior his real rank might be to those of the kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony.

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CHAPTER XXI

In many countries the people look forward to the close of a reign as likely to prove the inauguration of a happier era, and prefer the rising sun to the setting one, but in Austria and Hungary the contrary is the case. Indeed, there is probably no nation or aggregation of races in the world that offers up such fervent prayers for the preservation of the life of the reigning sovereign, as do Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians, and, in fact, the members of all those sixteen or more nationalities subject to the rule of Francis-Joseph; for he has had little or no share in the education or training of his two nephews next in line of succession to his dual crown. On the other hand, Prussia's young crown prince has been brought up under the very eye of his father, who has labored unceasingly, and from motives of tender affection for his son, and love for his people, to equip the lad in every conceivable manner for the fulfilment of his multifarious duties as an enlightened, progressive, just and conscientious monarch.

True, Francis-Joseph devoted quite as much care to the bringing up of his only boy, the late Crown Prince Rudolph,—who, had he lived, might have developed into one of the most successful of modern rulers,—as William has given to his eldest boy. The dead Crown Prince of Austria was of a singularly lovable character, and so popular among his father's subjects that even to this day one never hears the name of "Unser Rudi,"—as he is lov-

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ingly termed,—pronounced by any Austrian or Hungarian without noticing a certain unconscious softening in the tone of the voice, indicating the profound affection in which this ill-fated youth was held. Certainly he had received a magnificent training for the emperorship that appeared to be his destiny. He was warm-hearted, sunny-tempered, intellectual and chivalrous, to an extent that rendered him particularly fascinating. He had but one fault, an hereditary one, namely, the Hapsburg susceptibility to the fair sex. And even this slight defect might have been redeemed and removed had he been happily married, or found in his home life the congenial companionship and sympathy of tastes, mind and heart, which he was ultimately driven to seek elsewhere. In fact, there is no prince that I can recall who has been the subject of so much misapprehension and misconstruction abroad. Fortunately, his own countrymen understood him, and that is why his memory is still enshrined in their hearts, and his untimely end lamented, not only on his own account, but also for the sake of the entire Austro-Hungarian people.

Through Rudolph's death, his father's next brother, Archduke Charles-Louis, became heir apparent, and now that Charles-Louis has in his turn been laid to his last rest in the vault of the Capuchin church at Vienna, his two sons stand before the Austro-Hungarian people as destined, in course of time, to rule over them.

Neither can be said to have been educated with a view to this eventuality; and instead of having been brought up under the eye of their imperial uncle, one of the most patient, sagacious, and enlightened of monarchs, whose Hapsburg prejudices have been modified by the experiences of a reign of more than fifty years, they have been reared

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according to the views of their father, who was renowned from one end of Europe to the other as the most bigoted, narrow-minded and reactionary of modern princes, a man, in fact, whose intellectual ideas, political views, and religious prejudices were not those of the present age, but of the last century. Both archdukes are imbued, thanks to their training, with a holy horror of everything pertaining to democracy or popular forms of government. They experience difficulty in distinguishing socialism from labor, and anarchy from socialism, and are firmly attached, like their forbears, to those old feudal notions according to which mankind ceased to merit consideration as such at the rank of baron.

In coupling the names of these two archdukes, I do so because the elder of the brothers, namely, Francis, manifests the utmost reluctance to wed any woman of his own rank, whereas his younger brother Otto has a singularly charming wife and a large family of children; it, therefore, looks as if the succession of the younger brother to the throne, sooner or later, were assured; indeed, the emperor, seriously alarmed by the lack of modernity and of breadth of view in his two nephews, is endeavoring to repair the harm as far as possible, by himself retaining the supreme direction of the education of the sons of Archduke Otto, with a view to fitting the eldest of the lads for the duties of Austrian Emperor and King of Hungary.

In spite of the similarity of prejudices and ideas regarding statecraft, religion, social caste, and constitutional rights, the two archdukes named above are very different from each other. While the elder is on the whole a good man,—perhaps a little too bigoted and reactionary,—his brother Otto is the blackest of black sheep of the house of Hapsburg, and, as such, an object of considerable sever-

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ity and even of dislike on the part of his uncle, the emperor. There is much that is attractive about Archduke Francis. There is nothing, excepting his appearance, that is not repellent in Archduke Otto, and the estimation in which he is held by his fellow-countrymen may be gathered from the fact that when on one ocaasion he showed at a Vienna art exhibition a painting representing the lair of a wild boar and its family, the joke of the hour was to ask one's friends if they had seen Otto's *Letzte Schweinerei*,—(Otto's last piece of hoggishness.)

It is particularly unfortunate that many of the misdoings of Otto should have been unjustly ascribed to his brother Francis, who has, thanks to this, become endowed, particularly abroad, with an unsavory reputation which he in no way deserves. Much, indeed, that is unjust and untrue has been written about him by people not personally acquainted with him, for he is of a shy and rather retiring disposition, and does not make friends easily; but he is very far from being the fool that he has been portrayed. In the first place, he is an engineer by profession, has secured a diploma as such, and enjoys nothing so much as driving the locomotive of an express train. He is an expert in machinery, and of an inventive turn of mind, sufficiently so, indeed, to have earned a handsome competence, if not a fortune, had he not been, in his own right, one of the wealthiest princes of the Old World. Besides this, he has written one or two graceful monographs, notably, one on the celebrated Field Marshal Radetzky, which attracted much notice by reason of the high-souled patriotism apparent in every line of the essay, and he has also published two volumes of extremely pretty Alpine poetry.

Like most of his countrymen, he is devoted to music, and is something of a composer, having put upon paper for

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the first time the score of several of those old Styrian melodies, which until then had never been written, being merely handed down from father to son throughout the ages. Finally, he is recognized as being one of the best sporting shots of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and his exploits as a Shikari in India earned for him considerable celebrity in Queen Victoria's great Eastern dependency, some of them being recorded quite modestly in the entertaining book which he has written of his trip around the world.

There has always been a certain amount of romance attached to the name of this archduke in connection with his resistance to all efforts on the part of his relatives and the Austrian government to marry him off to some royal princess. His objections to matrimony are said to be based on the fact that he had lost his heart to the widowed Crown Princess Stephanie, who was a few years ago the most chic, dashing, and, in some senses of the word, striking figure of the house of Austria. He was debarred, however, from marrying her by the law which strictly forbids the heir presumptive to the throne of Austro-Hungary to marry a widow. Even if this had not been the case, dynastic considerations would have stood in the way of the match, the greatest medical authorities of Europe having pronounced Stephanie incapable of ever again becoming a mother.

This infatuation for the widowed crown princess,—notwithstanding the remark just made,—has, however, long since given away to a deep affection for Countess Sophia Chotek, and while Stephanie has fallen in love with a young Hungarian diplomat, named Count Elmar Lonjay, whom she has been most indecorously anxious to marry, there is no doubt that at first she bitterly resented the loss of the archduke's attentions and their transfer to Countess Sophia Chotek.

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True, she did not go to the length of making a personal attack upon the countess herself, but she did the next best thing, for she horsewhipped the brother of the countess in the Prater one morning, on the pretext that he had spoken slightingly about her, and especially of her so-called desertion by Archduke Francis.

Countess Sophia Chotek is the daughter of the count of that name, who was formerly Austrian envoy to the Court of Dresden, and although now thirty-one, she retains the most ingenuous expression, and a peculiarly sunny, child-like style of blond beauty. She was for several years governess to the children of Archduke and Archduchess Frederick, but was dismissed by the archduchess some two years ago, in consequence of the association of her name with that of Archduke Francis.

It is said that Francis is anxious to marry her with the chivalrous intention of repairing, as far as possible, the injury which she has suffered through the association of her name with his own. There are many obstacles in the way of this, however; it is difficult to see how he could possibly wed her without previously renouncing all his rights of succession to the throne. It is perfectly true that he could marry her morganatically were the Austrian succession alone concerned; for there is no obstacle to a sovereign having a morganatic wife in countries where morganatic marriages are recognized by law and the church, as in Germany and Austria. Frederick-William II. and Frederick-William III. of Prussia each had morganatic wives. The left-handed consort of the latter Prussian king was by birth a Countess Harrach, who was created, at the time of her marriage, Princess of Liegnitz, and who died in the early part of 1870, treated to the last with the utmost veneration and regard by her step-son, old Emperor William.

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The now reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has a morganatic wife in the person of an actress, whom he created Baroness Heldberg; in short, there would be nothing whatever to prevent Archduke Francis from having a morganatic wife in the person of Countess Sophia Chotek, were he only Emperor of Austria. But unfortunately for the countess, the crown of Austria is indissolubly connected with that of Hungary, and in Hungary the morganatic marriage system is not recognized, either by the church or the state. Hence, if the countess were the morganatic wife of Archduke Francis in Austria, she would be, in the eyes of the law, his full-fledged consort in Hungary, and, as such, entitled to share his dignity and rank there. Were he to take up his residence in Hungary as archduke, she would have the status of an archduchess in the Magyar kingdom, and were he to become emperor, nothing could prevent her from becoming, in the eyes of the law, Queen of Hungary. That is why it is virtually impossible for him to marry her, unless he abandons all his rights of succession to the throne in favor of his brother Otto.

This he is notoriously reluctant to do. In fact, he is extremely jealous of his prerogatives as heir apparent. For a time it was believed that he was suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs, and was forced to temporarily sever his connection with the army, to withdraw from court, and to spend his winters in Algiers and in the south of France. During this period the functions of heir apparent were fulfilled by his younger brother Otto, who was directed to take up his residence at Vienna, was furnished with a household commensurate to the importance of the second personage in the empire, and was called upon to assist the emperor in all the more ornamental work that

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falls to the share of the sovereign, as the chief representative of the royal and imperial state.

Moreover, all cabinet ministers were directed to make reports to the archduke, to keep him posted about the current affairs of the government, and to communicate to him copies of all important despatches. When, to the amazement of everyone, Archduke Francis recovered his health, and returned to Vienna, he immediately called upon his uncle, the emperor, asking him to send Otto about his business, and to invest himself with all the rights and prerogatives which belonged to him as heir apparent. The emperor complied with his wishes, and to-day Archduke Francis, the only member of his house who has visited the United States, occupies a position which is virtually that of vice-emperor. He signs many state papers and documents on behalf of his uncle, is second in supreme command of the Austro-Hungarian army, represents Francis-Joseph at many state functions, and is so thoroughly in touch with all the statesmen, both at home and abroad, that in the event of his succession to the throne, he will be able to take up the executive work of an emperor-king without any difficulty or interruption.

It is scarcely necessary to explain after this that the sentiments between the two brothers are not of the friendliest character. Otto naturally does not relish the manner in which he has been relegated to the background, since the recovery of Francis; and what has added additional bitterness to his feelings in the matter, is the fact that neither the press nor the people have shown any hesitation in publicly expressing their relief on learning that his prospects of obtaining supreme power had become more remote.

Archduke Otto has repeatedly appealed to his uncle, the

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emperor, to institute proceedings on the charge of *lèse-majesté* against the Austrian and Hungarian newspapers that had called attention to the various unsavory scandals in which he is so constantly involved. But Francis-Joseph has invariably declined, and has insisted that Otto, if he wishes redress, should prosecute the papers in question for libel, just as if he had been an ordinary citizen, instead of a member of the imperial family. On each occasion that he has brought proceedings of this kind against the newspapers that assailed him, the jury has returned a verdict in favor of the newspaper, thus virtually giving the legal stamp of authenticity to the stories published about him.

On one occasion, Archduke Otto disgraced himself by stopping a peasant's funeral while he was out riding with some friends in the country around Prague and leaping his horse back and forth a number of times over the coffin. So great was the scandal created by this incident that it was brought up for discussion in the imperial parliament at Vienna, the well-known deputy Pernstorffer declaring in a most impassioned and eloquent speech that it was unjust to reproach the students of the university with excesses when the younger members of the imperial family themselves set such an example. On the following day a party of young noblemen, intimate friends of Archduke Otto, invaded the house of the deputy in question, and administered to him a terrible thrashing, injuring him so severely that he was obliged to keep his bed for some weeks afterwards.

On another occasion, while stationed in one of the provincial capitals, he brought a number of roisterers into his palace at night, and having drunk himself into a state of absolute craziness, invited these boon companions to go

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up-stairs with him to his wife's apartments at two o'clock in the morning, to pay her a visit.

Luckily for her imperial highness, who was within two months of becoming a mother, there was present in the palace at the time one of the aids-de-camp, who hearing the noise, and knowing the character of the prince, to whose house he was attached, feared that the archduchess might stand in need of protection. So when the drunken crowd of men arrived up-stairs, they were encountered by the young officer, who drew his sword, and threatened to run it through anybody, excepting the archduke, who attempted to pass. This, and this alone, saved the poor archduchess, a daughter of Prince George of Saxony, from the dreadful indignity which her husband had prepared for her.

The archduke relieved his feelings by striking a blow at the young officer, who had the good sense not to return it, and then went down-stairs again to the dining-room, where he gave further vent to his feelings by pouring a dish of spinach over the bust of the emperor.

According to the code of honor in force in the armies of Germany, Austria, and Russia, every blow received, particularly when the person attacked is in uniform, must be atoned for by blood. If the blow is given by an equal, then a duel at once takes place, and until the combat has been fought, the officer who has been struck is under the darkest kind of social cloud. It is not necessary that he should become a victor, but either his own blood or that of his adversary must be spilled on the field of honor to obliterate the ignominy of the blow. If the blow has been struck by his inferior in social status, whose position is such as to debar him from meeting an officer in single combat, the officer who receives the blow must at once and without

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waiting a minute, draw his sword and either cut his assailant down or run him through. If he fails to do this, he is overwhelmed with disgrace, obliged to leave the army, to withdraw from all clubs to which he belongs, and is subjected to ostracism of the most cruel character. That is why German, Austrian, and Russian officers never appear in public, when in uniform, without their swords. They need them ready at hand, in case of any emergency such as the one just described.

I shall always remember witnessing a scene in Austria illustrative of this condition of things. The colonel of a cavalry regiment had accompanied some civilian guests to the door of his house in a provincial town, and was standing on the front steps, chatting with them, when suddenly a drunken laborer, driving a cart, spattered with mud both the colonel and those with him. The thing was done intentionally, and on the colonel's shouting remonstrances, the driver responded with an oath, stopped his cart, jumped down, and brandishing his whip, announced his intention of chastising the officer. Suddenly a figure dashed out of the door, thrust a sword in the colonel's hand, and when the driver came sufficiently near, he was treated to a scalp wound, which drew blood, brought him to his senses and sent him to the hospital, without endangering his life. The whole thing took place quicker than it takes to tell, but I shall never forget the look of gratitude with which the colonel thanked his wife for bringing him his sabre in the very nick of time. Had he received a blow from the man's whip without being able to respond to it by cutting his opponent badly enough to draw blood, he would have been disgraced forever, his career ruined, and himself forced to leave, not only the army, but also the country.

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This will doubtless serve to account for the occasional stories which one reads in the press of civilians being cut down by officers. The latter have no alternative when they are struck while in uniform, and even if they happen to kill their man while thus defending what is known as "the honor of the cloth," they are punished at the most with a year of merely nominal arrest, forfeiting neither their commission nor their prospects of advancement.

Where the assailant is of so high a rank that the officer cannot exact satisfaction from him, or run him through the body without risking a charge of treason,—that being the manner in which the law regards armed attacks upon members of the reigning family,—the officer who has been struck has no alternative but to blow his brains out, if he wishes to preserve the honor of his name and the escutcheon of his family free from stain.

Knowing this, the young aid de-camp of Archduke Otto immediately proceeded to call upon the general in command of the garrison to make, as in duty bound, a report of what had taken place, and of the blow which he had received. Indignant beyond all expression, the general, with the object of preventing the young officer from taking his life, in accordance with the strict requirements of military ethics, placed him under close arrest, so as to make it impossible for him to put his design into execution. He thereupon telegraphed a full account of the entire affair to the emperor.

The latter arrived on the following day, and after conferring with the general, at once summoned all the officers of the place, including Archduke Otto, to his presence, in the great reception hall of the building occupied by the commanding general. He thereupon caused the young

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aid-de-camp of Archduke Otto to be brought before him, and addressing him exclaimed:

"I have to thank you warmly, lieutenant, for both the forbearance and the courage that you displayed the other night in protecting my dear niece from insult and indignity. I am proud of officers such as you. Nor can I afford to lose them. I am aware of the insult to which you have been subjected. I likewise realize that because the person guilty of submitting you to such an insult is a member of my family, he is debarred from according to you the necessary satisfaction on the field of honor, or elsewhere. What you, however, cannot do I can;" and with that, he strode up to his nephew, his eyes blazing with indignation, ordered him to stand at attention, and then in full sight of the entire corps of officers, generals, colonels and subalterns, struck him a smacking blow with his open hand on each cheek, immediately afterwards ordered him to leave his presence, and told him to consider himself under the strictest arrest. He then returned to where he had left the young lieutenant standing, grasped him warmly by the hand, again expressed his thanks, and informed him that he relieved him of all further duty in connection with the household of Archduke Otto.

On the following day the lieutenant received notification of his promotion to the rank of captain, and of his transfer to another garrison.

The archduke was kept under close arrest for several weeks, being released only in deference to the urgent entreaties of his wife when she gave birth to her little boy.

There is literally no end to the unsavory scandals of which Otto has been the hero, and a short time ago he experienced the novel, and for a man of his rank, unique experience of being soundly thrashed not by a man, but by

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a number of women. A cycling club had arranged a road race in the neighborhood of Tulin—two hours from Vienna —on the Danube, and some hundred members, most of them women, were gathered together at a point on the road awaiting the appearance of the winner, who was expected to come in sight at any moment. Suddenly a carriage dashed up, coming from the opposite direction, and ran into the midst of the cyclists, scattering them to the right and left. They cried out to the driver to stop, and he was doing so when the younger of the two officers in the carriage angrily ordered him to drive on. At this, the indignant cyclists stopped the horses, and took the coachman's whip away, which weapon was plied forthwith by one of the ladies upon the occupants of the vehicle. Another belligerent wheelwoman jumped up on the wheel of the carriage, and with a blow of the fist, beat down the younger officer's cap over his eyes. It was several minutes before the gentleman in attendance was able to make himself heard, and to inform the assailants that the officer whom they were beating, scratching, and pulling about in every direction, was no other than Archduke Otto. Consternation followed the announcement, the cyclers beat a hasty retreat, while the archduke proceeded on his way in a sadly battered, bruised and altogether demoralized condition.

About three years ago, Archduke Otto received a severe pistol wound in the right shoulder, which was followed by a six months' residence abroad. An effort was made on the part of the friendly and semi-official press to attribute the wound to an attempt at suicide while suffering from mental depression due to ill health, and his subsequent absence from Austria, to a voyage of convalescence and rest. The story however was in flagrant contradiction

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to rumors current in court circles which led one to believe that his stay abroad was due to a decree of banishment, and that he had received the injury in a duel, his adversary being no other than his royal brother-in-law, Prince John of Saxony, who had bitterly resented the treatment of his favorite sister by her worthless husband. One thing, at any rate, is certain, and that is that when a man attempts to commit suicide he does not generally discharge a pistol at his right shoulder.

Archduchess Otto, who bears the name of Maria-Josepha, has on several occasions been forced by her husband's drunken and libertine behavior to leave him, and to return to her parents, only coming back to Austria in deference to the personal request of the emperor, who is very fond of her, and at whose court she now occupies the position of the late empress, fulfilling all the duties of first lady of the land.

So universally execrated is Archduke Otto, alike by society and the people, that discussions have taken place more than once in parliament and in the press, as to whether it would not be possible to devise means for debarring him from succession to the throne. It is possible that he may reform; indeed, reports are current to the effect that he is endeavoring to do so. But unless he changes, it will be a sorry day for Austro-Hungary when he becomes emperor-king.

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CHAPTER XXII

It is to a remark made by Prince Bismarck in a moment of petulance and irritation, resulting probably from digestive troubles, that the male members of the imperial house of Hapsburg are indebted for a totally undeserved reputation of stupidity. It is presumable that he never for one moment thought that his uncomplimentary and merely passing reference to them as "Austria's idiot archdukes," would be placed on permanent record; yet it has been constantly repeated on his authority until it has become so popular a saying that most people are now convinced that every archduke of Austro-Hungary is necessarily an imbecile. Now this is so far from the truth, so gross a calumny, and so totally undeserved a reputation that it is only just that this wrong should be righted.

Of course some of the archdukes might be allowed by ill-natured and jaundiced critics to deserve, in a measure, the qualification applied to them by Prince Bismarck, but they are very few in number, not more than two or three at the most, and when it is borne in mind that the reigning house of Austria is composed of more than one hundred archdukes and archduchesses, it must be admitted that the proportion of fools in the family is decidedly below, instead of above the average.

With regard to the remainder, they are nearly all possessed of a high order of intelligence, of talents and of attainments of one kind or another, that would have served

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to win for them, if not fame, at any rate eminence, had their lot not been cast in so exalted a sphere of the social scale. This is particularly the case with the branch of the house of Hapsburg which formerly occupied the throne of Tuscany. Curiously enough, the Hapsburg Grand Dukes of Tuscany were distinguished, while still rulers of that northern Italian state, as much for their narrow-mindedness, bigotry and short-sightedness as they are to-day for their intellectual brilliancy and enlightenment.

The cleverest of these Tuscan archdukes is undoubtedly Archduke John. I use the verb in the present rather than in the past tense, advisedly, for there is every reason to believe that he is still in the land of the living, existing under an assumed name somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, possibly in the United States.

While at Vienna, and prior to being divested of his titles and prerogatives by the emperor, he used to be known at court by the nickname of the "Baron," owing to the varied character of his interests and accomplishments; the reason for this sobriquet being that whenever a man in Austria wishes to become a baron he endeavors to give as much evidence as possible of the fact that he is a man intellectually far above the common herd.

There was nothing that he undertook in which he did not quickly strike out a bright and original line for himself. It is well known that the late Field Marshal Moltke regarded him, in spite of his youth, as one of the most accomplished strategists in Europe, and as destined to play an important part in the next great war in which Austria should become involved. Music, astronomy, architecture, chemistry, and botany, are only a few of the things at which Archduke John tried his hand with remarkable success. As a pamphleteer he achieved a celebrity that extended far be-

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yond the frontiers of Austria, and when he set out to study seamanship he experienced no difficulty in obtaining a master's certificate in less than a tenth part of the time usually required by candidates for diplomas of that kind.

Unfortunately, he made many enemies. This arose partly from his habit of speaking his mind, regardless of the consequences, and partly, too, from his intolerance of bores and stupid people. Especially did he abhor flatterers, and the atmosphere of the imperial court, with all the restrictions of its etiquette, its set speeches and boundless formality, had the effect of exasperating him to the last degree.

On one occasion, a man who desired to make himself agreeable to him, deplored, in his presence, the loss of the grand duchy of Tuscany by his elder brother.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the archduke. "The Tuscans are Italians. The Italians longed for national unity, and the existence of the grand duchy was an obstacle to the fulfilment of their desires. It was inevitable, therefore, that it should disappear. The people are not created merely for the sake of the princes."

The face of the rebuked courtier and those of all others present was a study, for this speech, although it would have been perfectly natural in the mouth of an American, or even of a modern Frenchman, in that of an Austrian archduke was nothing less than rank heresy, and merely contributed to the number of those who looked upon the prince as a particularly dangerous man.

For a time he was hand in glove with the late Crown Prince Rudolph, whom he resembled in many particulars, and few of those who were in Vienna at the time can forget the cleverness with which both of these bright young princes combined to expose a spiritualist trickster, who had

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been successful in hoodwinking some of the greatest personages in the land. Naturally, this feat did not tend to increase the popularity of Archduke John, who was looked upon as the prime mover in the affair, since the laying bare of the swindle naturally caused it to be inferred that its august victims had been fools of the most verdant character.

Unfortunately, the two young archdukes were too much alike in temperament, ideas and brilliancy, not to quarrel, and on one occasion, when John had written an anonymous pamphlet holding up to ridicule some feature of the military organization of Austria, which was championed with an equal degree of vehemence in another anonymous pamphlet by Crown Prince Rudolph, the dispute between them became so acute that it would have culminated in a full-fledged duel had it not been for the personal intervention of the emperor.

It is entirely owing to his well-known horror of the restrictions of etiquette, and of the more formal and hypocritical features of court life that currency has been given to the story that, if he ceased to be an archduke and assumed the name of "John Orth" before disappearing from human ken, it was a case of voluntary renunciation.

This is altogether a mistake. I have the best of reasons for knowing that his abandonment of his command in the army, in which he held the rank of general, and of his status as an imperial archduke, very far from being voluntary, was compulsory.

I have had in my hands a number of exceedingly interesting letters in his handwriting, in which he states, over his own signature, that the emperor had strictly forbidden him to ever return to Austria, whence he had banished him. He states that the emperor had likewise declined

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to permit his name to appear among the contributors to the magnificent work entitled *Austro-Hungary in Word and Picture*, started by the late crown prince, and supposed to have been completed by his widow. At the request of the crown prince, he wrote a very remarkable article for this work, but at the last moment, when it was already in type, the emperor placed his veto upon its appearance, and by his orders the manuscript was returned to the archduke.

It is likewise manifest from these letters that there is no truth in the stories according to which the archduke looked forward with pleasure to leaving Vienna for a seafaring life, and to his freedom from the restrictions imposed upon him by his former imperial rank. On the contrary, he states in these letters that he was so intensely miserable and broken-hearted, that he was only able to obtain sleep by means of a copious use of morphine. These letters are dated from London, a short time before he set sail for South America. In the last letter, written from Chatham, near London, he describes himself as a man whose entire hopes have been shattered forever, whose past ambitions and aspirations are obliterated, and whose only desire is to be forgotten. Yet it was but a few days previous that he had contracted in London that marriage with Marguerite Stubel, for whose sake it was alleged he had been willing to renounce all his titles. Certainly, his letters do not convey the idea that he was either deeply in love with his wife, or that he looked forward to a life of happiness at her side. Indeed, one would almost be led to believe, from this last Chatham letter, that his marriage had increased rather than diminished his bitterness.

It may be remembered that the archduke purchased in London a sailing vessel, on board of which he proceeded

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to South America, navigating it himself, by virtue of the master's certificate that he had obtained at Trieste before assuming the name of John Orth. The vessel arrived safely at La Plata, where he shipped an almost entirely new crew, and then, after a stay there of several weeks, sailed for Valparaiso.

From that time the archduke, or rather John Orth, and his actress wife, as well as his ship, have been lost to sight so far as the public are concerned. The *Marguerita*, which was the name of his ship, never reached Valparaiso, where its arrival was anxiously looked for, and if it ever subsequently cast anchor in any other port, it did so under an altered name.

I may here recall the fact that in the celebrated Tichborne case in London, it was shown that the ship on which young Roger Tichborne had sailed from Valparaiso for Melbourne, and which was believed to have foundered at sea, had in reality reached port at the further extremity of the Australian continent, and under a different name from that under which she had sailed from Valparaiso. The crew had mutinied on the way, killed the captain and his chief officer, and induced the second officer to join them. It was with a view of avoiding the terrible legal consequences of this act that they had changed the name of the ship, fabricated fresh papers, and altered the vessel's course.

There is no reason why Archduke John should not have changed the name of his vessel at sea, just in the same way as was done in the case of the craft on which Sir Roger Tichborne sailed from Valparaiso, and in that manner it would have been easy for John Orth to conceal all traces of what had become of him.

There are a number of reasons for believing that the

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archduke—an archduke no longer, but merely a commoner bearing the name of John Orth—is still in the land of the living.

Here are a few of them, and it will be observed that I reserve the most convincing to the last.

His mother, the venerable Dowager Grand Duchess of Tuscany, after being prostrated with grief at the time of his departure from Austria, and after donning the deepest mourning when it was first reported that his ship had foundered at sea with all hands, near Cape Horn, on the way from La Plata to Valparaiso, a year later, suddenly recovered her health and her spirits in the most marvellous manner. Not only did she become brighter and happier, but she likewise modified her mourning until but little trace remained in her garb of what the public believed to be her bereavement. She died last year at her lovely castle on the Lake of Gmunden, and from the time when she received the news that restored her peace of mind, she had a light burning all night long in the window of the bedroom which she occupied, and likewise in the casement of the apartment devoted to the use of Archduke John when he stayed with her. Her will likewise contained a provision to the effect that the major part of her money should be held in trust for her missing son, subject to his orders, insisting, however, that under no circumstances should a single penny of it ever go to any of the Stubels, that is to say, to the family of the actress whom Archduke John had married in London. The old grand duchess added that not until most definite and legal proofs of John's death had been obtained should the money go to her other children, and to their heirs.

When the archduke quitted Europe, it seems that he left two million francs on deposit in two Swiss banks, the one

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at Fribourg, the other at St. Gall. According to Swiss law, when a person has been missing for seven years, his possessions pass to his heirs without further delay.

Seven years after the date of the archduke's sailing from La Plata, the parents and sisters of the girl whom he had married put forward a claim to a considerable portion of this fortune, on the ground that by her marriage Marguerite Stubel had become entitled to a third of her husband's fortune, and that they were heirs of the girl.

The banks were about to comply with this request when there appeared upon the scene one of the leading lawyers of Vienna, a Doctor von Haberler, who produced a general power of attorney, bearing the name of the missing archduke, on the strength of which he drew the money from the banks in question and placed it in the name of his client in Austrian banks. The Austrian laws require a term of thirty years to elapse before a missing person is legally regarded as dead, and his property available for partition among his heirs.

That looks, therefore, as if the archduke were still alive, and anxious to prevent his property being turned over to his wife's heirs.

Still more remarkable, however, is the lawsuit which took place some years ago in Germany. It appears that when in London, just before sailing for South America in 1890, John Orth insured his ship with the North German Insurance Company, for $73,000. An action was brought some three years later by this same Doctor von Haberler, who on the strength of a power of attorney granted by Archduke John, commonly styled John Orth, made a claim upon the Insurance Company for the recovery of the sum, for which the ship, the *Marguerita*, had been insured. The Insurance Company resisted the claim on the

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ground that John Orth was on board the vessel when she left La Plata, and that he had gone down with her. The eminent Viennese lawyer, Dr. Haberler, took note of the admission by the company that the vessel had been lost, but declined to admit that John Orth, otherwise Archduke John had gone down with his ship. When asked whether since the date of the archduke's disappearance, he had received any news from him, Dr. Haberler declined to reply, pointing out that the burden of proving him dead lay on the shoulders of the insurance company, rather than on his.

The lawyer, moreover, vouchsafed some private information to the judges, which has not been made public, and the tenor of which can only be gathered from the fact that the Hanseatic High Court of Hamburg, in the first instance, and the Supreme Court of the Empire at Leipsic, on appeal, both decreed that the insurance company must honor the power of attorney from John Orth for the recovery of the sum for which his ship was insured, and pay the $73,000 to Doctor von Haberler, which the insurance people thereupon proceeded to do. Therefore the Supreme Court of the German Empire may be assumed to have officially declared from the bench that Archduke John, alias John Orth, is not dead. The precautions that have been adopted to enable his legal representative in Vienna to prevent the Stubel family from securing possession of any of his money, and the circumstance about the insurance company having been compelled to pay for the loss of his ship, all point to the fact that he suffered shipwreck, and that in some way he has lost his wife.

Where he is to-day is a secret that is presumably known to no one except his lawyer at Vienna, the emperor, and the minister of the imperial house, Count Golouchòwski.

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It is as much of a state secret as is the true cause of his disappearance from Austria, and his renunciation of all his military honors and prerogatives as an archduke. That he did not, perchance, exactly renounce them of his own accord seems indicated beyond reasonable doubt by the letters bearing his signature, to which I have already alluded, letters which give expression to the intense bitterness of his heart, and to his sorrow for the destruction of his military career, for he was passionately devoted to his profession; and while he might possibly have been disposed to abandon his imperial rank of his own volition, it does not seem probable that he would have willingly surrendered his commission as a general, and the important divisional command which he held at the time of his final departure from his country.

What was the cause of the latter?

No one excepting the emperor and his chancellor, Count Golouchòwski, is able to tell, and all the stories on the subject must be accepted with the utmost caution. It has, it is true, been whispered that there exists one more person, and that a woman, who is in possession of all the secrets concerning John Orth, including his present place of retirement, and the painful incidents which brought about his surrender of all that to him made life worth living for. Whether she will ever disclose them is another matter, and one which may well cause anxiety at the Court of Vienna, where her knowledge about this dark page of the Hapsburg history is recognized as existing.

There is, it may be added also, a story as to the archduke's disappearance which I have never yet seen in print. It connects his exile and his disappearance from the ranks of the members of the imperial family of Austria with the tragedy of Mayerling and the death of Crown Prince Ru-

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dolph. It is difficult to account for the origin thereof, except for the fact which I have just mentioned, that the two archdukes had already once quarrelled, and had been prevented from fighting a duel only by the intervention of the emperor. There could, therefore, be no longer any love lost between them. Moreover, Archduke Rudolph died at Mayerling, in the early part of 1889; Archduke John left Austria and relinquished his military and imperial dignities during that same year, after having been suspended from his divisional command just about the time of the tragedy at Mayerling.

It may be remembered that all sorts of stories were current at the time as to the circumstances surrounding the death of the crown prince. According to a very silly theory, he had been killed by one of the Princes of Auersberg; but this rumor was set at rest when it was found that the Auersbergs retained their commissions in the army, and their access to all court functions. Then his death was attributed to the Baltazzis, but those Baltazzis who are still alive continue to this day to figure in Viennese society, especially in the sporting world, which would certainly not have been the case had the hands of any member of their family been stained with the blood of their emperor's son, such a crime, moreover, being, by virtue of his position as crown prince, considered as an act of high treason.

None of the personages known to have been present at Mayerling at the time when the tragedy took place were ever punished or visited with any token of imperial ill-will. Some of them, indeed, were pensioned for life, for instance, Bratfisch, the crown prince's coachman; while Rudolph's brother-in-law, Count Philip of Coburg, who formed one of the hunting party at Mayerling on that

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fateful day, continues to be a member of the imperial court circle in Vienna.

There was but one personage of rank who was visited with any manifestation of his sovereign's supposed ill-will during the course of that year, namely, Archduke John; and it is the altogether unprecedented and unique character of the step taken by the emperor with regard to him that led to the natural deduction that the monarch must have had some extraordinarily serious reason for acting as he did.

This, and this only, is the reason why it was once bruited about that Archduke John had, in some unexplained and unexplainable way or other, contributed to the horrible catastrophe of Mayerling. In my opinion, however,—which is based on some solid knowledge of Francis-Joseph, and also of Archduke John's character and ways,—the latter's disappearance from the Austrian court is due to a very different cause, and the entire truth will probably never be known, for state secrets of so important a nature are seldom revealed to the public, or allowed to leak out.

Certainly, everything that it was possible to accomplish in order to prevent this particular one from being discovered has been done, and great would be the dismay of the emperor if all these precautions should ever prove futile. Yet, be it ever so well guarded, a secret is never quite safe when four people hold the keys thereof, and some day the world at large may yet be startled by being placed in possession of the only true version of what may be termed "The John Orth Tragedy."

I, for one, am firmly convinced that Archduke John will reappear, but I doubt whether it will be during the lifetime of Francis-Joseph. Perhaps after the old emperor has been laid to rest with his fathers, the missing scion of the house of Hapsburg will return.

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It may be remembered that already in the past century another royal personage, in this instance a member of the fair sex, was, for serious state reasons, permitted to leave home and country, and to take up her abode in America on the understanding that she would allow herself to be officially declared dead. She lived there for many years, on a plantation in the South, near New Orleans.

At any rate, it cannot be denied that it is not a mere whim, or a momentary yearning for freedom and release from the rigid bonds of etiquette, which have kept the archduke from returning to Austria for so long a period, and prevented him—a devoted and loving son, if ever there was one—from being present at his mother's death-bed. I think that I have given in this chapter proof sufficient that he was not drowned when his ship went down, and I have also, I believe, conclusively demonstrated that he still holds communication, at least, with his lawyer, Dr. Haberler, not to mention again the lady to whom I have alluded before. Does not all this point to the fact that the unhappy John Orth has some very serious reason for remaining an exile, and for living out his life alone and disheartened, a disappointed, wretched and embittered man.

Compared with what his present mode of existence must be, that of France's celebrated "Iron-Mask" was almost a happy one. The sufferings of John Orth when he learnt of his mother's death, and also of the foul and cowardly assassination of Empress Elizabeth, to whom he was deeply and sincerely devoted, must have been enough to make him curse the width of the gulf which separates for him the past and the present, and must have rendered unbearably galling to him the impassable barrier which bars for him the homeward road.

Equally clever and talented, and with a career almost as

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romantic, is Archduke John's elder brother, Louis-Salvator, who has spent his entire life in laborious historical and geographical researches, and who has published several remarkable works upon botany and natural history,—works that have won for him considerable celebrity in the scientific world, and a membership of the Institute of France.

Like his brother John, he has a taste for the sea, has studied navigation, obtained a master's certificate, and cruises about on board his yacht, the *Nixie*, under the incognito of Captain Neindorff. He makes his home on the island of Majorca, where he has purchased a large estate, occupying the flank of a mountain, which slopes gently down toward the sea, and which, like the magnificent imperial castle near Trieste, bears the name of Miramar.

Although he is on terms of great friendship with the peasantry of the island, no strangers are permitted on the estates, and he has just as great an aversion for a new face as had his cousin, the late King Louis of Bavaria. He goes about when on the island dressed in jeans, like a peasant, with straw sandals on his feet, and wearing an old flat cap with a long vizor; he has been especially averse to any kind of society since the death of his private secretary, to whom he was greatly attached, and to whose memory he has erected at least a dozen statues in different poses, on various parts of the property.

Of course there are all sorts of stories current concerning this archduke, some of which owe their origin to the secrecy with which he environs his entire life. Thus, according to some, Miramar is a sort of Capua, peopled with lovely houris, who are under the surveillance of a stout duenna, known as "Madame L'Archiduc," and who spend their time strolling through the woods, gazing at the sea, and dancing the cachucha.

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These, however, are fairy tales, the groundlessness of which is best shown by the fact that the late empress often visited the archduke at Miramar, on Majorca, and spent days there with him, which she certainly would not have done had his existence furnished a nineteenth century counterpart to the mode of the Roman Emperor Tiberius.

The fact is, the archduke is an extremely religious man, and the only love which finds any place in his character is a boundless love of nature. His life may be said to be divided between his studies, his explorations, and his observance of the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church.

His residence is the old monastery of *La Cartuga*, which he has transformed into an ideal home. The day begins with mass in the chapel of the monastery, and immediately after breakfast he plunges into work, having usually a book under way, at one time on botany, at another, on history, while frequently the subject is his geographical excursions.

While he carefully avoids strangers, he loves the country-folk, talks with them freely, questioning them minutely, and neglecting no information which he can obtain from them. He is never seen without his pencil and note-book, preserving every scene and every face that he wishes to remember or reproduce in his books. As in the case of Dumas's Monte Cristo, there is always a swift schooner, and a yacht under steam pressure, in the little port constructed by the archduke at the foot of the hill.

They are in readiness day and night for instant departure, and frequently in the morning one or the other is found to have sailed during the night with the imperial owner on board, remaining away for whole months together without any intimation being received either on his island home or at Vienna as to the archduke's where-

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abouts. These excursions have taken him all over the world, invariably incognito, under the name of Captain Neindorff.

A few years ago while cruising in his steam yacht, *The Nixie* (Syren), along the north coast of Africa, the vessel struck on a rock and went to pieces, the imperial yachtsman and the crew of forty men hardly escaping with their lives. It was, in fact, through this shipwreck, and the narrow escape of the archduke and of his men from falling into the hands of the warlike tribes that infest the Moorish coast, that public attention was for the first time called to the romantic mode of life of Louis-Salvator.

Many other mariners cast up on this dangerous coast have been conveyed into the interior by the fierce natives in order to be held for ransom, or to be sold into slavery, and as the tribes in question are entirely beyond the control of the Sultan of Morocco, and are in a state of permanent insurrection against him, it is difficult to conceive what steps the Austrian government could have taken to restore the archduke to liberty had he fallen into the hands of these savages. Louis-Salvator lost no time in causing a new yacht to be built which now bears the same name as its predecessor, for it is only on his yacht that he really feels at home.

In a little volume printed for private circulation, in which the archduke describes his shipwreck, he writes as follows of the former *Nixie:*

"It was the only place that I could call my home, and where I really felt at home. In all my palaces and residences in Austria and Hungary, and even on my own dear Island of Majorca, I feel exactly as if I were in a hotel, or worse still, in a jail. There is absolutely no feeling of home there."

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It would surprise many ordinary mortals to know how intense is the yearning on the part of royal and imperial personages, and of great nobles as well, for a home. This may sound strange when it is borne in mind that in nearly every instance they possess innumerable palaces, châteaux, villas and castles. But it is just this plethora of residences that prevents their feeling at home in any one of them. The sentiments expressed by Archduke Louis-Salvator are shared by nearly every royal and imperial personage in Europe with the possible exceptions of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have a private home of their own at Sandringham, while the princess's brother-in-law and her sister, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, have a similar home of their own creation at Gmunden in Austria.

The others spend their whole time in migrating from one palace to another. Thus, the King and Queen of Italy divide their time between Rome, Naples, Monza, Florence, Turin, Venice, and the Alps. Yet in no place do they feel at home, least of all in the Quirinal at Rome. They, like other personages in the same condition, feel themselves under an obligation to spend at least a short period of every year in each of their residences, and this obligation bears very heavily upon some of them.

Imagine such a man as the English Duke of Devonshire, whose country seats are three or four score in number! Why, there are some of them which have not been visited by the family for more than half a century, and as they form part of his entailed property they cannot be sold. Of the late Spanish Duke of Ossuna, it used to be said that he could travel by coach from Madrid through France and Germany to Warsaw, and sleep every night in one of his own castles or mansions!

Possibly this absence of any real home may serve to

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explain and excuse the exaggerated tendency to gad about, which is so very marked among the royal and imperial personages of the present age, the most conspicuous examples thereof having been the late Empress of Austria, and the present German kaiser, who rejoices in the name of *Wilhelm der Reisende* (William the Traveller).

The book in which Archduke Louis-Salvator makes this complaint about not possessing any real home but his yacht, is entitled: *Shipwreck; or a Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is dedicated to the late Empress Elizabeth.

The archduke's eldest brother is that Grand Duke of Tuscany who reigned for a few months before being deprived of his throne at the time of the incorporation of his dominions in what is now the Kingdom of Italy. The most popular member of this talented branch of the Hapsburg family was undoubtedly the grand duke's second brother, Archduke Charles-Salvator, who was just as pronounced in his dislike of the restrictions of Austrian court etiquette as his brothers. He used to startle the officials and dignitaries of the Court of Vienna almost out of their senses by his democratic ways. Like the late Emperor of Brazil he had a predilection for riding on the roofs of omnibuses, tramways and stage-coaches, while on his railroad trips he would occupy a third-class compartment, rather than a first-class carriage or a private car.

He was an accomplished locksmith and some of his handiwork which I have seen is really marvellous in its intricate delicacy. It was this archduke who met with such a queer rencontre during the visit of the King and Queen of Italy to the Court of Vienna. Humbert is regarded by the Grand Duke of Tuscany and his brothers as a usurper and as the spoliator of their family. Archduke Charles was

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calling upon the emperor's brother, Louis-Victor, when the doors were thrown open, and the King of Italy and his prime minister, M. Depretis, were announced. Archduke Charles instead of retiring, as might have been expected, greeted Humbert most courteously, welcoming him to Vienna, and thereupon turned to Depretis, who had formerly been in the service of his father, Grand Duke Leopold II. of Tuscany, and commenced chatting in a friendly manner with him in the Tuscan dialect, setting the old statesman, who had at first been terribly embarrassed, entirely at his ease. Archduke Charles, I may add, died suddenly on the very night that his little granddaughter, the eldest child of Archduke Francis-Salvator and of Archduchess Valerie, was born, and with him disappeared one of the most popular figures in Viennese life.

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CHAPTER XXIII

One of the most remarkable members of the house of Hapsburg is Archduke Rainer. There is no more enlightened prince of the blood in Europe, nor one who, without exercising the power of a monarch, has done so much to benefit his fellow countrymen, both materially and morally. His intellect is of the broadest scope, his erudition as extensive as it is varied, while his views are of the most liberal description. A tall, soldierly-looking old man, with a long white moustache, quite as large as that of King Humbert, he is the only member of his house who may be said to be in close and intimate relations with the reigning family of Italy, and who, although a devout Catholic, has braved the anger of the Vatican by accepting the hospitality of King Humbert and Queen Marguerite at the Quirinal, a thing which no other Roman Catholic prince of the blood, save the excommunicated Ferdinand of Bulgaria, has ever ventured to do. Even the young King of Portugal preferred to affront the Italian monarch, his uncle, to the extent of breaking off all diplomatic relations with him, rather than to offend the Pope by visiting the Italian court at Rome.

Archduke Rainer is the uncle of King Humbert, whose mother, King Victor Emmanuel's first wife, was an Austrian archduchess and sister of Archduke Rainer. Moreover, the archduke's own mother was a princess of the royal house of Savoy. Rainer's father was the last Austrian

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viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, and the consequence was that he was brought up almost entirely at Milan, and is able to speak Italian without the slightest trace of foreign accent, as the Romans discovered to their amazement when he visited the Eternal City for the purpose of representing the Court of Austria at the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy.

To him the Austrians are indebted for the creation of the magnificent Science and Art Museum at Vienna, and of many similar institutions throughout the empire. It was he, too, who was the chief organizer and promoter of the great International Exhibition of 1873, and of the International and Dramatic Exhibition held in the Prater in 1889. Moreover, the Austrian scientific world owes to him the possession of what is probably the rarest of collections of ancient Papyrus records and manuscripts of one kind and another.

While still quite a young man, and long before Egypt had been explored to the extent that it is to-day, he spent a number of months in the land of the Nile, and abandoning the beaten track of the ordinary tourist, devoted himself almost exclusively to the exploration of the many hundreds of ancient Coptic monasteries, which dot the oases of the Lybian desert, and which until then were a *terra incognita* to the scientific world of Europe. He passed from monastery to monastery, being in many instances the first European who had crossed their thresholds in centuries, and as they were almost all of them poverty-stricken, he took advantage thereof to buy from them all the documents, books and reading matter that were contained in their libraries. He did not attempt to discriminate, but merely used his vast wealth to purchase *en bloc* everything of a documentary character that they were ready to sell.

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It was not until long after his return to Austria, and the safe arrival at Trieste of two entire shiploads of documents thus collected, that the wisdom of his enterprise, and its priceless value to history, religion, science and archæology commenced to be appreciated. Among a good deal of trash there were found some of the earliest manuscripts of the Gospels and of the Epistles that are now known to be in existence, writings of the fathers of the Christian Church, dating from the first five centuries of the Christian era, innumerable classics that are now known to have formed part of the once world-famed library of Alexandria, which was destroyed by the Turks, and papyri dating from Mosaic, and even far earlier times.

The enormous size of the collection purchased by Archduke Rainer, and by him placed at the disposal of the scientific world, not only of his country, but of all Europe, may best be demonstrated by the fact that, although the work of investigating, examining and deciphering the documents in question, has gone on without interruption for forty years past, more than half of the collection remains untouched without having even undergone the most superficial examination. Yet the assistance of every student of Oriental and ancient lore has been welcomed by the Austrian Government in the work of examination, to which the archduke has himself devoted large sums of money. The abbots and monks of the Coptic monasteries in the present century are steeped in ignorance and profligacy. Not merely were they unable to read the contents of their libraries and of their muniment rooms, but they had not even the sense to take proper means of preserving their treasures from injury, and were ready to sell everything they possessed for a mere song. Archduke Rainer virtually exhausted the Coptic monasteries of Egypt, but

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there still remains untouched and awaiting enterprise such as that displayed by the archduke a mine of untold wealth in the numerous monasteries of Abyssinia.

Archduke Rainer's devotion to science and art does not prevent him, however, from being a thorough soldier, and he has rendered great service to his country as the commander of the *Landwehr*, or militia, a force which he has entirely reorganized, greatly adding thereby to the military strength of the dual empire. There is, indeed, no member of the imperial family whom Francis-Joseph is more pleased to consult about military matters than Rainer.

In spite of his wealth, the archduke and his wife are very simple-minded and quiet old people, and are never so happy as when they can get away from their magnificent palace in Vienna, either to go to the mountains or to England, under the incognito of a thoroughly bourgeois name, living as very ordinary and commonplace people. On one occasion, I remember finding them staying at Brighton, on the south coast of England, in the most unostentatious way, in lodgings, their landlady having no idea of their rank. The archduke, far from being annoyed at my discovery, seemed amused thereat, and often afterwards, in the midst of some stately court function at Vienna, would quietly express his longings for the boiled mutton and caper sauce which seemed to have been his favorite and most frequent fare at his Brighton lodging-place.

Archduke Rainer has met with some queer adventures while thus going about incognito, and once while seated next to an American journalist at a table d'hôte in Switzerland, learned more about his own family and Austrian society than he had ever heard before, in spite of his long experience.

It is perfectly true that the newspaper man had never

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been in Austria. In fact, he was at the time on his way thither in behalf of the journal with which he was connected, and looking forward to making his first visit to Vienna, but, nevertheless, he confidentially informed the archduke, whose identity, of course, he was ignorant of, that he had heard the most dreadful reports with regard to the morality of the reigning house of Hapsburg, and of the Austrian aristocracy. He gave as the authority for some of his statements a former secretary of the United States Legation; unfortunately they concerned almost every scion of the imperial family from the emperor downwards.

The archduke listened, mildly objected that he had never heard of these things before, although he was a native of Vienna, and expressed the hope that the journalist would not find Vienna quite so bad as it had been painted to him, and as soon as he had drunk his coffee he left, when the newspaper man turned to a gentleman who had been sitting on the other side of the archduke, and remarked confidentially:

"Your old friend seems a very good sort. But he fails to recognize a fact which everyone knows, and that is that strangers and foreigners know and find out in a few weeks more about a country and its society than the natives do in a lifetime. It is so with Vienna. Your friend says things are not so immoral as my diplomatic friend told me. But I will back my friend's opinion, all the same. For the old fellow is a native of Vienna, and so I guess a lot doesn't come to his ears which my friend has picked up."

"Very likely," remarked the stranger, who happened to be Count Pàlffy, smilingly, as he rose from his chair. "For people in Austria are not in the habit of talking to members of the imperial family as you have just been talking to Archduke Rainer."

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Archduke and Archduchess Rainer have no children of their own, but merely an adopted child, the suddenly orphaned daughter of Rainer's brother Henry and of the latter's actress wife, Leopoldine Hoffmann. This girl, of whom more anon, is now married to a young Austrian, in whose veins flow Bourbon blood, and who bears the title of Campo-Franco; and although she is not a princess of the blood, yet she is treated as a relative by all the members of the reigning house of Hapsburg.

Another very clever scion of the imperial family is Archduke Joseph, to whom I have already had occasion to refer as the leading authority in Europe on the origin, history, customs and language of those mysterious races known in the east of Europe as the Tziganes, or Zingaris; in the west of Europe as the Gitanos, and by the English speaking races as the Gypsies.

Archduke Joseph may be said to be the business man of the Hapsburgs, and the chief administrator of the vast fortune of the family, the emperor, to whom the control thereof belongs by right, having no time to devote to the matter. The wealth of the reigning house is largely invested in enterprises of an industrial character, and over all these the archduke maintains the strictest personal supervision. He is not afraid to permit his name and title to appear in connection with these enterprises, and to subject himself, as an ordinary business man, to the tribunals of commerce, and to the laws governing trade and industry, although as a member of the reigning family he is exempt from ordinary jurisdiction, and amenable only to the family statutes of the house of Hapsburg, personally administered by the emperor and by his chancellor, Count Golouchòwski. Occasionally, this involves him in queer difficulties. Thus, some time ago, having established a

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brandy distillery, and a mill for grinding grain by steam, near Stuhlweissenburg, he addressed a demand to the local authorities of the district that the business which he had established there should be duly recognized, and its name recorded in the register of licensed traders; commerce and industry, especially when connected with the liquor traffic, being prohibited there, unless a license has been obtained from either the local or central authorities.

His petition was refused by the authorities on the ground that it was signed as "The Imperial State Industrial Company," and that that was the only designation given for entry upon the register, whereas the law demands that the head of a business concern applying for a license should give his full name, both baptismal and family. Archduke Joseph thereupon carried the matter to a Court of Appeal, and pointed out that it was impossible for him to comply with the strict letter of the law, seeing that as a member of the reigning house he possessed no family name. The Court of Appeal admitted this argument, but insisted that the license should be taken out in the name of Archduke Joseph, who has since that time figured as one of the chief brandy distillers of the empire.

Another of the archduke's investments was the "Marguerite-Island," lying midway between Buda and Pesth, which has frequently been described as "the Pearl of the Danube." It deserves this appellation, for it is impossible to imagine anything more lovely than this island, which owes its name to a royal nun, the daughter of the Magyar King, Bela IV., who lived in the thirteenth century. The convent which once stood there was destroyed by the Turks, its ruins being swept away by the great inundations of 1775 and 1838, and it remained for Archduke Joseph to purchase the island, provide it with a system of stately

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quays, and to transform it into a picturesque garden and park, the mass of almost tropical vegetation being dotted here and there with charming villas, hotels, a casino, and a number of bathing establishments; for there are several mineral springs possessed of remarkable curative powers to be found on this lovely spot. It is only about a mile in length, but has a tramway running from one end to the other, affording easy communication between the several hotels, while it is connected with both shores by ferries. To the people of the Hungarian capital the island is a priceless boon, and it may be described as constituting the lungs of the Magyar metropolis.

In addition to all the cares entailed by the administration of the imperial property, the archduke, who makes his home altogether in Hungary, has done for the Magyar "Honved," or militia, exactly the same as Archduke Rainer has done for the analogous force in the Austrian moiety of the dual empire. Archduke Joseph, like his father before him, is more Hungarian than Austrian. He learnt the Magyar tongue before the German, and his popularity, like that of his father, is such that the Magyars would infinitely prefer that the Crown of St. Stephen should at the death of Francis-Joseph pass to Archduke Joseph or "Jòska," as he is called, than to the present heir apparent, Francis-Ferdinand.

Talking one day to Archduke Joseph, he related to me a strange, and, I believe, until now unpublished incident in connection with the career of his father, who bore the name of Joseph, and who, like his brother Charles, the celebrated general of the Napoleonic wars, was brought up at Florence, where his own father ruled as Austrian viceroy until the time of his accession to the Austro-German throne, as Leopold II. One day in the year 1782, a lawyer from

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Ajaccio named Bonaparte, accompanied by his thirteen-year-old son, appeared at the palace of Archduke Leopold, and respectfully requested permission to view the interior of the building. As the Bonapartes were a well-known patrician family of Florence in the fourteenth century, many of their tombs being still extant in the Campo-Santo at Florence, Archduke Leopold gave the necessary permission.

While the father and the son were being shown over the palace they looked into a room where several little boys were playing with leaden and wooden soldiers. The boys were the sons of Archduke Leopold, Joseph and Charles being among the number. On catching sight of the young stranger and observing his wistful gaze towards the soldiers, they invited him to join them in their play, and his father thereupon left him with the little princes until he had completed the inspection of the palace.

The young boy was Napoleon Bonaparte, and twenty years later he met both Archduke Joseph and Archduke Charles on many a battlefield.

The late Archduke Joseph was married three times. His first union was in every sense of the word a love match; for he fell deeply in love with the Grand Duchess Alexandra, sister of Emperor Alexander I. and Nicholas I. of Russia. All sorts of obstacles were placed in the way of the alliance, mainly in connection with the difference of creeds. Finally, these were compromised by treaty, according to the terms of which the grand duchess was permitted to profess her own religion instead of being compelled to adopt the Roman Catholic faith of her husband, who held the office of Palatine of Hungary. This, the only matrimonial alliance which has ever taken place between the imperial houses of Hapsburg and Romanoff, was

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brought to a premature close by the death in childbirth of the archduchess, after only ten months of marriage, and she was laid to her last rest in an exquisite mausoleum, built in the style of a Russian church, on the slope of the hill on which the present Archduke Joseph's principal country seat is situated, and which bears the name of "*Alscùth.*"

As long as the late Archduke Joseph remained alive, a Russian archimandrite and several popes or Muscovite priests were entrusted with the care of the church and the guardianship of the remains; but when the late archduke died, at the outset of his political troubles in Hungary, which culminated in the revolution of 1848, the priests suddenly disappeared, and it was not until peace was restored that the present Archduke Joseph received a letter from Czar Nicholas I., informing him that the Russian police had recently captured and placed under arrest the missing archimandrite and his associate priests, who were in possession of a quantity of jewelry, which was known to have belonged to the late Archduchess Joseph, the stepmother of the present Archduke Jòska, and the sister of Czar Nicholas.

Joseph first caused a careful examination of the mausoleum to be made, which revealed the fact that although the outer doors were locked and sealed, the entire interior had been rifled, not merely of all the jeweled pictures of saints which it contained, but even of the gems which had been buried with the archduchess. Her coffin had been pried open, the golden archducal crown adorned with priceless stones had been taken from her head, a great diamond cross from around her neck, bracelets from her arms, and rings from her skeleton fingers!

Archduke Jòska immediately proceeded to St. Peters-

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burg, received from the hands of the Russian emperor those of the jewels which had been recovered, and the assurance that the thieving and ghoulish ecclesiastics had been relegated for life to the salt mines of Siberia. On returning to Hungary he restored the jewels to the remains of his step-mother, and caused the entrance to the mausoleum to be walled up so as to preserve it from any further desecration.

I have devoted these pages to Archduke Jòska and his family because, even in Hungary, amazingly little is known about this Hungarian branch of the house of Hapsburg, or about its degree of relationship to Emperor Francis-Joseph.

In the event of war, the archduke who will be called upon to take the most prominent part in the command of the forces on land is undoubtedly Archduke Frederick, who is regarded by military experts, both in Austria and abroad, particularly at Berlin, as one of the most capable generals of the Austro-Hungarian army. He is the eldest brother of the Queen Regent of Spain, and has inherited all the vast landed estates of his uncle, the late Archduke Albert.

The latter at his death was the generalissimo of the Austro-Hungarian army, and was himself a son of that Archduke Charles who, after playing with Napoleon as a boy, fought him with such desperation at Aspern. Archduke Frederick is unlike the majority of the Hapsburgs. His face is full and round, his whiskers are dark and bushy, and he is distinctly inclined towards *embonpoint*. A close personal friend of Emperor William, who is frequently his guest in Hungary, for the sake of the magnificent shooting for which his sporting estate of Belye is so famous, he is less popular than most of the other archdukes, owing to

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the fact that he is more tenacious than they of his dignity, and more inclined to keep people, especially if they belong to the aristocracy, at arm's length.

This is not due, as so many people seem to imagine, to mere arrogance, but to the slights and affronts to which his wife was subjected during the first few years of their marriage. The archduke, long before the death of his old uncle Albert had placed him in possession of his present wealth, fell deeply in love with Princess Isabella, daughter of the Duke of Croÿ, who makes his home in Belgium, and who, like so many other of those great personages who have their headquarters at Brussels, has a seat in the Houses of Lords of a number of Continental countries.

The Croÿs belong, like the Arenbergs, the Metternichs, and others, to the mediatized houses of Germany, who once reigned over the petty states into which central Europe was divided down to one hundred years ago, but whose sovereignty, such as it was, was swept out of existence by the first Napoleon. On the strength of belonging to a mediatized house, the Duke of Croÿ, when asked by Archduke Frederick for the hand of his daughter, stipulated that his consent would be conditional on Princess Isabella receiving on the occasion of her marriage all the rights and privileges of an Archduchess of Austro-Hungary. This demand was at first rejected by Emperor Francis-Joseph, and by the agnates of the house of Hapsburg, who while recognizing the fact that the ducal family of Croÿ is mediatized, and as such theoretically qualified to mate on a footing of equality with the now reigning houses of Europe, yet that after all it belongs merely to the nobility, and that the Hapsburgs had never accorded the status of an archduchess to any Austrian archduke's bride, who was not of the blood royal.

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The Duke of Croÿ, who is a very proud man, declined to yield, and declared that he would rather have his daughter remain single, or even see her dead, than permit her to become the morganatic consort of a Hapsburg. At length, thanks to the intervention of Frederick's uncle, the Archduke Albert, and to the latter's powerful influence with the emperor, his majesty gave way, and the marriage took place, Princess Isabella becoming invested on the day of her wedding with the status of an imperial archduchess of Austria and Hungary.

The Austro-Hungarian aristocracy is exceedingly proud and jealous of its rank. At the time when Francis-Joseph married Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, it manifested a reluctance to accord to the young empress the homage due to her sovereign rank, in consequence of what they alleged to be her inferiority of birth to that of the Hapsburgs, although she was a princess of the blood; it naturally followed that they displayed a still greater unwillingness to concede the tokens of respect due to an imperial archduchess to a lady whose birth was in no way superior to their own, and whose parentage was not even royal. The consequence was that a species of *cabale* was formed against young Archduchess Isabella, and she was subjected by the ladies of the aristocracy to so many covert slights and affronts, particularly in the form of the difference made by the women between the salutations accorded to the other archduchesses and those conceded to her, that Isabella and Frederick withdrew altogether from court, and were never seen at any state function or festivity, the archduke devoting himself entirely to his military duties.

It will scarcely be believed that the archduke experienced the utmost difficulty in finding any lady willing to

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assume the office of *Palastdame*, or lady-in-waiting to his wife. Naturally, Frederick deeply resented this treatment of his consort, to whom he is deeply devoted; and that is why, although charming and unaffectedly genial to the peasantry and lower classes, he is always careful to keep the members of the aristocracy at a distance.

In this he resembles Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria. When this Coburg princelet first came to England as the consort of the sovereign, the great nobles of Britain showed a reluctance to concede to him the homage which he considered to be his due as the husband of their queen. The prince did not rest until he had reorganized the court upon such a footing that the great nobles were not merely forced, but even anxious to perform menial service not only for his wife, but also for himself. As long as he lived, he never attended any performance of the opera or theatre without compelling those of their number who were in waiting, to remain standing at the back of his chair, and of that of the queen, throughout the entire performance. He, too, was accounted arrogant, but like Archduke Frederick he was only so with nobles, whose presumption he considered it necessary to keep in check. He was never haughty with the middle classes or with the masses.

Nowadays the position of Archduke Frederick and his wife is vastly improved owing to his military pre-eminence, and especially by reason of his colossal wealth. He has a very large number of children. In fact no less than eight daughters were born before the long expected son and heir made his appearance; this, strangely enough, being in accordance with a gypsy prophecy made at the time of his marriage.

Being personally acquainted with well-nigh every mem-

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ber of the imperial house of Hapsburg, I may assure my readers that there are but two archdukes who could be said to have in any way deserved the brutal epithet of "Idiot archdukes" applied to them by the late Prince Bismarck, and one of these, Louis-Victor, is merely somewhat foolish and vain, while the other, at one time the most brilliant member of his house, was reduced to imbecility by that hereditary curse of the Hapsburg family, namely, epilepsy. Louis-Victor is the youngest brother of the emperor, and in spite of his age—he is to-day verging on three score years,—he still remains a flippant society butterfly, and behaves at times like an overgrown and thoroughly spoiled infant. In appearance he resembles to a certain extent his brother, the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. He has the same blond beard, thin fair hair, sloping shoulders and blue goggle-eyes. At Vienna he is styled "The King of the Madrigal," and the "Prince de la Danse." There is hardly a woman of the aristocracy, possessed of beauty, either present or past, who has not received his more or less platonic homage, and who is not consoled on the birthdays that succeed one another, far too rapidly, by some imperial souvenir.

He will talk nonsense to them by the hour, under the altogether erroneous impression that his drawling conversation is witty and dazzlingly brilliant, although it is usually of the most insipid character, for his mind is narrow to an incredible degree, his intelligence is as insignificant as that of the London "masher," the American "dude," the Parisian "gommeux," and the Berlin "gigerl." Completely useless and entirely frivolous, he is as finicky, as precise and as much inclined to attach the utmost importance to the merest trifles, as the "Précieuses Ridicules," of Molière. Yet with all that he is firmly convinced that

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he is a Don Juan of the most dangerous description. His one and fixed idea is that all women are in love with him, and thanks to this, his attentions to the fair sex, while ludicrously exaggerated, are absolutely harmless. Among the many ladies with whom his name has been associated is a Frau von O——, whose husband was a Professor of Astronomy at the University of Vienna, and so busily engaged in gazing at the stars that he had no leisure to perceive what was passing on the earth below, in connection with his handsome and dashing wife.

The archduke was proud to be her admirer and follower, as long as the husband was alive. But when, after the extremely sudden death of the professor, she announced her intention of marrying Louis-Victor morganatically, and thus becoming the sister-in-law of the emperor, the archduke became very badly scared, and commenced to avoid her. That merely served to redouble the widow's determination to become his wife, and she commenced to pursue him in the most extraordinary manner all over Europe, firmly convinced that if she could only secure a private and undisturbed interview with him she would be able to resume her mastery over him and force him to comply with her behests. He himself acknowledged that if she got hold of him he would be unable to refuse her demands, and entreated his gentleman in attendance to protect him from her. He became in fact so frightened that he took to his heels whenever he caught sight of a petticoat. He banished all the women servants from his palace on the Schwarzenberg Platz, in Vienna, and only permitted his aged housekeeper to remain, on condition that she would keep out of his way and at nightfall seek shelter beyond the palace confines.

At length matters reached a climax. The widow's per-

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secution was frightening the man into such a condition of absolute idiocy that his attendants appealed to the emperor to take some steps in the matter, and accordingly, the raven-haired, sloe-eyed dame was locked up in a lunatic asylum, that being the ordinary fate of ladies who persecute royal personages with their attentions, and of male cranks who pester royal ladies in a similar manner.

Since the lady's incarceration in an asylum, the archduke has entirely recovered his health and his spirits. But he has become more fatuous than ever in talking of his adventures with the fair sex, and intimates on every possible occasion that she is by no means the only woman who has lost her reason on his account.

The only redeeming point about Louis-Victor is his fondness for children, with whom, especially when they are quite young, he gets along famously. His pockets and those of his gentlemen in waiting are always stuffed with bonbons when he visits his young friends. He has no objection whatsoever to playing puss-in-the-corner, and is one of the merriest at blind-man's-buff, and hunt-the-slipper! He excels in building castles and fortresses with bricks; in fact, children show the same degree of sympathy towards him that somehow or another exists between all very young people and adults of somewhat feeble minds. A singularly touching thing in this connection is the solicitude of the emperor for this elderly man, this almost sexagenarian general of the army, whom he still persists in looking upon as his baby brother, and treating as such. He is very fond of him and manifests towards him a tenderness and a sort of paternal indulgence that are almost pathetic.

Archduke Leopold, who died quite recently, was the only one of the Hapsburg family to really merit Bismarck's

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qualification of "idiot," and even he could only be so stigmatized during the closing years of his life. His case was a very sad one, the very wretchedness of which should have protected him from jibes. Born in 1826, he held for years the rank of commander-in-chief of the engineer corps of the imperial army.

Tall and elegant, with a handsome face, and an exceedingly winning manner, he was for many years the most popular member of the emperor's family, as well as the most talented. He was, indeed, a gallant and chivalrous prince in every sense of the word, and few who witnessed the famous carousal at the Hofburg at Vienna, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, at the time of the silver wedding, can forget the striking, grand and noble appearance which he presented in the garb of a crusader.

Suddenly he disappeared. Vienna's court and society, of which he had been so brilliant an ornament, so conspicuous a figure, knew him no more, and gradually it came to be whispered about that Archduke Leopold, his mind entirely wrecked by epilepsy, with only occasional flashes of intelligence, the more cruel because they enabled him to realize his condition, was under restraint in his castle of Hornstein.

Hidden away in the depths of a dense forest, some four or five hours' travel by rail to the south of Vienna, is this archducal retreat, one of the most picturesque and stately castles which it is possible to conceive. The broad moat and heavy drawbridge, the dark walls of undressed granite, pierced with mullioned windows, and surmounted with turrets and battlements, all serve to carry one back to the feudal ages, an impression further strengthened by the venerable aspect of the glorious old trees which constitute the setting of this architectural gem.

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It stands quite alone, far away from any other human habitation, and with the exception of the game-keepers and foresters garbed in the imperial livery, who had orders to prevent the approach of any stranger within two miles of the château, not a soul was to be seen anywhere in the neighborhood during the closing years of Leopold's life. Hardly a sound was to be heard, and notwithstanding the presence of over sixty blooded horses in the marble wainscoted stables, and of a whole army of attendants and domestics in the castle, a strange and uncanny silence reigned on all sides; every voice used to be hushed, nobody spoke save in an undertone, nay, even the very dogs appeared to have been trained to bark and yelp in a mere whisper. Indeed, like the enchanted palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy tales, the whole castle seemed to be subject to the spell of some malignant sorcerer.

That sorcerer was epilepsy, in its most hideous form, for it stretched the once handsome archduke on a bed, without the strength or sense to feed himself, in that state of idiocy which the French so expressively describe as *gâtisme*. Only occasionally did he have lucid intervals, and then he would cause himself to be carried to one of the windows, and would order some of his blooded horses to be put through their paces on the sward below. That was his sole enjoyment. He breathed his last only a few months ago, and his wealth has now gone to swell the already vast fortunes of his brother, Archduke Rainer.

One would almost be tempted to believe that epilepsy was dying out in the imperial family of Austria, of which it has for centuries been the all-blighting and hereditary curse, were it not that this dreadful malady possesses the peculiarity of skipping one, and sometimes two generations, only to reappear with increased vigor in the third.

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The emperor is entirely free from it. But his father was a martyr thereto, and mainly on that account waived his rights of succession to the throne in favor of his eldest son, Francis-Joseph, at the time of the abdication of his elder brother, the late Emperor Ferdinand. The latter was reduced to such a state of mental decrepitude by the disease that he was compelled to abdicate in 1848, but expressed his conviction that his subjects would yet live to regret the old "Trottel," the Austrian expression for idiot, a term which he was perfectly well aware that his subjects applied to him. Old Archduke Albert, whom I have already mentioned as having been the general in-chief of the army, and the victor of many a glorious battle, including that of Custozza, was a victim to the disease, but knew, somehow or another, when fits were about to come on, and at once withdrew from public gaze. Of the archdukes now living there is not, I believe, a single one who is afflicted with epilepsy. But there is no knowing whether it may not reappear in one of the next generations. It is difficult to know to what to ascribe the fact that it is hereditary in the house of Hapsburg, unless it has been caused by the frequency of marriages between people too closely related to each other by blood which even at the best has long since been exhausted, thinned, and to a great extent vitiated; as is the case with most of the very ancient and illustrious houses of the Old World.

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CHAPTER XXIV

Above everybody else present at state functions in Vienna towers the stately Archduke Eugene, whose stature of six feet four inches is enhanced, if that were possible, by the striking garb which he wears on all official occasions, as grand master of the so-called Teutonic Order, or *Deutscher-Orden*. The dress is white, with a great black cross woven on the breast of the doublet, and another black cross on the long white cloak hanging down from the shoulders. Indeed, I could never look upon Archduke Eugene, or any of the knights of his order, styled *Deutsche Herren* (gentlemen of Germany), without being reminded of the Knights of the Holy Grail in *Parsifal*. Nor does Archduke Eugene's appearance alone peculiarly fit him for the grand mastership of this exalted order, for he is a strange mixture of the soldier and the ecclesiastic.

Like all the other members of his house, he received the training of a soldier, and is reputed by military experts to be a daring and skilful leader of cavalry, but this has not prevented him from turning his attention to theology, for which he has a strongly developed taste, and he passed all the regular examinations of the faculty before receiving the degree of doctor of divinity, which he now holds. At the time when the Archbishopric of Olmütz became vacant, some years ago, he entreated the emperor to permit him to resign the commission which he then held as commanding colonel of the Thirteenth Hussars,

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with the object of entering definitely upon a full-fledged ecclesiastical career, and becoming the Archbishop of Olmütz. He pointed out to his uncle that there was a precedent in the Hapsburg family for the step which he wished to take, since Archduke Rudolph, son of Emperor Leopold II., whose name is still remembered in the musical world as the disciple, friend and patron of Beethoven, died a cardinal and archbishop. The emperor, however, declined to yield, but by way of compromise, promised to nominate Eugene to the grand mastership of the Teutonic Order, in succession to the then grand master, Archduke William. With this Eugene had to be content, and when Archduke William met with his death, about three years ago, through a fall from his horse, he succeeded to the grand mastership and to the vast revenues which go with the latter, amounting to a million dollars per annum.

The Teutonic Order, which must not be confounded with that of Malta, was instituted after the siege of Acre, in 1192, by the crusader-king, Henry of Jerusalem, and Emperor Henry VI. of Germany. The statutes were framed on the models of the Knight Templars, or Knights of Malta, and it was decreed that the members were to belong exclusively to the Teutonic or German nation, which had sustained great losses at the siege of Acre. Pope Celestine commanded that they should be styled "Knights of St. Mary," or of "Our Lady of Mount Zion," and that they should be clad in white, and wear a black cross on their habits, mantles, standards and arms.

Their first station was at Acre. After the fall of Jerusalem they moved to Venice, and from thence to Germany. They are bound by vows, not merely of celibacy, but likewise of chastity, the members of the order being regarded in much the same ecclesiastical light as duly or-

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dained priests of the Roman Catholic Church. Fortunately, there is in the vows of the order the saving clause of "*castus tanquam posse*" [as chaste as possible], and although the seriousness of the character of Archduke Eugene has helped him to keep his name unsullied by any of those frailties with regard to the fair sex which constitute an hereditary trait of the house of Hapsburg, yet his uncle and predecessor as grand master took the fullest advantage of the "*tanquam posse*" portion of his vows of chastity, for he was celebrated for adventures in gallantry. Often these were of a most amusing character, and quite in keeping with his gay and cheery temper.

Perhaps the most laughable one was the following. The archduke was calling upon a lady of rank, but of a somewhat questionable reputation, and with a view of avoiding public recognition, had dispensed with his carriage and liveried servants, in favor of what they call at Vienna an *unnumerierter*, which is a sort of private cab that he was wont to use for expeditions of this kind. At ten o'clock, the janitor was about to close the doors of the house for the night, when he caught sight of the cab in the courtyard. He immediately called upon the driver to go and take his station outside in the street. This the *cabbie* absolutely refused to do. A violent altercation ensued between the two on the subject, and the janitor was just on the point of summoning the police to help him to eject the cab from the premises, when the driver in despair caught hold of him by the coat-tails and whispered in his ear:

"It's the Archduke William who is upstairs, and I have got to wait for him right here."

"*Himmel!* you don't say so," replied the janitor, in an awe-stricken tone. "The archduke? Why didn't you say so at once? Of course it's all right; don't stir. I

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will sit up to open the doors for you when he is ready to go."

Unable, however, to keep so important a secret locked in his breast, and elated beyond description at the honor conferred upon the house by the presence of so illustrious a visitor, the janitor summoned several of his friends from a neighboring café, and informed them that the archduke was upstairs. The news quickly spread over the whole block, and when his imperial highness issued from the house, a little after midnight, he had the questionable delight of finding the street almost blocked by a dense crowd, who intoned the national anthem in his honor, and greeted him with demonstrations of the most exuberant loyalty.

On great state occasions, however, he was so dignified, and his bearing was so impressive that one experienced difficulty in recalling that he was the hero of so many adventures of this kind. I remember being especially struck with this on the occasion of the ceremony of admission of a couple of young noblemen to the order of which he was grand master. The ceremony was one of those picturesque and mediæval functions which in this prosaic nineteenth century are only to be witnessed in all their pristine splendor either at Vienna or at Madrid, and which would appear stagey and even ridiculous anywhere else.

It took place at the old Church of the Teutonic Order, in the Singer-Strasse, and the exquisite costumes of the ladies, as well as the brilliant uniforms of the men, were set off to perfection by the ancient walls, hoary with age, and half-hidden by the battered and faded banners, the monuments and the armorial bearings of defunct knights of the order.

At ten o'clock, the archduke grand master, preceded and followed by the knights of the various degrees, all

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habited in the robes of the order, entered the church in solemn procession. The archduke seated himself on the throne, which had been prepared for him on the gospel side of the altar, the chevaliers of justice took their places on the opposite side of the chancel, while the Papal nuncio, the prelates, and chaplains, remained standing in a semi-circle on the steps leading to the Holy Table; the organ pealed forth the grand march from *The Prophet*, and the procession of candidates for the honor of knighthood entered from the sacristy, accompanied by their sponsors and esquires. The neophytes on that occasion were Count Sturgh and Baron von Seeberg, both officers of crack regiments in the army, and noblemen who had furnished satisfactory proofs that their ancestry was untarnished by any *bourgeois* strain for sixteen generations on the paternal side, and for eight on that of the mother. They were arrayed like knights of olden times, in complete suits of chain armor, but without either swords or spurs. Each bore a rosary in his hand, and during the High Mass which followed, remained standing on their white and black mantles, which had been spread out on the ground in front of the altar for the purpose.

Just before the benediction was pronounced by the nuncio, who, as the representative of the Pope, conducted the services, the postulants were girded with swords by their esquires, and the vizors of their helmets were lowered over their faces. The archduke then stepped down from his throne, and ordered the two nobles to kneel before him; grasping the sword of each in turn, he struck its owner therewith thrice on the left shoulder, exclaiming:

"In honor of God, of Our Lady, and of St. George, bear this and nothing more. Better knight than squire."

All then turned towards the altar, while a litany was

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chanted, the two novices remaining on their knees, with their faces almost touching the altar steps. At the conclusion, their mantles were raised from the ground, and solemnly blessed by the chaplain of the order. Golden spurs were affixed to their heels, and the Cross, or badge of the order, was placed around their necks by the grand prior. A *Te Deum* was thereupon chanted, after which the new knights, having raised their vizors, approached the archduke's throne, and, bending low before him, kissed his hand, a salute which he returned by kissing them on the cheeks. They furthermore received the accolade, or fraternal kiss of every knight and prelate of the order, and finally took their places at the head of the procession as it left the church for the Hall of Assembly, where a Chapter was held for the inscription of the names of the new knights upon the roster. At five o'clock in the evening there was a grand banquet in the palace of the order, presided over by the archduke, and attended by all the knights present in the city, and this festivity brought these strange and mediæval ceremonies to a close.

Besides the Teutonic Order, and possessing revenues almost equally great, is the Sovereign Order of Malta, or of Jerusalem, which is to such an extent considered a sovereign power that its representative at the Court of Vienna, and its grand master at Rome, are accorded by the Court of Austria, and that of the Pontiff, the same rights as are enjoyed by foreign ambassadors. Senior to the Teutonic Order through the fact that its foundation dates back to the year 1044, it nevertheless resembles the *Deutscher Orden* in its constitution, its requirements, and its modern as well as ancient aims. That is to say, the object of both orders was to combat the Saracens and Turks, to endeavor to free the Holy Land, and to care for and protect, to the

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best of their ability, those engaged in pilgrimages to Jerusalem.

Nowadays both orders devote themselves entirely to succoring the wounded and the sick in war time. They own a number of magnificently equipped railroad hospital-trains and an immense supply of ambulances ready for field duties. In fact, the services which they have rendered during the various wars that have taken place in Europe during the last half century have been of inestimable value, especially at the time of the conflict between France and Germany in 1870, and of Russia and Turkey in 1877.

Celibacy and vows of chastity are required only from the knights of justice of the Order of Malta, who are likewise called upon to furnish proof of gentle descent, and of an unblemished pedigree for at least two hundred years. The knights of honor and devotion have only to prove noble descent in the paternal line, are dispensed from taking any vows, and may, of course, marry; whereas the knights of grace are relieved from any necessity of proving noble descent. There is also a class of honorary bailiffs, grand crosses of honor and devotion, whose insignia is a decoration conferred by the Pope in conjunction with the grand master of the order upon certain distinguished personages, the Prince of Wales being among the number. Of course, these honorary knights have no vote in the chapter of the order.

The history of the Knights of Malta, from their foundation at Jerusalem to their defeat by the Saracens, and their retirement from the Holy City to Acre, from thence to Cyprus, and successively to Crete, Sicily and Malta, need not be followed here. They had been in Malta for nearly three hundred years when the island was surrendered to the French, and the knights exiled and scattered by the

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First Napoleon. The grand master at that time was Von Hompesch, and he retired from the revolutionary influences everywhere rampant in Europe to the Court of Russia, where he found refuge.

At the present time, the succession having been regularly kept up, without any interruption since the knights left Malta, the grand master of the order is his excellency Count Ceschi Santa-Croce, who resides in Rome, and who may be seen at all state functions at the Vatican, arrayed in his black doublet and black mantle, with the great white cross of Malta woven on the breast of his tunic and on the left side of his cloak. The ambassador of the order at Vienna is Count Podstàdtszky Lichtenstein, and he wears much the same costume as the grand master, his garb and that of the knights of justice constituting a picturesque but sombre counterpart to the white array of the members of the Teutonic Order.

The knights of devotion do not wear the black dress, but a scarlet uniform, faced with black velvet embroidered with gold and adorned with buttons, bearing the cross of the order. The big gold epaulets are similarly decorated, while the sword belt is embroidered in gold, with a representation of the Crown of Thorns. I lay special stress upon this particular uniform, because it is the one which is perhaps the most frequently encountered at the Courts of Berlin and Vienna. Every nobleman whose ancestry is sufficiently free from plebeian strain to qualify him for admission joins the order, that is to say, the non-celibate division thereof, and as the dress is very picturesque, its members wear it on state occasions in preference to any military or diplomatic uniform which they may possess.

The Order of Malta and that of the Teutonic knights have a species of feminine counterpart in several semi-

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ecclesiastical orders for women, the grand mistresses of which, bearing the title of lady superior or lady abbess, are princesses of the imperial family, while the ordinary members are designated as canonesses. The canonesses are called upon to furnish genealogical qualifications for admission to these orders almost as exacting as those of the Teutonic knights and the members of the Order of Malta. They are not doomed to a life of celibacy, nor do they take vows to remain single all their lives, but they cease to be active and resident members on their marriage.

The chief of these orders is the one of which little Archduchess Elizabeth, the only daughter of the late Crown Prince Rudolph, is now lady abbess. It bears the title of the Order of St. Theresa, and has its headquarters in the ancient palace of the Hádrájin at Prague, the former home of the kings of Bohemia. As lady abbess, the archduchess enjoys vast revenues, a separate establishment and household, and all sorts of queer prerogatives. Among the latter is the extraordinary one of crowning the queens of Bohemia. When the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague places the crown of Saint Wenceslaus upon the head of the Austrian Emperor in his office of King of Bohemia, it is the lady abbess of this order, standing beside him on the steps of the altar, who places the crown of Queen of Bohemia upon the head of his consort. It is the only instance where a woman is admitted to full episcopal functions by the Roman Catholic Church, and is a privilege which has belonged for many centuries to the order over which the young archduchess presides.

The insignia worn by the archduchess as lady abbess at all court and state functions, and likewise at ecclesiastical ceremonies, is exceedingly picturesque. It comprises a long black mantle of silk, lined with ermine. The badge

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of the order is suspended from a broad white ribbon, edged with gold, crossing the breast from the right shoulder to the left hip. She wears a ring similar to those of cardinals and bishops, which the devout are expected to kiss, precisely as if she were a prelate. In her hand she bears a pastoral staff, studded with jewels, while a mitre of peculiar shape adorns her curly head. The mitre and staff are over six hundred years old, having been given by the royal saint, King Wenceslaus of Bohemia, to the then Abbess of St. George, as the order was styled in those days. The long train, I may add, is of black velvet, lined and edged with ermine.

The object of this order, as well as of the others of a kindred character, is to furnish a home for single ladies of illustrious birth and single means. As I have already stated, the ladies bear the title of canonesses, rank at court with ladies-in-waiting and chamberlains, receive an allowance of about a thousand dollars a year, have suites of apartments in the Hádrájin Palace, and are not merely provided with board from the imperial kitchens, but also with horses and carriages from the imperial stables. They are addressed as "madame," no matter whether they are widows or spinsters, and possess the social status, independence, and immunity from parental control that a married woman enjoys. The costume worn by the canonesses is black, similar in cut to that of the fashion set by Queen Mary Stuart of Scotland, and has a Medici ruff or collar. The black silk mantle of the order, bordered with ermine, is required to be worn at the daily service of the chapter in the royal church of All Saints at Prague. The insignia of the Order of St. Theresa, which was reconstituted in the past century by Empress Maria-Theresa, consists of a star worn on the left breast, with a broad ribbon passing from the right

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shoulder to the left hip, where it is fastened by the medallion, or jewel of the order. The ribbon is white, edged with gold. In some of the other orders of the same kind, such as, for instance, that of the Ducal Chapter of Savoy, founded by Prince Eugene, the insignia is worn fastened to a bow of broad ribbon on the left shoulder.

It is the presence of the knights and ladies of these various orders, in their picturesque array, that gives so mediæval a flavor, and unique an aspect, to all the state functions and great ceremonies at the Court of Vienna. One turns from the black-robed ambassador of the Sovereign Order of Malta, with his Elizabethan ruff, and with a great white cross woven into the breast of his sombre doublet, to the gigantic Archduke Eugene, whose snow-white doublet and flowing white robes are decorated with huge black crosses; and then after chatting for a while with a knight of devotion of the Order of Malta, in his scarlet uniform and sword-belt representing the Crown of Thorns, one suddenly finds oneself confronted by a barely seventeen-year-old archduchess, whose smiling, sunny and mischievous face is surmounted by an episcopal mitre, the ecclesiastical effect being increased by the crozier which she bears in her hand. Add to this the Mary Stuart caps, dresses and ruffs of the canonesses, the fur-trimmed velvet káftàns and attilas of the Hungarian magnates, whose buckles and sword-belts, as well as scimitars of barbaric magnificence, are adorned with superb jewels,—their costume being exactly what it was in the days of Empress Maria-Theresa—and you have at the Court of Vienna a scene that carries you back to the middle ages, and that would seem strangely out of place and altogether anachronistic were it not for the setting offered by the imperial palace, or Hofburg.

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CHAPTER XXV

Women have played so conspicuous a part in the history of the house of Hapsburg—in fact, the old Latin saying: "*Tu Felix Austria Nube*," is there to remind us that Austria's greatness came to her through marriage—that no description of the Court of Vienna or of the imperial family can be written without a mention of its archduchesses. These imperial ladies fill an important rôle, not only at home, but likewise abroad.

There is one of them, Archduchess Marie-Christine, who for the last fifteen years has been ruling over Spain as queen regent with so much sagacity and loyal regard for the constitution, that she has managed to preserve the dynasty from overthrow in spite of the terrible disasters to which the kingdom was subjected in connection with its war against the United States.

Another archduchess, Maria-Theresa, is married to Prince Leopold, heir to the kingdom of Bavaria, and already occupies the position of first lady of the land, and of queen in all but name, owing to the fact that her aged father-in-law, the regent, is a widower, and the lunatic king a bachelor.

A third, namely, Sophia, the favorite sister of that Archduke Francis who is next in line of succession to the emperor, is destined in course of time to become queen of Würtemberg, her husband, Duke Albert of Würtemberg, being heir apparent to the throne of his uncle, King William.

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A fourth, Henrietta, is Queen of Belgium, and consort of King Leopold.

A fifth, Louise, will eventually wear the crown of Queen of Saxony, her husband being heir presumptive to the throne of his uncle, King Albert of Saxony.

A sixth, Archduchess Dorothy, is Duchess of Orleans, and expects one day to blossom forth as Queen of France; that is, if her husband ever plucks up the courage, which has until now been wanting, to put his pretensions into actual execution; while Archduchess Charlotte, now confined as a lunatic in the castle of Bouchout near Brussels, shared for a brief period the throne of Mexico, with her husband, the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian.

It may not be amiss at this point to call attention to the fact, apparently but little recognized, that had not Maximilian been driven by the insatiate ambition of his wife, Archduchess Charlotte, and by her inordinate jealousy of the superiority of rank of Empress Elizabeth, to accept the offer of the imperial crown of Mexico, he would to-day, as next eldest brother of the emperor, stand as heir presumptive to the crowns of Austria and Hungary; while his wife, instead of being a widow and demented, would have attained the climax of her ambition, the realization of her most cherished hope, namely, the position of first lady of the dual empire.

Emperor Francis-Joseph did everything that lay in his power to prevent his brother, whose real name was not Maximilian, but Ferdinand, from accepting the proffered crown of Mexico, deeming it beneath the dignity of a scion of the house of Hapsburg to either accept so thoroughly *parvenu* a throne, or to embark on an enterprise, which at the best could be described as little better than an adventure. Empress Elizabeth herself, although she had no reason to

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love her sister-in-law Charlotte, or to desire her presence in Austria, joined her entreaties to those of the emperor. In fact, the entire imperial family was united in urging Archduke Ferdinand to decline the Mexican crown, and there is no doubt that he would have yielded had it not been for his wife, who was resolved to be an empress just the same as her sister-in-law Elizabeth.

It is needless to relate here the experiences of this ill-fated imperial couple in the Western Hemisphere: how Maximilian was maintained on his throne entirely by the support of the French army under the command of Marshal Bazaine; how Napoleon III. was forced, by a threat on the part of the United States, to withdraw his forces, leaving Maximilian to his fate; and how the unfortunate emperor, declining to abandon those of the Mexicans who had sacrificed their fortunes for his sake, or to return to Europe as a discredited adventurer, remained at his perilous post until, deserted and alone, he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies, sentenced to death by court-martial, and shot down by a file of soldiers on the plains of Queretaro.

But what is not generally known is the dramatic scene which took place in the Vatican, in the private apartments of the late Pope Pius IX., when Empress Charlotte, just a month before her husband's death, and during the course of a private audience with the good old pontiff, suddenly lost her reason.

So startlingly sudden, indeed, was her lapse from a considerable brilliancy of intellect into the blackest night of insanity, that there is some ground for crediting the story current in Mexico to the effect that it was brought about by a peculiar poison known to the Mexican Indians and half-breeds by the name of *Talavatchi*, which destroys the mind while leaving the body unimpaired. This poison is

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said to have been administered to her by one of her Mexican attendants, in whom she confided, but who was in reality in the pay of her enemies.

The empress had come to Europe from Mexico in order to induce Napoleon to refrain from withdrawing the French army under Bazaine from the Western Hemisphere. She found the French monarch in a state of doubt and hesitation, and realizing the influence of Empress Eugénie over him, and the weight which the Pontiff's wishes and words had with her French majesty, proceeded to Rome for the express purpose of getting Pius IX. to bring pressure to bear upon Napoleon through Eugénie.

Empress Charlotte had arrived at the Vatican, and had been invited by the Pope to breakfast with him after mass, an honor which the Roman pontiffs are only accustomed to confer upon crowned heads, and even then the illustrious guests do not take their meal at the same table as the Holy Father, but at a smaller one placed beside his. The empress had just drunk a cup of chocolate, and was in the act of eating an egg, when she suddenly started up from her chair with a blood-curdling shriek, and exclaiming that she was poisoned, fell to the ground in a state of complete unconsciousness. Attendants quickly rushed to the assistance of the Holy Father. The unfortunate lady was carried to the Pope's own room, and lay there for three days and nights, tended by physicians, Sisters of Mercy, and the Holy Father himself, until it was found possible to transport her, heavily drugged, and by night, to the residence of the ex-king and queen of Naples.

At first it was supposed that her insanity would merely prove of a temporary character; and in the hope that familiar scenes might benefit her mind, she was conveyed to her former home of Miramar, near Trieste, where her

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husband and herself had established their headquarters from the time of their marriage until the moment when they sailed for Mexico.

Before a year had passed, however, specialists came to the conclusion that her mind was gone forever, that the recovery of her reason was not only improbable but impossible, and it was then that her brother, King Leopold, assumed charge of her, and likewise of her personal fortune, estimated at some fifteen million dollars.

From that time until now, a period of three-and-thirty years, she has been under restraint in Belgium, closely confined in the castle of Bouchout. None of her Austrian or English relatives have ever been permitted to see her; a peculiarity which has given rise to all sorts of unsavory stories, according to some of which she is no longer mad, but merely kept under restraint, because her brother, King Leopold, does not wish to be called to account for her fortune, the whole of which is alleged to have been sunk in his Congo Free State enterprises.

While it is difficult to obtain any definite information on the subject, there is no doubt that King Leopold's retention of the exclusive control of her property has been a source of great bitterness and ill-feeling between himself and the Court of Austria. According to the marriage contract, two-thirds of Charlotte's fortune should have gone to her husband at her death, or in case she survived him, to his heirs, while one-third of the property was to revert to the members of her own family, that is to say, to the royal house of Belgium. When Charlotte's insanity was pronounced as incurable, her brother Leopold at once assumed control of her property as trustee. No objection was raised to this until it became known at Vienna that he was speculating heavily in Panama Canal shares, and analo-

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gous enterprises, and that he had sunk colossal sums in the Congo Free State undertaking. Not until then did the reigning house of Austria put forward a claim to a share in the management of Charlotte's fortune, or failing that, to the control of the two-thirds which, at her death, were to pass to Maximilian's next brother, Archduke Charles-Louis, as his legal heir. To this demand Leopold has refused to yield, even in spite of threats of legal proceedings, declaring that if he retained the direction of her estate in his own hands, it was by virtue of a regular power of attorney, which she had signed and given to him in one of her lucid moments.

This constituted the first admission on the part of King Leopold that the archduchess enjoyed any lucid moments whatever, and a couple of years ago the rumors to the effect that she was no longer insane, but merely held in duress by her brother on monetary grounds, became so pronounced and universal that he felt it necessary to have some of the leading medical men of the kingdom, and experts in insanity, make a report upon her case, which was published in the *Official Gazette* at Brussels.

According to this report, the ex-empress's raven hair has become snow-white, and while her back is now slightly bent, the profile of her face remains as clean cut and cameo-like as in the old days. She possesses her reason so far as to pass her days in playing the piano, painting, sketching and listening to reading Her nerves are, however, dreadfully unstrung, and any sudden noise is apt to terribly alarm her. Her eccentricities are of a harmless character, consisting in a demand for a new pair of gloves each day. On two or three occasions, when there were no new ones at hand, and an attempt was made to palm off upon her a pair which had already been worn, and

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which had been freshened up for the purpose, she flew into a paroxysm of rage.

The ex-empress is very fond of her sister-in-law, the Queen of the Belgians, and also of her other sister-in-law, the Countess of Flanders, one or the other of whom visits her daily, but it is related in court circles at Vienna that she is filled with sentiments of the most bitter hatred towards her brother Leopold, and that on the last occasion when he visited her she first of all hurled a flower vase at his head, narrowly missing him, and then flew at him tooth and nail like a fury, kicking his lame leg so badly that he was confined to his bed for some weeks afterwards. Indeed, had it not been for the fact that her cries and shrieks of "murderer" and "thief" had brought her attendants hurrying to the scene, there is no knowing how the matter might have ended.

The castle of Bouchout, where the archduchess, or rather Empress Charlotte lives, is a typical Belgian château, standing in the midst of a big park, enclosed by a high wall; the windows of all the rooms are heavily grated, and a military guard is maintained over the place by a company of infantry. She has been living there ever since the strange destruction by fire of her former abode, under circumstances so peculiar and mysterious as to give additional strength and color to the many disagreeable stories circulated about King Leopold in connection with his unhappy sister. Indeed, she narrowly escaped with her life on that occasion.

Yet the king has every reason to hope and trust that her life may be prolonged. For as soon as she dies he will have no further excuse for declining to surrender to the imperial house of Austria the two-thirds of her fortune to which it is entitled by contract and by law.

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This fortune, thirty years ago, was nearer fifteen million dollars than ten; what it must be after these three decades, at compound interest, can readily be calculated, and if Leopold has been so unfortunate in its administration as has been alleged, it is difficult to see how he will be able to meet the demands of Austria.

The two most popular archduchesses in Austria at the present moment are undoubtedly Archduchess Valerie, the youngest daughter of the emperor, and Archduchess Elizabeth, the only child of the late crown prince. Elizabeth holds a particularly warm place in the affections of the Austro-Hungarian people, by whom she is called "*Die Kleine Frau*" [The little woman].

It is difficult, indeed, to find any loyal subject of Emperor Francis-Joseph whose voice does not, perhaps unconsciously, soften into a wonderful degree of tenderness when talking of this seventeen-year-old princess, who lost her father under such terribly tragic circumstances at Mayerling: this being also the case when the name of "*Unser Rudi*" is mentioned, a fact which I have, I believe, already mentioned in a preceding chapter; for the crown prince was a great favorite with the people, and the latter seem to have transferred their affection to his only daughter, and to look upon her as in some way confided by him to their charge—in one word, as being a sort of ward of the nation. This feeling has been intensified by the fact that, bereft of her father's care when she was barely six years old, she has since that time not received the degree of attention and tender solicitude from her mother which fatherless children have a special right to expect.

I have also, in a previous chapter, described how Emperor Francis-Joseph, as guardian of his grandchild, re-

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tained in his own hands the direction of her education, and the responsibility of selecting her *entourage*, besides declining to permit her to leave his dominions. But it is difficult to know with any degree of certainty whether this attitude on the part of his majesty was due to the frivolity and lack of maternal instinct which can truthfully be laid at the door of the crown princess, or whether the behavior of Stephanie towards her child was attributable to the emperor's strict interpretation of his rôle as guardian.

Francis-Joseph, however, is so kind-hearted a man, and his sympathies are so easily aroused, that it is certain that if he did not absolutely grant Stephanie any share in the rearing of her child, it was because he did not consider her either fitted for the task or worthy of it. He realized only too acutely that his son's domestic unhappiness had been largely due to the jealous, acrimonious, and at the same time flighty character of his daughter-in-law, while the friskiness which she displayed, even in the early stages of her widowhood, as well as her extraordinary solicitude as to her precedence over the other archduchesses at court, were not exactly calculated to alter his impression as to her lack of heart.

Fully nine months of each year during the decade that has elapsed since the death of her husband have been spent in foreign travel, and in the enjoyment of the merriest of merry times, at Cowes, Trouville, Nice, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, and other fashionable resorts, arrayed in the most dashing of toilettes, and looking as little like a widow as it is possible to imagine. In the English royal family, she goes by the nickname of "Step," not merely because she was christened Stephanie, but likewise because she conveys the impression of being what, in sporting parlance, would be known as a very "high stepper." There

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is no princess of the blood who has to-day a greater reputation for heartless coquetry than this imperial widow, and her flirtations since her husband's death have been as numerous as the stars, some of them being characterized by exceedingly sensational episodes, as, for instance, when she felt constrained to lay her riding-whip across the face of a well-known Austrian nobleman, Count Ch——, in the Prater, at a moment when the avenue under the trees was crowded with riders.

Thanks to these foreign wanderings and to Stephanie's numerous *affaires-de-cœur*, her daughter has seen but little of her. Indeed, the mother hardly knew her child until about two years ago, when, falling so ill that her life was despaired of, she was nursed back to health by her sadly neglected little daughter, at that time a girl of between fourteen and fifteen. It is possible that Stephanie never realized until then that she really had a daughter. For about a year afterwards the relations between mother and daughter were very close and tender. Then again they drifted apart! Stephanie's flirtations, her flighty conduct, and her raciness of speech offended the young girl's notions of dignity, and jarred upon her sense of delicacy, as they had done in the case of the Crown Prince Rudolph.

The little archduchess has been brought up in a very different school from that of her mother, and thanks to this it may be doubted whether Elizabeth was much moved by the announcement that this mother had become so infatuated with a young Hungarian secretary of legation that she wished to marry him. Indeed, it is improbable that any of the objections made to the match were raised either by the young girl, or by any members of the imperial family; for the latter, at any rate, far from disapproving the match, must, on the contrary, have rejoiced

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in anything that was calculated to tone down Stephanie, to reduce her to quietude, and to put a stop to flirtations and conduct that had become a topic of gossip and of amused comment at every court in Europe.

It is difficult to imagine any greater contrast than that which exists between Crown Princess Stephanie and her sister-in-law, Marie-Valerie, the youngest daughter of the emperor. She possesses neither the extraordinary chic, nor the exaggerated and ruinous elegance of Stephanie. Her features have some of the facial characteristics of the Hapsburg family, but she has a willowy grace, an elasticity of deportment, a simplicity and quiet dignity of manner, which are far beyond anything to which the widowed crown princess could ever hope to attain, and which remind one strangely of the late and lamented empress, although she lacks her mother's glorious and unequalled beauty of face and form. This is not astonishing. For Valerie had been from early childhood her mother's most constant companion and associate, and remained so until the time of her marriage. Indeed, after becoming affianced to the Duke of Oporto, brother of the King of Portugal, who seemed destined at the time to eventually ascend the throne of the Braganzas, she broke off the match at the last moment rather than leave her mother alone in the grief into which the unfortunate woman had been plunged by the death of her only son. Certain it is that no one could have felt her mother's death more keenly than did Archduchess Valerie, and the traces left by this despairing sorrow are pathetic to witness.

There is no lady of the imperial family so thoroughly in touch with the people as this youngest daughter of the emperor; her entire existence is now spent in bringing up her children and in caring for her father, who chiefly

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makes his home with her; for all family festivals are spent by him beneath her roof, and at his request she has established her town residence in the palace at Schönbrunn, so as to be near him.

Very stately and dignified at all court functions, a great lady to her very finger-tips, in spite of her youth, she makes no pretensions whatever to extravagance of dress, or to ultra-fashionable attire on ordinary occasions. She aims at being the good housewife and the family mother, rather than the princess of the blood; and innumerable stories are current at Vienna illustrating the simplicity and utter absence of affectation in her manner, as, for instance, on one occasion, when travelling from Linz to Vienna, she caught sight of a boy of about twelve or thirteen crying bitterly on the platform of the former station; having ascertained that the lad had just heard of his mother's death, and had been summoned by telegraph to Vienna in order to attend the funeral, she caused the little fellow to be brought to her compartment, paid the difference of fare between a third-class ticket and a first-class one, and during the nearly three hours' journey to the capital, devoted herself to consoling the boy, explaining to him that she too had recently lost her mother, to whom she had been passionately attached, in a very sudden and tragic manner, and telling him that, like herself, he must try to control his own grief in order to be able to devote all his energies to the task of consoling his father. It was not until the boy reached Vienna, and was given by the archduchess in charge of the station master, with orders to pay for a cab to his home, that he learnt that the kindly, black-robed, and rather sad-faced lady, with whom he had been travelling from Linz, was no other than Archduchess Valerie, the favorite daughter, the Antigone, in fact, of the old emperor.

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It is pleasant to be able to say that Valerie is happily married; her husband, who is devoted to her, is a singularly good-looking young archduke, Francis by name, of the clever Salvator branch of the house of Hapsburg, and they have four children, two boys and two girls. The interest which the emperor takes in the affairs of this most happily-united little family may best be gathered from the fact that, on the occasion of the christening of the last child, he actually conferred a decoration, namely, the Silver Cross of Merit, upon the monthly nurse, Frau Vauwes, whose husband is the janitor of the University at Vienna. This is the only instance on record, I believe, of any member of that useful class of ladies portrayed by Charles Dickens under the familiar name of "Sairey Gamp," receiving imperial recognition of this kind or being elevated to the ranks of chivalry!

No enumeration of the archduchesses of Austria can be terminated without mention being made of that wonderfully clever and accomplished Archduchess Elizabeth, who is the mother of the Queen Regent of Spain, and has been her chief adviser in all her troubles.

The Archduchess Elizabeth was, in her younger days, a woman of celebrated beauty, and even now retains many traces of her former comeliness. She may be described as the master mind of the house of Hapsburg, and it is no secret that Emperor Francis-Joseph has repeatedly sought her advice in moments of difficulty. She is the eldest sister of that Archduke Joseph whom I have already described as the Hungarian member *par excellence* of the house of Hapsburg, and has been twice married, on the first occasion to Archduke Ferdinand, and on his death, after two years of wedded happiness, to the late Archduke Charles, who died in 1874. It is by the latter marriage

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that she had her large family of children, which include the Archdukes Frederick, Eugene, and Charles-Stephen (the latter of whom is the admiral and sailor of the imperial family), and likewise the Queen Regent of Spain. The archduchess, together with the wife of Archduke Rainer, and Archduchess Adelgonde, widow of the last reigning Duke of Modena, constitute practically the only princesses of the house of Hapsburg who belong to the same generation as the emperor himself. All the other feminine contemporaries of his majesty repose in the vault of the Capuchin Church at Vienna.

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CHAPTER XXVI

There is no country in the world in which Cupid is permitted such undisputed sway as in Austro-Hungary, no great city where his shafts fly more freely than at Vienna, no court at which he is more welcomed as an honored guest, than at that of Emperor Francis-Joseph! I have repeatedly alluded in these pages to the susceptibility of heart which constitutes one of the characteristic and hereditary traits of the house of Hapsburg. It has led archdukes as well as archduchesses to occasionally give their affections and their hands to persons who were their inferiors in rank, Cupid delighting above everything else in originating and promoting this sort of romances, and hence it is that there is no reigning family that has such a large number of kinsfolk who are not of blood royal or imperial as the sovereign dynasty of Hapsburg.

In fact, the law of the land has made special provision for unions of this kind by instituting what is known as the morganatic marriage system, a scheme especially devised to enable personages belonging to the reigning family to marry ordinary nobles, and even, for the matter of that, sometimes absolute plebeians. Morganatic marriages are but little understood, either in the United States or in England. By some they are regarded as a kind of semi-legalized concubinage; by others they are believed to confer the full rights and privileges of an ordinary marriage. Even the origin of the word morganatic is un-

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known. Its most likely derivation, however, is from the Scandinavian verb *morgjan* [to shorten or limit], implying that the rights of the inferior of the two contracting parties are limited and do not extend to the full condition of the other's rank. Thus a morganatic wife has no right to her husband's title or fortune, and he is not permitted to charge the family domain with a life interest in her behalf. She is deprived of the appanage ordinarily reserved for the wives of the other members of her husband's family, and if he dies without specially providing for her out of his savings, or private and unentailed fortune, both she and her offspring are left penniless.

Moreover, although the position of a morganatic wife is regarded as perfectly respectable, yet her husband is at liberty during her lifetime, and without obtaining any separation or divorce, to contract another marriage with a princess of his own rank.

An instance in point is that of the Duke de Berry, who at the time when he was heir presumptive to the throne of France, was forced, by reasons of state, to become the husband of Princess Caroline of Naples, although he was at the time morganatically married to an Englishwoman named Amy Brown; while there is evidence to show that at the time that King George IV. of England wedded Queen Caroline of Brunswick, he was already ecclesiastically married to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

As a rule morganatic wives are never seen at court; this is to a great extent done for the purpose of avoiding the awkwardness which would be caused by refusing to the lady in question the precedence enjoyed by her husband, since he would naturally take his place in the royal or imperial circle, whereas she would be obliged to remain among the non-royal or non-imperial company; but there

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is no such difficulty about the children of these morganatic unions, as they are glad to figure at court even under the name and title of the less exalted of their parents. Sometimes, of course, it is the husband who is the inferior in rank, as in the case of one of the emperor's granddaughters, a royal princess of Bavaria, who is the wife of a mere infantry captain, who was only a baron at the time when, at the age of seventeen, she ran away from home and married him.

Among the most conspicuous figures at the Court of Vienna are two fine-looking men, the one a prince, the other a count, who are treated as kinsmen by the imperial family, and who are, nevertheless, not of imperial rank, being in each case the grandson of a member of the reigning house who had made a love match with an inferior. One is Count Meran. His father was the issue of a union between old Archduke John and a Tyrolese peasant girl. The circumstances under which this uncle of the present emperor and Anna Plöschel became acquainted have furnished the theme for many a novel.

The archduke arrived one day at the post station of Brandhoffen, in those days a little mountain village, and demanded horses and a postillion in order to continue his journey. The worthy post-master, a mere peasant, like everybody else in the place, was greatly embarrassed by this demand, for although he had the horses in the stable, yet, owing to its being harvest time, there was no postillion available. Realizing her father's plight, and aware that he ran the risk of losing his post-mastership for not having a postillion at hand, as was required by the regulations, Anna suggested to him the idea of dressing herself in male attire and of driving the archduke's carriage. After a little hesitation the father gave way, and a quarter

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of an hour later, beheld the fair Anna arrayed in the traditional postillion's jacket, buckskin breeches, and top-boots, astride of one of the leaders and conducting the imperial carriage at a rattling pace along the road leading out of Brandhoffen.

The good looks of the pseudo postillion soon attracted the attention of the archduke, who, before the end of the stage was reached, drew her into conversation and obtained a confession of the innocent fraud perpetrated by the postmaster's daughter. Susceptible to feminine charms, like all the members of his house, it was only natural that the archduke, who was then a dashing and attractive fellow, should have been much interested by the episode, and the acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into an infatuation which culminated in a morganatic marriage. Anna was first created by the emperor Baroness Brandhoffen, and subsequently Countess of Meran. From this union, which attracted an immense amount of attention and comment at the time, there was born only one son, the late Count Franz von Meran, who became a great favorite not only of the emperor but also of the empress and of all the other members of the imperial family. Honors and dignities of every kind were heaped upon him, and he died a few years ago, having survived his mother, the *ex-postillion*, by only a few months.

He lies buried with her in the little cemetery of the village of Brandhoffen, where the archduke and Anna first met, and where the former erected a beautiful château, in which he lived with his wife many years. The sons of Count Francis of Meran are among the most popular members of Viennese society and of the court of Francis-Joseph.

The grand master of the Austrian Court, and certainly its

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most ornamental and prepossessing dignitary, is Prince Alfred Montenuovo, who is nothing more nor less than a grandson of Empress Marie-Louise of France, the Austrian archduchess who succeeded Josephine as consort of the first Napoleon.

Everybody who has seen Sardou's great play, *Madame Sans-Gêne*, or who has read the book bearing that title, will recall to mind that Count Neipperg, the Austrian chamberlain of Empress Marie-Louise, plays the rôle of the lover in the drama. The father of the present Prince Montenuovo was no other than the son of the empress and of this Count Neipperg. According to the Almanach de Gotha, the late Prince Montenuovo was born at Parma just two months after the death, at St. Helena, of Marie-Louise's husband, Napoleon I., that is to say, before even the news of his demise could have reached Europe, and thus have enabled the empress to contract a morganatic union with Count Neipperg. But the Almanach de Gotha, like several of the English *Peerages*, is more considerate and courteous than always strictly correct, especially where the fair sex is concerned, and it is no secret at the Court of Vienna that the appearance in the world of the late Prince Montenuovo took place a couple of months prior to the termination of the eventful existence of the great Napoleon.

Indeed, it was in consequence of these circumstances in connection with the date of the birth that the Neipperg family, one of the most ancient and illustrious houses of the German empire, absolutely refused to permit the child to bear their time-honored patronymic, which they hold as equal in antiquity and purity of descent to that of the Hapsburgs. They even went so far as to bluntly intimate to old Emperor Francis that he would do well to provide a

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family name for his daughter's illegitimate child, instead of attempting to foist it upon them.

The emperor, who, notwithstanding his sheep-like face and unintellectual appearance, was by no means a fool, adopted their suggestion without comment, and with a certain grim and sardonic humor invested his illegitimate grandson with the name and title of a Count Montenuovo, which is nothing more nor less than the Italian translation of the word "Neipperg," which is derived from Neu-Berg [new mountain]. He moreover settled large estates upon the boy, and when the latter grew up, heaped all sorts of honors and dignities upon him.

William of Montenuovo proved himself fully worthy of the favor of his imperial grandfather, to whom he was infinitely more attached than to his mother, the latter having possessed as little maternal instinct as moral. He was seldom at Parma, especially when, after the death of his father, Count Adam Neipperg, in 1829, his mother married another of her chamberlains, Count Bombelles, whose son, by the bye, accompanied Emperor Maximilian to Mexico, and subsequently acted as master of the household to the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph.

Young William Montenuovo greatly distinguished himself in the wars of 1849 and 1859, narrowly escaping being taken prisoner at the battle of Solferino by those very French over whom his mother had reigned for more than eight years. The present emperor advanced him to the rank of prince, and he was the life and soul of the Court of Vienna until about twenty years ago, when he suddenly became insane. His lunacy took the form of a species of mania on the subject of music. His rooms in the great lunatic asylum at Doebling, furnished with the utmost comfort and luxury, were crowded with all kinds of musical in-

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struments and music boxes, and every day, throughout the entire term of his twenty years' confinement, leading virtuosi were summoned at considerable expense to play and sing for his entertainment.

That he should have thus died in a species of gilded captivity is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that his half-brother, Emperor Napoleon II., in whose favor the great Napoleon abdicated at Fontainebleau, and whose memory is preserved in so many beautiful paintings as the *King of Rome*, died likewise in a similar gilded confinement at the palace of Schönbrunn, where he was to all intents and purposes a state prisoner after both his health and mind had given way to melancholia consequent upon his captivity.

The late Prince Montenuovo left a son, Alfred, who is one of the handsomest of men, bearing a striking resemblance to Empress Marie-Louise, but no likeness at all to his grandfather, old Count Adam Neipperg. The latter enjoyed the well-merited reputation during his lifetime of being quite the ugliest man in the Austrian army; one-eyed broken-nosed, completely bald, and bow-legged, besides being exceedingly brusque, and disagreeable in character, Count Neipperg seemed to Emperor Francis to be just the man of all others most suited to act as chief of the household, and principal mentor and adviser to his fickle and flighty daughter, Archduchess Marie-Louise, Empress of the French. There could be no danger, he felt sure, of her ever falling in love with such a monster of ugliness. But in this he was mistaken, and as long as he lived he had before him his young grandson, Montenuovo, to remind him that emperors, no matter how "Apostolic" their "majesty" may be, are no more infallible than other mortals in their judgment of the feminine character.

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In Prince Alfred, the peculiar Hapsburg traits, though marked, are softened into actual beauty; his hands, too, although he is a superb swordsman and rider, are as long, as soft, and as shapely as those for which Empress Marie-Louise was so famous. In fact, it is difficult to find a finer looking man at the Court of Vienna than its grand master, Prince Montenuovo.

He is likewise president of the Jockey Club, and has come prominently before the sporting world in his endeavors to purify the Austrian and Hungarian turf from those scandals by which alas! it has, like many others, been sometimes disgraced. Not only does he own a racing stable himself, but his wife, a Countess Kinsky by birth, also possesses an independent stud of her own, and not infrequently the colors of the wife are to be seen matched against those of the husband. Indeed, the princess's stable is even more famous than that of the prince, and on one occasion a horse belonging to her won the blue ribbon of the Austrian turf, the Vienna Derby.

Prince Montenuovo is at the present moment, thanks to his position at court, to his presidency of the Jockey Club, to his vast wealth, and to his recognition as a kinsman of the imperial family, one of the greatest powers in Austrian and Hungarian society, and it is certainly an irony of fate that whereas the father, at his birth, was considered unworthy to bear even the name of one of the noble families of the land, the son should now have become the acknowledged leader of the most exclusive society and the proudest aristocracy in the world.

Another relative of the imperial house of Austria who is not a prince of the blood, and who has, nevertheless, the right to address his Apostolic majesty as "grandfather," is young Baron Seefried, formerly a sub-lieutenant of the

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Bavarian army, but now holding a captaincy in the Austrian service. He made the acquaintance of Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria at a court-ball at Munich, to which he was invited by virtue of his quality as one of the subalterns of the Guard. He is not good-looking, yet in some way or another he managed to win his way into the good graces of the young princess, who while far from being a beauty, is a wholesome-looking, sunny-faced girl, bearing a considerable resemblance to her mother, Archduchess Gisela, eldest daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria.

The princess, who was but sixteen years old at the time, found frequent means of meeting the young sub-lieutenant; a clandestine correspondence ensued, and in course of time the infatuation of the young girl became so apparent to Prince Leopold and Archduchess Gisela, the parents of the young lady, that they deemed it prudent to secure the transfer of the young lieutenant to Metz.

After being there for a few months, he returned to Munich on leave of absence, and before the royal family of Bavaria became aware of his arrival, he had vanished, this time taking the young princess with him.

They were married within four-and-twenty hours after leaving Munich, by a Catholic priest in Italy, and only then sent letters to the parents of the princess informing them that they had become husband and wife. Meanwhile, their flight had created a terrible sensation, and some newspapers, notably the *Germania*, the leading ultramontane newspaper in all Germany, even went to the length of declaring in print that they were living and travelling together as man and wife, although not married.

All these slanderous stories, of course, served only to embitter the parents of the princess still more against her.

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They responded to her letters by declaring that they had cast her off forever, at the same time intimating that if ever young Seefried dared to set his foot on Bavarian soil, he would be thrown into prison for the abduction of a princess of the blood and for military desertion.

As the means of the young couple were limited, the princess ultimately resolved to appeal to her grandfather, Emperor Francis-Joseph, with whom until that time she had been a particular favorite. Accordingly, travelling *incognito* as "Herr und Frau von Walden," they arrived in Vienna, secured their quarters at a small, third-rate hotel, and then the princess hailed a cab and drove off to the Hofburg to see her grandfather.

What took place between the two, or what means the princess employed to win the kind-hearted old monarch over to her side, it is impossible to say. But when she returned a couple of hours later, she carried with her the full pardon of her grandfather, his promise to intercede with her parents, his assurance that he would secure the transfer of young Seefried from the Bavarian army to that of Austria, and also a handsome sum of money as a first instalment of the annuity which he undertook to settle upon the young couple.

A week later young Seefried, who had meanwhile been presented to the emperor, and who had created a very favorable impression upon him, received his discharge from the Bavarian army, and a commission as first lieutenant in an infantry regiment stationed at Troppau. Since that time, the princess has been entirely reconciled to her parents, thanks to the intervention of the emperor, and so pleased has the old monarch been by the singularly happy life of the young people that he has created Baron Seefried an Austrian count, and presented the princess

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with a castle and estate, yielding an income of about fifteen thousand dollars a year, in the neighborhood of Troppau.

They live there in the most simple manner possible. Whenever they come to Vienna they are received in a singularly cordial fashion by the emperor, by his daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, and indeed by all the other members of the imperial family, who appreciate the unaffected simplicity with which the princess has laid aside all her pretensions to royal rank, and insists that she is merely an ordinary officer's wife,—a "Frau Hauptmann" [Mrs. Captain], while her husband has never attempted to take any advantage whatsoever of his matrimonial alliance with a princess of the blood. Indeed, it is his modesty in this respect which leads the Austrian kinsfolk of his wife to show themselves so friendly towards him, and at the time of the funeral of the late empress it was by their invitation that he took his place among them, the only person not of royal lineage in that portion of the Capuchin Church which was devoted to the members of the reigning family.

Less privileged, but nevertheless treated as a near relative by Francis-Joseph, and by the other archdukes and archduchesses, is the beautiful Princess of Campo-Franco, the adopted daughter of Archduke and Archduchess Rainer, and the sole heiress to their immense fortune. She is the daughter of Archduke Henry and the actress, Leopoldine Hoffman, whom he married in defiance of the emperor's prohibition.

Archduke Henry and his wife spent the first fifteen years of their married life in exile abroad, mostly in Switzerland. They were then permitted to return to Austria, and ultimately through the intervention of the late em-

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press, who was the kindest-hearted of women, a complete reconciliation was affected with the emperor, who invited them to come to Vienna with their daughter.

They arrived in the capital, in which the archduke had not set foot for nearly twenty years, and took up their residence at the Hotel Sacher, the archduke visiting the emperor within a few hours after his arrival, and receiving from him, not only a full and complete pardon for his disobedience of imperial commands, but also the restoration of all his honors and dignities. The interview between the two cousins was most cordial, but it was the last that ever took place, for on the following morning the Archduke Henry was seized with a violent attack of illness, and on the evening of the same day his wife, who had just been created Baroness Waideck by the emperor, was also prostrated by sudden sickness.

The sufferings of the archduke and the baroness were very brief, and on the following evening they succumbed within an hour of each other, leaving their only child, the pretty eighteen-year-old Marie, an orphan and alone in the hotel.

The suddenness of her parents' death, and the loneliness of the young girl, who was without any relatives on her mother's side, and whose bereavement was rendered doubly cruel by the fact that it occurred at the very moment when brighter prospects seemed to be opening up for the little family, after their many years of banishment, aroused universal sympathy, nowhere more so than among her imperial relatives. Archduke Henry's brother, Rainer, at once came forward, and took charge of his niece, giving her a home beneath his roof, and adopting her as his child, while the emperor settled upon her a large sum of money, at the same time conferring upon her the title of countess in her own right.

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A year later she contracted, with the consent of the emperor and that of her adopted parents, a marriage with the eldest son of the Duke Della Grazzia, who, like herself, has royal blood in his veins; for the duke is the offspring of the Duchess De Berri and of her chamberlain, the Neapolitan Marquis Lucchesi-Pali, and is a half-brother, therefore, of the late Comte de Chambord, pretender to the French throne.

It may be remembered that at the moment when King Charles X. of France was forced to abdicate by the revolution of 1830, he did so in favor of his grandson, the offspring of his murdered son, the Duke de Berri, who had been assassinated a number of years previously at the opera. The boy in whose favor the old king abandoned his crown was known up to that moment as the Duke of Bordeaux; he reigned for about twenty-four hours under the name of King Henry V., and was then compelled, together with his mother, the widowed Duchess de Berri, to join the old monarch in exile, the first years of which were spent in the palace of Holyrood, Edinburgh, which had been placed at his disposal by the King of England.

Meanwhile, King Louis-Philippe had secured possession of the French throne. His rule was extremely unpopular, especially in the western provinces of France, which remained strongly imbued with *Legitimism*. Encouraged by this, the widowed Duchess de Berri, who possessed a very keen spirit of adventure, resolved to make an effort to recover the crown of France for her son. Accordingly, she secretly landed on the coast of Brittany, and placed herself at the head of a Legitimist rising against the government of the "usurper," as King Louis-Philippe was styled. The struggle between the insurgents and the government went on for some months with varying success, until, finally, the

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duchess was betrayed into the hands of her foes by a man named Deutz, for a sum of two hundred thousand dollars, which was handed to him with a pair of tongs by M. Thiers, at that time prime minister.

Deutz, it may be added, who had until then been a confidential agent of the duchess, immediately betook himself to England, where he hastened to change his name to that of Goldsmidt, and with the price of the betrayal laid the foundation of a large fortune.

The duchess was imprisoned in a castle, until it became known that she was on the eve of becoming a mother. Called upon to give an explanation, and finding herself the object of all sorts of disgraceful stories, the duchess ultimately confessed that she was secretly married to her Neapolitan chamberlain, the Marquis Lucchesi-Pali, and that the child to which she was about to give birth would be his offspring.

King Louis-Philippe caused this confession on her part to be published far and wide, and it had the effect of at once bringing about the collapse of the royalist insurrection; and, indeed, so utterly disgusted were the French legitimists at her mésalliance, that they refused to have anything more to do with her. Realizing that she had ceased to constitute a danger, King Louis-Philippe set her free, and she thereupon took up her residence at Venice with her husband. She was virtually cast off by the royal family of France, which declined to hold any further communication with her, and she was deprived of the guardianship of her boy, who was brought up under the direction of his grandfather, King Charles, and of his aunts, not even seeing his mother until after he had attained manhood.

The Duchess de Berri had a large family by her husband,

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the marquis; the eldest, namely, the boy whose birth may be said to have brought about the end of the legitimist insurrection in the west of France, and who first saw the light of day in a French prison, being the nobleman now known as the Duke Della-Grazzia. It is his eldest son, in turn, who has married the Countess Waideck; the young couple bear the name of Prince and Princess Campo-Franco, and make their home in Austria, their title, like that of the prince's father, being of Papal origin.

Among the numerous and splendid gifts received by the countess on the occasion of her marriage, undoubtedly the most magnificent were the diadem, broach, earrings, and *rivière* necklace, presented to her by the Duke Della-Grazzia, and which, up till 1830, had formed part of the crown jewels of France. When the Duchess de Berri was forced to fly from France in 1830, she carried away with her all the crown jewels which happened to be in her possession at that period as first lady of the land, the old king being a widower; and notwithstanding all the efforts of King Louis-Philippe, and subsequently of Napoleon III., to recover them, she persisted in retaining them as her private property. It is asserted that the necklace in question is none other than the one presented by Cardinal de Rohan to Queen Marie-Antoinette, and which was the cause of a scandal that contributed in no small measure to the great French Revolution. The Prince and Princess Campo-Franco have a beautiful country seat at Bozen, and stay with the Archduke and Archduchess Rainer whenever they visit Vienna to take part in any court function.

This list of non-royal relatives of the imperial house of Austria cannot be satisfactorily concluded without a brief reference to a lady who was once a very conspicuous figure

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at the Court of Vienna, but who is now banished from the empire in consequence of the part she played in the terrible tragedy that robbed Austro-Hungary of its crown prince.

The lady in question is a niece of the late Empress of Austria, and occupied at the Court of Vienna almost the position of an adopted daughter of her majesty. She was the issue of Duke Louis of Bavaria and an actress named Henrietta Mendel, who had been created by the late King of Bavaria, Baroness of Wallersee.

Realizing that the girl's position would be one of extreme difficulty in Bavaria, by reason of the family associations of the Baroness Wallersee, the empress took the girl away with her to Austria, treated her as her own child, and ultimately married her to Count George Larisch, the wedding taking place at the imperial palace of Gödöllö in Hungary.

It has been said by good authorities that this marriage was hastened by the discovery, on the part of the emperor and empress, that an attachment was springing up between the young baroness and the crown prince, and that, forgetful of the nature of her parentage, the girl had become imbued with hopes and expectations of becoming one day Empress of Austro-Hungary. Be this as it may, it did not prevent the emperor and empress from dowering her most handsomely, and from continuing to lavish every imaginable kindness upon her.

For her sake, the rules and regulations concerning the order of the Star-Cross [Sternkreutz], as well as the ancestral qualifications required of women admitted to court in Austria were waived, and in spite of the plebeian origin of her actress mother, she was accorded the same privi-

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leges and rights as if she had belonged to the oldest and most blue-blooded of Austria's aristocracy.

Terribly extravagant, young Countess Larisch ere long exhausted the generosity of her imperial aunt, and of her good-natured husband, and was driven by financial straits to adopt questionable expedients, some of them distinctly dishonorable, for the purpose of obtaining money. Among the most disgraceful of all these transactions was her promotion of the affection between the crown prince and Baroness Marie Vetzera, not as a matter of friendship, but in return for monetary payment. Inasmuch as she formed part of society, and the Vetzeras did not, strictly speaking, belong thereto, she was able to furnish the crown prince with many opportunities of meeting the girl he loved so passionately on occasions which he would not otherwise have enjoyed.

It was only some time after the tragedy of Mayerling that the rôle played by Countess Larisch was brought to light in a very peculiar manner. The emperor had charged one of the leading Austrian painters with the execution of an equestrian portrait of his son, and with the object of facilitating his work, directed that the uniform which had habitually been worn by the prince should be confided to the artist. The latter in arranging the dolman, discovered in the breast pocket a letter addressed to the crown prince. It was in the handwriting of Countess Larisch, containing abundant references to Marie Vetzera, and wound up with a request for the loan of a large sum of money, alluding, moreover, to the fact that it was by no means the first advance of this kind that she had received from the archduke.

Realizing at once the importance of this discovery, the artist handed the letter to the emperor, who thereupon

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commenced an investigation which resulted in the discovery of the fact that she had not only acted as the go-between of the crown prince and of the baroness, placing her house at their disposal for their meetings, but had likewise done everything she could to keep alive the jealousy of the crown princess with the object of rendering Rudolph's home life intolerable.

Immediately the emperor realized to its full extent the ignominy of his niece's conduct, he commanded her to return to the empress her *Sternkreutz* and her other decorations, and banished her not only from court, but also from the empire. She thereupon took up her residence in Bavaria, and finding the doors of her father's royal relatives, as well as those of the Bavarian aristocracy, closed against her, she was reduced to the companionship of her mother's people, who belonged to the theatrical profession.

Count George Larisch, who has the reputation of being the best-natured fool in the Austrian army, and who was the butt of every witticism and practical joke on the part of his messmates in the cavalry regiment to which he belonged, had at first been content with a private separation, being unwilling to add to the burden of his wife's disgrace. He insisted on retaining possession of the children, but at the same time permitted her to continue to bear his name, and paid her a very handsome allowance. When, however, he found that instead of living quietly, and endeavoring to keep in the background, she was, on the contrary, creating something very much akin to a public scandal in Bavaria by her infatuation for an actor named Bruck, and capped this by announcing that she was about to publish her reminiscences of the Court of Austria, including full details of all the circumstances connected

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with the tragedy of Mayerling, the count saw that as an Austrian officer he had no alternative but to institute proceedings for a divorce. This took place at Munich, and it was in connection therewith that publicity was given for the first time to the share which the countess had taken in the scandal connected with the Crown Prince Rudolph.

As soon as the divorce had been pronounced against the countess, she at once proceeded to marry the actor Bruck, and with the most brazen effrontery undertook, a few days later, to call, in a handsomely appointed carriage, at the palaces of all the members of the royal family at Munich for the purpose of imparting to them the news of her new matrimonial alliance.

It is needless to say that she found in every instance the doors closed in her face, and it was in revenge for this affront that she thereupon commenced to write and to publish a book which revealed a number of secrets relating to the reigning house of Bavaria. It is understood, however, that she still receives an allowance from the Court of Austria, conditional upon her refraining from giving to the world any further secrets of which she may have become possessed during her life in Austria, especially when making her home beneath the roof of her aunt, the late Empress Elizabeth, whose boundless kindness and generosity she returned with the blackest and foulest ingratitude.

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CHAPTER XXVII

Princess Metternich remains to-day, as she has been for the past thirty years, the most popular and brilliant figure at the Court of Vienna; the one woman of all others to whom the proudest aristocracy in the world accords its social allegiance, and who, in a capital, and at a court, where princesses of every degree are almost as numerous as the stars of the firmament, is the only one known as "THE Princess."

No woman has exercised a more widespread and marked influence upon the society of the second half of the nineteenth century than Pauline Metternich. To her, above everyone else, belongs the credit of emancipating the fair sex from the thraldom of cant and hypocrisy which prevailed during the last century and the earlier half of the present.

Women, especially during the two or three decades following the battle of Waterloo, had been reduced to a position akin to that of hot-house flowers. It was considered indispensable that they should faint if the slightest thing occurred to ruffle their emotions, or to disturb the even tenor of their ways. They were subjected by conventionality to nearly as irksome restrictions as the *houris* of Oriental harems. They were not allowed to appear on the streets without being followed by a servant in livery. Riding, driving, shooting, and in fact every form of sport was forbidden to them, their conversation was confined

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within certain narrow limits, and elegance and everything that concerned the toilette was regarded as bad form, appropriate only to the demi-monde.

Possessed of an original mind, a brilliant intellect, vast wealth, and an assured social position, the princess at once set to work to teach her sex that it was no sin to laugh, and that women, provided that they do not overstep the bounds of morality, have just the same right as men to amuse themselves as they deem fit, to satisfy their curiosity, to avail themselves of most of the pleasures and pastimes formerly monopolized by the masculine element, and to give frank and free expression to their thoughts and opinions. She, moreover, taught that "chic" and elegance in dress, and the newest fashions connected with the toilette, are not incompatible with refinement and good form; she revived the worship of the mischievous little god *Chiffon*, which had fallen into desuetude since the Restoration, after the battle of Waterloo; she invented and inaugurated the male *couturier*, who has now become a well-recognized social entity, not alone in Paris, but in every capital of the civilized world, and during the fifteen years which she spent at Paris, contributed more than anyone else to restore to the French capital the reputation for gaiety, brilliancy and pre-eminence in elegance which it had enjoyed until the advent to the throne of the bourgeois dynasty of the Orleans.

Princess Pauline is the most curious mixture of a *gamin* and a great lady that it is possible to conceive. Her strange freaks and eccentricities furnish, even to this day, a never-failing theme for discussion, both to the classes and the masses; and, indeed, no matter how insane her pranks, they are never counted to her as misconduct. She seems to exist for the special purpose of demonstrating the

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fact that a woman of high lineage, fortune and rank, may do anything, short of actual transgression of the laws of the land, without losing either caste or public consideration. Even in the wildest of her doings—and they have included dancing a *cancan* in public at "The Mabile" in Paris, an appearance in masculine costume at the "Fiaker Bal" at Vienna, and the boldest of flirtations of all kinds with men ranking from statesmen to circus-riders—she has always remained the *grande-dame* to the very tips of her exquisitely-shaped fingers.

No matter how low she has stooped in her eternal search for new sensations, she has ever been a stranger to any suspicion of vulgarity. Although she has furnished material by her behavior sufficient to fill not only one page or even one chapter, but several thick volumes of the *chroniques-scandaleuses* of the nineteenth century, yet her position in European society, and especially at the Court of Vienna, is absolutely unimpaired, and there is no more honored guest at the imperial Hofburg than Princess Metternich.

Even the late Empress Elizabeth, always so strict about the conduct of her *entourage*, overlooked all her indiscretions, and when some new instance of her légèreté was reported to her majesty, she used to shrug her shoulders and merely exclaim that it had always been thus with "*Unsere Pauline*," that being the name by which the princess is known by society and by the people of Vienna, all of whom are slavishly devoted to her, and are never so delighted as when they can relate to one another some new manifestation of her wit and brilliancy.

As much a Parisienne as a Viennese, and as well acquainted with French *argot* as with the picturesque *fiaker-dialect* of the Austrian capital, the princess professes the warmest admiration for Gallic wit.

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An example of this may be found in her exceedingly delicate retort to Mr. John Jay's son-in-law, General von Schweidnitz, at the time German ambassador to the Austrian Court. One night, when seated next to him at dinner, she vexed the general by her somewhat unkind comparisons between French and German notions with regard to wit.

"There is nothing," she declared, "that the French are not able to turn into some graceful witticism."

"Take this, princess," exclaimed the general, handing to her a single hair which he had playfully pulled from one of the long curls drooping on her white shoulders. "I defy you to get your French friends to make any witty contrivance out of this."

Princess Metternich took the hair, and on the following day sent it off to Boucheron, the famous jeweler of the Palais Royal, in Paris, with an explanatory note. Three weeks later, she invited the general to dinner, and he found on his plate a tiny little velvet box.

On opening it, he discovered a pendant formed by the jewelled representation of the imperial German eagle; and between its talons was the single hair handed by the German ambassador to the princess. At each end of it was suspended a tiny plaque in enamel, with the word "Alsace" on one, and "Lorraine" on the other. Attached to the eagle's beak was a scroll, bearing in diamonds the words "*Vous ne les tenez que par un cheveu!*" [You only hold them by a hair.]

Although supremely elegant and still young, Princess Pauline is not in any way attractive in figure, being extremely thin, while her face is so attractively ugly that she has on more than one occasion described herself as a "white monkey." She never entertained any illusions

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about her personal charms, a peculiarity in which she differs from the rest of her sex, and when in 1863 she founded at Paris her celebrated *Club des Laides* [Club for Ugly Women], she could induce but few of her friends to cast in their lot with hers. Not a very wonderful fact either, as women who are content to give themselves the brevet of ugliness are not often found.

Consequently, the club was short-lived, to the great regret of the princess, who mournfully remarked that frankness was not among the many engaging qualities of her female friends, for otherwise the *Club des Laides* would have been over-crowded!

Some years ago, the princess, in no way discouraged by her Parisian failure, founded another ladies' club at Vienna. The name of the charming president was sufficient to make the enterprise a success in the Austrian capital, all the *fine-fleur* of the exclusive feminine Viennese aristocracy becoming members thereof.

The salons of this club were always filled with great ladies, who thoroughly enjoyed the freedom from all care which they found in the palatial building on the Ringstrasse. Excellent music, exquisite flowers, choice vintages, caravan tea, perfect cuisine, outlandish delicacies, and verbena-scented cigarettes contributed to make life pleasant for them there.

If the truth be told, there was also a card-room, beautifully decorated with Gobelin tapestries, where a pretty high game was carried on nightly. The conversation, far from being of a gossipy kind, was mostly restricted to the races, the hunt, and to horseflesh in general.

The Austrian great ladies are all sportsmen at heart. They ride, they drive four-in-hands, they shoot with amazing skill, and notwithstanding their often delicate and

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ethereal appearance, stalk chamois or hunt wild boars with fully as much energy and pluck as their husbands and brothers. It is a pity that the club came to grief in consequence of the bitter antagonism which reigns between the wife of Count Kielmansègg, governor of Vienna and of the province in which it is situated, and Princess Metternich.

The latter, although a grandmother and grey-haired, is one of the best whips in Europe, a fearless rider and a dead shot. She inherited her courage, which borders on insanity, from her father, Count Sandor, who was famous for his hair-brained extravagances. He once drove his four-in-hand up the wide marble staircase of the imperial palace at Prague, and on another occasion jumped with his horse from the Johannesbrücke into the rushing waters of the Moldau. Innumerable are the anecdotes which are told of him, and it cannot be denied that his daughter has followed in his footsteps.

As an actress and mimic, the princess remains to this day as inimitable as she was when she assumed the leading rôle in the charades and vaudevilles which used to be performed at the Tuileries, at Compiègne and at St. Cloud, during the palmy days of Napoleon III.'s reign. I remember seeing her some few years ago in Vienna, at a dramatic entertainment which she had organized in the palace of Prince Liechtenstein, for the benefit of one of the great Viennese charities, the tickets costing twenty-five dollars apiece. The princess took the principal part, and after mimicking the peculiarities of almost every well-known European actor and actress, holding forth in the strongest Viennese dialect, and singing Paris *café chantant* songs in approved Theresa style, she finally wound up by caricaturing in neatly-turned couplets the little idiosyncrasies of most of the guests present, not even sparing the emperor.

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The princess is, like the late empress, an inveterate smoker, varying her cigarettes occasionally with a cigar, which she handles in such a dainty and elegant manner that there is no suspicion of that masculine affectation which in many cases renders the smoking of tobacco by women so extremely offensive. She is very pronounced in her likes and dislikes, detests affectation and pose of any kind, which she ridicules in the most merciless manner, and is extremely outspoken and picturesque in her language, showing no hesitation in calling a spade by its name. In this respect she resembles her mother-in-law, the late Princess Melanie Metternich, wife of the famous chancellor of the first Napoleonic era. It was Princess Melanie who, sitting one evening opposite the Marquis de Saint Aulaire, the French ambassador, replied to a compliment on the beauty of the diamond coronet which she wore in her hair with the remark that: "At least that one was not stolen!" thereby alluding to the fact that King Louis-Philippe of France had usurped the throne and possessed himself illegally of the crown of his cousin and benefactor, King Charles X. On the following morning the marquis visited the old chancellor in order to complain about the insult which had been addressed to himself and to his royal master by the princess. The situation was an awkward one, but the chancellor got out of the difficulty by pointing out to the enraged ambassador that, although he had fallen in love with Mlle. Melanie Zichy and had married her, yet that he had not educated her, a reply with which the marquis was forced to remain content.

Although somewhat toned down by the sad and mysterious death of her daughter, Countess Waldstein, and of her excellent and sensible husband, the princess still remains the life and soul of Viennese society, which in a similar

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way to that of Paris, is indebted to her for liberating it from the trammels with which the old-fashioned etiquette of the Austrian court had bound it; and if Vienna is to-day celebrated as the most delightfully merry and pleasure-loving city of the Old World, it owes it mainly to the unlovely, but most lovable Princess Pauline Metternich.

Once, on the occasion of a great reception at the British embassy at Vienna, she dropped an artificial tooth from her mouth, and did not hesitate to make her loss known, with the frankness so characteristic of her. The fashionable world present vainly helped her to seek for the tooth. The furniture was moved, curtains were shaken, floors swept, but the tooth could not be found. A few days later, Princess Pauline received a packet in a letter, an anonymous one, informing her that the missing tooth had been found. The package did indeed contain a tooth, but the tooth of a cow. Though the letter was unsigned, the princess felt confident that she knew who was its author—a social rival—and she has but one—and to the lady in question she wrote as follows: "I knew, my dear, that you entertained the greatest friendship for me. But I never until now would have believed that your affection would lead you so far as to have one of your own teeth drawn in order to replace my loss!"

During one of her recent visits to Paris since her widowhood, she gave, together with her old-time friend, the similarly widowed Countess Pourtalès, a grand dinner in the superb mansion of Madame de Pourtalès. Fifty ladies and gentlemen sat down in the green and silver dining-room, and with the exception of four people, two young ladies and two young men, introduced as Hungarian friends of Madame de Metternich, all the others formed part of the

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social circle of Madame de Pourtalès, and were on the most intimate terms with one another. The four young strangers were seated at the ends of the table, and for a time no one took much notice of them.

The dessert came, and gayety had reached its climax, when suddenly the more ethereal looking of the two young Hungarian girls, seized a bottle of champagne and hurled it from one end of the table to the other, where its flight was arrested by one of the young men from the Magyar kingdom. Meanwhile, the other girl had sent flying across the table four Bohemian crystal glasses, which were caught in a similar manner, and thereupon plates, dishes, jardinières full of orchids, and tall vases with the flowers which they contained, proceeded to fly from one end of the table to the other. The ladies, pale with terror, screamed and made for the doors, while the men endeavored to capture the four Hungarian guests, whom they believed to have suddenly become crazy or drunk.

This was, however, not an easy task, for the two Hungarian girls and their male companions crossed the table among the plates, dishes and glasses, with such dexterity, leaping backwards and forwards, and up and down, with an almost demoniacal agility, that the gentlemen, who were most of them elderly men, finally abandoned the task in despair.

Meanwhile the Princess de Metternich and the Countess de Pourtalès were literally holding their sides with laughter, just as if they had been twenty years younger, and it required a considerable amount of time before they were able to reassure their badly frightened guests, and to reintroduce the pretended Hungarian friends of Madame de Metternich as the "*Agousts*," the celebrated jugglers and acrobats of the Theatre Marigny.

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This suffices to show that neither age nor bereavement have sufficed to quench the high spirits and the taste for mischief that have, throughout her existence, characterized Princess Pauline Metternich.

It is a great mistake to suppose that any real intimacy ever subsisted between the two Metternichs and the French emperor and empress, during the period when the former represented Austria at the Court of the Tuileries. Napoleon never entirely trusted the prince, while Empress Eugénie always stood in fear and trembling of the high-bred insolence, the ill-concealed condescension, and to call things by their right name, the downright contempt manifested by the princess for the Court of the Tuileries and for its lovely, though by no means either clever or high-born, mistress. A friend remarked to her one day, when commenting on some extravagance of language or of manner, which she had just perpetrated in the presence of Empress Eugénie: "But surely, princess, you would not venture to say or do that in the presence of Empress Elizabeth?"

"*Ça c'est autre chose, mon cher. Elle, c'est une impératrice pour de vrai*" [That's quite another thing, my friend. She is a real empress]; thereby implying that Eugénie was nothing but a comic-opera empress! Needless to say, this remark was speedily conveyed to the ears of Empress Eugénie, who did not feel much gratified thereby.

It was during the early part of the widowhood of Princess Metternich that Countess Anna Kielmansègg, wife of the present governor of the metropolitan province, and former prime minister, first appeared upon the scene as a rival queen of Vienna. Previous to the death of Prince Metternich, the princess had paid no heed to the countess, treating her with something very much like contempt.

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The Viennese aristocracy is a close and exclusive body, extremely chary about admitting any stranger, no matter of what rank, into its charmed circle. Now, Countess Kielmansègg is the daughter of a territorial magnate of Bessarabia, very rich indeed, but of a Russian Boyard family, and as such absolutely looked down upon by the great Austrian nobility. The count himself does not belong to the Austrian, but to the Hanoverian aristocracy, and labors under the disadvantage of being a Protestant. All this contributed to cause the great ladies at the Viennese court to look upon the countess very much as if she were entitled to no social consideration, save a certain kind of toleration at government functions, as the wife of a government official.

The countess, however, like many women of her race, is nothing if not ambitious, and was determined to play a leading rôle. Possessed of youth, personal attractions and wealth, she set to work within a short time after her marriage to advance both her husband's official interests and her own social career. Taking advantage of her position as wife of the highest official of the province, and consequently also of the capital, she insisted on asserting her right to precedence and social supremacy at all the public entertainments and functions which the count attended in his official capacity. By degrees, always on the strength of her husband's official position, she usurped the presidency of the lady patronesses of most of the charitable and benevolent institutions of the capital, and when she had succeeded in accomplishing that, she began to assault the supremacy of Princess Metternich as leader of revels and director of amusements.

Just about the time that Prince Metternich died, the countess fell seriously ill, and the Viennese had to finish

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off the carnival and to wind up the metropolitan season without the assistance of either of the two ladies, the result not being pleasant. Never was a Viennese season more dull and dispirited. For the nonce, the capital seemed to have lost all its *Feschheit* and *brio*, and every scheme organized with a view to entertainment turned into a dismal and ridiculous failure. This served to show the Viennese, rich and poor, high-born and plebeian, that they could not get along without a leader, and when, during the following winter, the countess reappeared upon the scene, the princess being still in retirement by reason of her bereavement, she was hailed with enthusiasm by the classes, as well as by the masses.

Eventually, Princess Pauline likewise reappeared at court and in society at Vienna, and from that time forth a fierce, yet merry war has raged between the two ladies, each having her own set of followers, the masses gradually flocking round the countess, while the aristocracy remained true to its allegiance to Princess Pauline.

Vienna, on the whole, may be said to benefit by this rivalry, for no sooner does Princess Metternich organize some great popular festival, with the object of crushing Countess Kielmansègg, than the latter immediately devises some still grander public entertainment, for the purpose of obliterating in the eyes of the Viennese the success of her rival.

Of course the princess has the advantage of wit, unrivalled experience, and birth. True, the count is the son of the former premier of King Ernest of Hanover, and is of very ancient ancestry, for does not Thomas Hood in his poem about "Miss Kielmansègg and her precious leg" declare that:

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"To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree
To the very root of the family tree,
Were a task as rash as ridiculous.
* * * * *
It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kill-man perchance to Cain,
But waiving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore
A patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore
Who was famed for his great possessions.
* * * * *
A lord of land on his own estate,
He lived at a very lively rate,
But his income would bear carousing;"
* * * * *

The maiden name of the countess is Lebedeff, and it is an uncle of hers whose serf-born wife was whipped to death by his own father, not far from the place where the countess was born.

It is indeed a tragic story, and has furnished the theme of more than one Russian and foreign novel.

Its scene was a village in the southwestern portion of the czar's dominions, and its epoch shortly before the liberation of the serfs, when the latter were still the slaves of the Boyards and Barins, who had power of life and death over them.

The Boyard who owned the village and all its inhabitants was a cruel, hard-hearted and profligate man, whose peasants stood in mortal terror of him. His immorality and maltreatment of his serfs had rendered his name a by-word throughout the whole province, and his house was shunned by all the neighboring land owners and by the provincial aristocracy. In course of time, the inhabitants had become some of the wildest and most embittered creatures in the czar's territory.

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The Boyard's exactions had, indeed, reduced his serfs to the direst poverty. The isbas of his villages were bare of all but absolute necessaries, the fields were neglected, the cattle lean, and the wretched peasants even still leaner. They lived like wolves and may almost be said to have devoured one another.

One year when the harvest had been the worst ever experienced within living memory, the serfs plucked up courage—the courage of despair,—and determined to go in a body to implore the Barin to grant them time for the payment of their ground rent. They entertained but little hope of success. But they were desperate, and they presented themselves like a troop of frightened sheep before their tyrant. With a sarcastic smile, the Boyard listened to their supplications, and then replied:

"You cannot pay me what you justly owe me, say you. Well I will give you a week to find the money I need. If at the end of that time you have not settled your debt, I shall, if necessary, sell every one of your daughters to obtain my due."

At the end of the week, most of the girls of the village, all those of a marriageable age, at any rate, were sold by the Boyard, and sent away far North; this too in the middle of the merciless Russian winter.

Something akin to a revolt ensued, but was quickly suppressed by the Boyard, who caused the six eldest men of the village to receive a hundred lashes each with the knout, as a warning to the others.

It was shortly after this that the tyrant's only son Nicholas returned home on the completion of his education at Moscow, and took up his abode with his father. He in no way resembled the latter. Imbued with liberal and humane ideas, his mind full of enthusiasm concerning

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the projected liberation of the serfs, which was then already under discussion, he set to work to lighten as far as possible the burden of those peasants, whose material and moral welfare he regarded as confided to his care. His efforts were directed towards softening and lightening their burdens, and thanks to this, he soon found himself in conflict with his father's overseers, and then at odds with his father himself. Finally matters came to a break between father and son. Nicholas declared that he would not remain a silent and inactive spectator of the maltreatment of his father's serfs any longer, and quitted the paternal mansion, vowing never to come back until he returned as master.

After he had left, it was found that he had taken with him a very lovely young girl, who by reason of her tender years had escaped sale two years previously, and who had attracted the admiration of the young man. Most young fellows under the same circumstances would have ruined the girl, and then sent her back to her village, or else cast her adrift, for, being a serf, she was merely his father's property—and his own as well, he being the eldest son and heir of the Boyard's estates.

Instead of this, he caused the girl to be carefully educated at his expense in Moscow, and when, at the end of three years, she had learned everything that there was to be learned, and could rival in knowledge, refinement, manner and breeding the daughters of the most blue-blooded of princes, he married her, notifying his father of what he had done. The old Boyard wrote him in reply a very affectionate letter, declaring that he felt the approach of death, that he yearned for the sight of his boy before he died, and that for his sake he would be willing to welcome his bride, although he would have preferred a different alliance.

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Nicholas responded to the invitation, and left Moscow for his father's country seat, where the old Barin received both of them with such genial *bonhommie* as to completely reassure the young man, if any doubts or suspicions had remained in his mind. Indeed, so kind did his father show himself, that when, a fortnight or three weeks later, Nicholas was summoned to Moscow to attend to some business, he did not hesitate to leave behind him his wife in his father's care, deeming it unwise that she should travel in the delicate state of health in which she found herself.

On the Sunday following his son's departure, the old Boyard summoned the entire population of the village to the château, and there, in the presence of them all, he caused the lovely wife of his son to be stripped and then knouted to death, informing them that such was the fate reserved for any serf girl who had the audacity to take advantage of the foolish infatuations of the Barin's son to induce him to marry her.

One of the peasants immediately started off to convey the news to the young husband. He met him on the way home from Moscow, where the proclamation liberating the serfs had just been issued. Nicholas went almost insane with grief and horror when he learned of the fate of his wife. Twenty-four hours later, he penetrated into his father's house, the old ancestral home, at the dead of night, and at the head of a band of the peasants of the village; with his own hand he brained his father, after having reviled him for the murder of his wife, and then he helped the peasants to set fire to the house, partly because he, as well as they, believed it to be accursed, and partly, too, in order to hide the traces of the crime.

The governor of the province, fortunately, was a just and enlightened man, and when he became acquainted, in

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course of time, with the fate of the old Boyard, he considered it politic to hush up the entire affair, realizing that the old man had received nothing but his just dues, and that the moment of the liberation of the serfs was ill-chosen to bring before the public the details of such a tragedy. Nicholas never married again, and, unless I am mistaken, it is his niece, the Countess Kielmansègg, who now owns the estate which furnished the scene of this, one of the closing and most dreadful episodes of serfdom in Russia.

But to return to a less gruesome subject than this Russian tragedy, I may mention that the example set by Princess Pauline and by Countess Anastasia, the two queens of everything that pertains to revelry in Vienna, proves contagious. Even dignified statesmen are affected thereby, and the Court of Austria is the only one where it has ever been my lot to see a prime minister spinning around the room with a beautiful lady to the strains of Strauss's most inspiriting waltzes. Nor was he the only member of his cabinet who was thus gyrating, for in another part of the room I observed his colleagues, the minister of finance, Baron Plener, and the minister of justice and public worship, Count von Schönborn, brother of the cardinal of that name, dancing in the same way.

This performance was repeated a few days later at the so-called *Industriellen Bal* at the Grand Opera House, a public entertainment which ushers in Lent.

Only those who are aware of the immense prestige enjoyed on the Continent of Europe by cabinet ministers will be able to appreciate the sensation aroused by the news that the premier and his colleagues were actually waltzing. The idea that such august creatures as these should really be susceptible to the rhythm of a two-step, and capable of dancing polkas, never seemed to have dawned upon the

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worthy Viennese until that time; and so delighted were they to discover that even cabinet ministers shared their national love of pleasure and gayety, and were subject to the same human weaknesses and temptations as themselves, that they thenceforth accorded to the administration a degree of confidence and popularity not enjoyed by any of its predecessors.

In fact, the cabinet in question, which assumed office amid a perfect tempest of public dissatisfaction, may be described as having achieved popularity at one bound, for the prime minister and his colleagues won the good-will, sympathy and warm regard of their fellow-citizens, not by any enlightened piece of statesmanship, policy, or administrative reforms, but by a hop, a skip, and a jump—in other words, by waltzing.

After this no one need be astonished to learn that the present minister of finance, Baron von Kállày, who is likewise governor-general of the Mohammedan provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia, is considered to owe his rapid rise to power, and his long tenure of office, to the fact that he has composed an opera and initiated the Viennese into the mysteries of a new dance. This dance, in fact, is one of the features of the ballet of his excellency's opera. It is called the "kolo," and is the national dance of the Bosniacs, being quite as graceful, picturesque and spirited as the "tzàrdàs" of the Hungarians, or the grand mazurka of the Poles. To-day, almost everyone in Vienna dances the "kolo," and naturally feels cordially disposed towards the statesman to whom both the members of society and the masses in the pleasure-loving Austrian capital are indebted for this dance.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

Among the most difficult things for a foreigner to understand at the Courts of Berlin and Vienna is how a mere count can, independent of any office which he may possess, be superior in rank to a prince or a duke, and why a marriage between, for instance, Prince Herbert Bismarck and a daughter of Count Schönborn, Count Puckler, Count Platen, Count Kuefstein or Count Harrach, would be regarded, from a social point of view, as a mésalliance by any of these noblemen.

At the Court of Great Britain it is far easier to acquaint one's self with the different gradations, since a duke enjoys precedence over a marquis, while the latter has the *pas* of an earl, who in turn walks before a viscount, the baron following still further back in the line, which is brought to a close by baronets, knights and esquires; but in Austria and in Germany matters are complicated by the presence of what are known as the mediatized families of Europe.

These mediatized families figure in Part II. of the *vade mecum* of the European aristocracy, the Almanach de Gotha. The heads of these families, some of them dukes, some princes, others only counts, formerly enjoyed the rank and power of petty sovereigns, but were vassals, however, to his Apostolic majesty, the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire at Vienna. The Napoleonic wars swept the majority of these small states away, and the Congress

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of Vienna set its seal to their disappearance, while many have since succumbed to the all-absorbing power of Prussia.

It was felt, however, at the time of the Congress of Vienna that all these dispossessed petty sovereigns required some sort of compensation for the loss of their dominions, as well as a balm for their wounded pride. Accordingly, they and their lineal descendants were invested with a number of extraordinary privileges and prerogatives, totally out of keeping with the democratic spirit of the present century.

In the first place, they were conceded what was officially described as "*Droits d'égalité de naissance avec les maisons souveraines*," that is to say, "Rights of equality of birth with the reigning houses of Europe;" which means that an emperor of Germany, a king of Saxony, or an archduke of Austria could, theoretically speaking, marry a Countess Erbach, or a Countess Pappenheim, without being regarded as having made a mésalliance, and the children of the union would have a right of succession to their father's crown, which would not be the case if he had married the daughter of a mere noble, such as Prince Bismarck, Prince Radziwill, or the Duke of Rohan.

Thus, if Don Carlos ever succeeds in securing possession of the throne of Spain, his wife will be unable to share it, or to enjoy the dignity of queen consort, owing to the fact that she is a mere noblewoman, a Princess of Rohan, sister of the present Duke and Prince of Rohan, who traces his descent in a direct line from the first Crusader King of Jerusalem, Godefroy de Bouillon. But if Don Carlos had married, for instance, a daughter of Count Harrach, or of Count Pappenheim, no objection could have been raised to her coronation as queen on account of her birth.

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Among other immunities which the mediatized families enjoyed until quite recently, were exemption from all taxation, as well as from obligatory military service, and if any of their number, of their free will, enter the army, they are to this day entitled to a commission of lieutenant at once, instead of having to go through the ordinary procedure in order to obtain it.

Down to the year 1878, they were not amenable to the ordinary tribunals of the land, even when engaged in legal disputes with persons who did not belong to their caste, but were only subject to a tribunal of their peers, specially organized for the occasion. Even now they are not obliged to take the ordinary form of oath in court, their mere word being held as sufficient.

Another privilege possessed by the mediatized families is that of contracting morganatic marriages, that is, marriages which though valid in the eyes of the church, are only binding upon the party thereto who happens to be of inferior rank. In the event of a mediatized prince, duke, or count, marrying a lady who belongs neither to the reigning families, nor to those that have been mediatized, he has before him two alternatives. One of these is to marry the lady morganatically, in which event she has no right to his name or title, from which any children born to the union are similarly debarred, or else he resigns to his next brother, or nearest living male relative, for himself and for his descendants, all his rights and prerogatives as a scion of a mediatized family, in order to become an ordinary nobleman.

It was this step that Count Maximilian Pappenheim was obliged to take when he married Miss Wheeler of Philadelphia. I may add that Count Pappenheim would, theoretically speaking, have been obliged to do precisely the same

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thing if he had married the daughter of old Prince Bismarck, who was likewise Duke of Lauenburg.

As an illustration of the hardships to which the morganatic wives of the members of mediatized houses are subjected, I need only mention the well-known case of Prince Louis Sayn-Wittgenstein. Prince Louis, who was the head of the family, led to the altar a girl who belonged to one of the best families of the Berlin *bourgeoisie*. Her father had been burgomaster, or mayor, of the Prussian capital, while all her sisters had married noblemen. The wedding ceremony between Prince Louis and his wife had been celebrated by no less a personage than Cardinal Mermillod. Prince Louis died very suddenly at Rome. The instant it became known that his breath had left his body, his brother Alexander, who came next in line of succession, assumed control of the estates and their revenues, and, by virtue of his newly acquired position as chief of the family, forbade the payment of a single cent to the widow. Indeed, had she not threatened to appeal to the Pope and to the aristocracy of Rome for pecuniary assistance to defray the expenses of conveying her husband's corpse back to Germany, her husband's brother-in-law, the Roman Prince Chigi would never have advanced her the paltry sum of fifteen thousand francs needed for the purpose, and for the recovery of which he subsequently sued her. Prince Louis made a will, leaving all his personal property to her. Yet by reason of the arguments put forward by his brothers to the effect that the alliance had been a morganatic one, since she had not herself been of royal or mediatized birth, she was pronounced incompetent to benefit in any way under the will of her husband, and was deprived by decision of the court from using the title of princess.

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Prince Alexander himself was subsequently obliged in his turn to abandon the chieftainship of the family, and the control of the family estates and revenue, for he failed to adopt the precaution of marrying the daughter of the French Duke of Blacas morganatically, and was in consequence thereof held to have violated the statutes governing the matrimonial alliances of the mediatized houses, and to-day, deprived of all his prerogatives as a mediatized prince, he ranks as an ordinary nobleman under the name of Count Hachenburg.

Another brother, Prince Frederick, married morganatically a lovely and respectable girl of Berlin, but cast her adrift a year later, on the ground that being an officer in the army he had neglected to obtain permission to wed her from his commanding officer and the emperor. On this account the poor girl could obtain no legal redress against him. He subsequently got into a scrape while out in China, where he passed himself off as a prince of the reigning house of Prussia, and was received with royal honors at the Court of Pekin, till his identity was discovered, when he was expelled from the country, on the return to the Chinese capital of the German envoy who had been absent. Finally, he wound up by marrying, this time non-morganatically, a lady more notorious than celebrated, whereupon he was forced to surrender his status as a mediatized prince, and to descend to the rank of an ordinary nobleman, under the title of Count Altenkirchen.

I mention these cases with the object of giving some slight idea of the peculiar position and strange rights and prerogatives of the mediatized families of Central Europe. Another prerogative enjoyed by them is that of a prefix to their titles.

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Thus all the princes and dukes of the mediatized houses have a right to the prefix of "Serene Highness," whereas the counts of these houses, such as the Harrachs, are entitled to that of "*Erlaucht*," which may be translated into English as "Most Illustrious." These various prefixes are extremely confusing. Yet so great is the importance attached to them in Europe that a grant of such by a sovereign is generally regarded as of greater importance, and of more value than the conferring of a title or peerage.

The loftiest of all the prefixes of a secular character is that of "Imperial Majesty," which, of course, at Vienna and at Berlin belongs exclusively to Emperor Francis-Joseph, to Emperor William, and to his wife and his mother. Kings and queens, such as those of Saxony, Würtemberg, etc., have to be content with an ordinary "*Majesty*." In old times, "Highness" was used exclusively in addressing kings, queens, emperors, and empresses, and the use of "Majesty" only came into vogue in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, being first used in a papal bull addressed to King Louis IX. of France.

At the time of the Reformation the title of "Majesty" had grown to be general when addressing kings and emperors, and thereupon "Highness" became the attribute of princes and princesses of the blood, and of the prince-electors of the Holy Roman Empire. It was not until the reign of Louis XIV. of France that a distinction was made between "Highness" and "Royal Highness." The latter prefix was conceded to the children and grandchildren of the sovereign, while "Highness" was observed for princes and princesses more remotely related to the monarch, for instance, the Orleans branch of the house.

In Austria, the style of "Imperial Highness" consti-

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tutes an attribute of every legitimate member of the reigning house of Hapsburg, no matter how remote the descent in the male line direct from the throne, and every one of the hundred and odd Austrian archdukes and archduchesses are addressed officially as "Imperial Highness."

In Germany there is no one who is entitled to be thus addressed, since the eldest son of Emperor William is theoretically only Crown Prince of Prussia. True, the late Emperor Frederick, when still crown prince, used to be styled "Your Imperial Highness;" but this was more a matter of courtesy than of right, and from the point of view of official etiquette was absolutely wrong. The remaining members of the reigning house of Prussia are all addressed as "Royal Highness" after they have attained their majority. Till that time they are merely styled "Prince" and "Princess."

The ordinary nobility in Germany, as well as in Austria, that is, the nobility distinct from the mediatized houses of Europe, are comprised in Part III. of the Almanach de Gotha, and include dukes, princes, marquises, and counts, as well as barons.

In some cases it is only the head of the family who bears the title of prince, the junior members of the house having to remain content with the rank of counts and countesses, instance the cases of the Bismarcks, the Kinskys, etc. Sometimes the princely title is borne by all the cadets of the family, as in the case of the Rohans, the Radziwills, the Carolàths, etc. This depends entirely upon the nature of the patent by means of which the title is conferred. In instances where all the members of the family bear the princely title, the head of the house is usually distinguished by the title of "Fürst."

The titles borne by the junior members of the family are

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transmissible to all of their descendants, but in the male line only. Hence, the descendants in the male line of Count William Bismarck, younger brother of Prince Herbert Bismarck, will bear the title of count, no matter whom they marry, mésalliances constituting no bar to the descent of family honors in the case of the houses of the ordinary nobility.

Thanks to this system, there are an inordinate number of *bona fide* titled personages in Germany and Austria, who while being authentic counts and princes, would never be permitted to cross the threshold of any court, owing to the nature of their ancestry.

For instance, there is at Vienna a Count Eugène Kinsky, a cadet of the princely house of that name, who, becoming infatuated by the beauty of a lovely laundry-maid at Ischl, in the Tyrol, married her, and brought her to live at Vienna. In course of time, she won by her modesty and charm the sympathy and good-will not merely of society, but likewise of the imperial family, several of the members of which were wont to visit her. She herself, however, could never appear at court, by reason of the lowliness of her birth, and her two charming daughters were similarly debarred from presentation at court, and from participation in any court functions until they had married foreign diplomats, one becoming the wife of the secretary of the French embassy, Baron Bourgoing, and the other being led to the altar by General Sir Charles Goodenough, military attaché of the English embassy. Then only were they invited to court, not as Austrians, but as ladies forming part of foreign embassies. Had they made the mistake of wedding Austrian or German noblemen, nothing short of a special decree of the emperor could have obtained for them the honor of presentation at the Court of Vienna.

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The prefix of "Excellency" is accorded at the Courts of Berlin and Vienna to all foreign ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, cabinet ministers, lieutenant-generals, to generals, field-marshals, vice-admirals, admirals, members of the privy council, and last, though not least, to the *grandes-chargés*, or principal dignitaries of the respective courts. The same style of address is used towards the wives of all these official personages, as well as when speaking or writing to the grand mistresses of the household of the ladies of the reigning family, if they happen to be widows or unmarried.

It is always safe to address a dignitary as "Your Excellency" if he happens to wear the grand cross of an Austrian or a Prussian order. For, while some of the grand crosses carry with them membership of the privy council, others again are not conferred upon any personage below the rank of privy councillor.

The highest decoration at the Court of Berlin is the Order of the Black Eagle, which carries with it a patent of hereditary nobility, while the principal order in Austria is that of the Golden Fleece, which is only worn by the princes of the imperial family and a very few of the grandest dignitaries of the empire.

Its membership is restricted exclusively to Roman Catholics, and the insignia consists of the golden fleece of a ram, worn round the neck.

The Court of Spain likewise confers the Order of the Golden Fleece; its patents, however are not recognized by Austria, and no person who has received the Order of the Golden Fleece from the crown of Spain would ever be permitted to don it at the Court of Vienna.

The dispute between the Courts of Spain and Austria on the subject of this exalted order dates back to the year

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Of the three, the one who inspired the greatest amount of sympathy was ex-King George of Hanover, a tall, stately, handsome old man, who had been blind from his boyhood, in spite of which, he had insisted on taking part in the battle of Langensalza, his horse being guided by means of leading-reins, by two of his aids-de-camp. He lived in altogether royal state at Hietzing, a suburb of Vienna, surrounded by many of the members of his late court. Among the number was his former Prime Minister Count Platen, a *grand seigneur* in every sense of the word, while another was his ex-chief of police, Herr von Vermuth, who used to be known by the nickname of "Baron Bitters!" Another member of his household, was Count Wedel, whilst his secretary was Oscar Meding who has since become one of the most celebrated of German novelists.

The presence of the King of Hanover at Vienna cannot have been altogether agreeable for the Austrian emperor; for, in the first place, it constituted a perpetual reminder of the fact that Austria had been unable to defend those foreign sovereigns who had taken up arms in her behalf, while, secondly, it was a source of endless embarrassment whenever at court functions the royal family of Hanover, or any of the members of their household, found themselves in contact with the members of the Prussian embassy.

King George eventually died in Paris, but not before his sojourn at Vienna had been rendered still more painful, first of all by a tragedy, and then by a financial embroglio of a somewhat distressing character. Count Wedel became involved in some violent discussion with the king's nephew, Prince Solms: the latter lost his temper completely, and struck the count in the face. In the duel which followed,

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the count had the misfortune to kill the prince, which of course ended his connection with the establishment of the King of Hanover.

A particularly pathetic element was added to the affair by the fact that the unfortunate prince's mother was, like her half-brother, King George of Hanover, afflicted with blindness. This led her surviving children to keep her in ignorance of the death of her passionately loved eldest son. She was made to believe that he was merely travelling around the world, and regularly every month letters, which it was pretended came from him, were read to her by her other son and daughter, letters, indeed, which gave accounts of his adventures, all of which were concocted with pious intent by her children. Just about the time when the princess was becoming seriously concerned about the prolonged absence of her boy, a merciful Providence removed her from this world without her ever having obtained any knowledge of his tragic fate, which was brought about entirely by his own hot temper and arrogance.

The financial trouble which came to the old king was brought about by some unscrupulous financiers who induced him to give his name to certain enterprises which he failed to understand, and in the end he was only able to save his good name by monetary sacrifices of very serious extent.

The House of Hanover is to-day represented in Austria and at the Court of Vienna by the old king's eldest son, who bears the English title of Duke of Cumberland, his wife, who is the youngest daughter of the King of Denmark, his sister, Princess Marie of Hanover, and his octogenarian mother, the ex-queen, once celebrated throughout the length and breadth of Europe for her beauty.

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Queen Marie of Hanover is an extraordinary woman, and long after the incorporation of the Kingdom of Hanover into that of Prussia, she continued to carry on a private war on her own account against Bismarck and his royal master. She declined to accompany her blind husband, or her son, when they sought refuge at Vienna after the battle of Langensalza, but betook herself to her castle at Marienburg, which was her private property, hoisted the Hanoverian standard on the tower of the keep, and absolutely refused to budge from the place.

Related to almost every reigning house in Germany, as well as to the imperial house of Russia, the Berlin government realized that it would be most impolitic to attempt to oust her by force from her stronghold. At the same time it perceived that a continuance of the situation could not be tolerated, as it constituted a formidable obstacle to the submission of the Hanoverian people to their new masters; for as long as the Hanoverians saw their national flag proudly waving over their queen's roof, they remained convinced that the blind king would return and recover his own, and that the Prussian occupation of his territory was merely temporary.

At length, Field Marshal Manteuffel, who was military governor of the kingdom, hit upon a rather ingenious expedient. He addressed a most courteous letter to her majesty, stating that as she was residing in the dominions of his master, the King of Prussia, he could not do otherwise than accord her the honors shown by the Prussian government to every royal visitor, that, therefore, he would within forty-eight hours establish a Prussian guard of honor at the gates of her castle, and assign, not only ladies-in-waiting, but also Prussian officers and court officials to attend upon her as chamberlains and equerries, and that

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he would also take steps to have the Prussian flag run up beside that of Hanover, in accordance with court etiquette on the occasion of royal visits. This was more than Queen Marie could stand, and before forty-eight hours had passed, she had abandoned the fight, struck the flag of Hanover, and betaken herself, together with the members of her household, to join her blind husband at Vienna.

I do not think that the king ever entirely forgave her for having persuaded him to take the losing instead of the winning side in the war of 1866. At any rate, the last few years of his life were spent apart from her, she remaining at Vienna with her daughter Marie, while he took up his residence in Paris with his eldest daughter Frederica.

The latter was in those days a most beautiful woman, and after refusing almost every marriageable prince in Christendom, in order to remain with her blind father,—a real modern Antigone,—married, after his death, his faithful aid-de-camp, Baron Pawel Ramingen, in defiance of the opposition of her brother and mother.

The wedding took place at Windsor Castle, and during the many years which elapsed until a reconciliation was effected between brother and sister, Princess Frederica was dependent upon a handsome allowance which she received from her cousin, Queen Victoria, who likewise placed at her disposal a suite of apartments in the English Palace of Hampton-Court.

After the death of the old king, his son, who until that time had borne the title of crown prince of Hanover, took up his residence in Vienna, at Hietzing, spending the summer in a magnificent château which he has built near Gmunden, in Upper Austria, on the banks of the Traun Lake. In course of time he dropped his style of Crown

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Prince of Hanover, and assumed that of Duke of Cumberland, by virtue of the British peerage, which he inherited from his father and grandfather.

It may be remembered that at the time of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, a separation of the crown of Great Britain from that of Hanover, to which it had until that time been united, took place. The Salic law prevailed in Hanover, debarring women from the succession, and on the death of King William, the kingdom of Hanover therefore passed into the possession, not of his niece Victoria, but of his younger brother, Ernest, the fifth son of old King George III.

This prince had until that time borne the title of Duke of Cumberland, and was without any exception the most execrated member of the British reigning family, being regarded as nothing short of a murderer. The murder in question was committed in St. James's Palace in London, precisely in that portion which is now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of York. The victim was Senlis, the Swiss valet of the Duke of Cumberland. He was found pierced through and through by a sword belonging to the duke, and the stains on the carpet showed that the crime had taken place in the dressing-room of his royal highness.

There were no strangers in that part of the palace at the time, and neither the police patrolling the street outside, nor the military sentinels at the doors, saw any stranger enter or leave the palace.

The body of Senlis was found in a perfectly nude condition in his own room, and at the other end of a corridor into which the duke's bed-room and dressing-rooms opened, there were traces of blood all the way from the duke's dressing-room to his valet's sleeping chamber.

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Of course nothing was ever done towards clearing up the mystery, the duke denying all knowledge thereof, although according to his own account the struggle between the valet and the assassin must have taken place in the room next to his own. A coroner's jury called by the king's own coroner, who was a member of the royal household, and who impanelled only royal tradesmen, returned the manifestly preposterous verdict that Senlis had committed suicide. No one of course believed it, the medical and logical evidence being in direct contradiction thereto, and the royal duke was openly denounced, both at the time and since, as being the murderer of his valet.

What can have been the object of this, the last of many crimes committed within the walls of St. James's Palace, which before becoming the abode of the rulers of Great Britain, was first a leper's hospital, and then a prison for fallen women?

There have been all kinds of speculations and rumors about this gruesome affair, some of them of a most revolting and horrible character. But it is generally believed to this day that Senlis was killed by his royal master because he possessed the knowledge of some terrible secret affecting the reputation of this, the most evil of all Queen Victoria's uncles.

Senlis had an old, widowed mother, to whom he had shown himself a devoted son, and whose only support he had been. A dramatic scene took place six months later in Pall Mall, when the old peasant woman, who had travelled all the way from Switzerland for the purpose, assailed the duke in the street with a torrent of reproaches, calling down upon him, upon his children, and his children's children to the third and fourth generations, the most awful curses of Heaven.

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Sceptics might be inclined to scoff, and to regard lightly these frantic ravings of a poor old woman. But to the superstitious it would appear that the curse has rested heavily upon the descendants of the master of Senlis; for Ernest's only son, the late King George of Hanover, was stone blind from his infancy, while his son in turn, the present Duke of Cumberland, was born without a nose. The one with which his face is now adorned is due to medical science and plastic art, and being lamentably deficient in bone and cartilage, is, consequently, painfully lacking in firmness.

The duke's eldest son, Prince George, a good-looking, pleasant and universally popular youth, appeared to have escaped the curse, but three years ago a mere scratch on his leg by a rusty nail resulted in a terrible case of blood poisoning, and to-day he is a cripple, unable to walk without assistance, while his injured leg is considerably shorter than the other,—he is, in fact, a mere wreck of his former self.

Emperor Francis-Joseph is particularly fond of the boy, and throughout his many long and weary months of illness, used constantly to visit him, sitting by his bedside, telling him stories and sympathizing with him as only the dear old emperor knows how to do.

The Duke of Cumberland has had much domestic misfortune. His wife was at one time engaged to the unfortunate Prince Imperial of France. But the marriage was broken off by Queen Louise of Denmark, in consequence of the extreme closeness, not to say actual avarice, displayed by Empress Eugénie in the matter of financial settlements, and the Duke of Cumberland was accepted as a suitor instead.

It is a matter of doubt whether the early years of Princess

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Thyra's married life with the Duke of Cumberland were altogether happy, and whether she did not think herself partly responsible for the death of the prince imperial, who would certainly never have gone out to South Africa, there to meet with his doom at the hands of the Zulus, if he had become her husband. Whatever the cause may have been, the poor lady lost her reason, and had to be placed under restraint for a considerable time in the famous private lunatic asylum of Dr. Krafft Ebbing, at Doebling, near Vienna, where nearly every one of the inmates belong either to sovereign houses or to the old aristocracy. Prince Max of Baden, the Empress of Germany's mother, the late Duchess of Alençon, Princess Elvira of Bavaria, Princess Louise of Belgium, and many other equally illustrious personages have in turn been among the inmates of the institution at various times.

The duchess has now entirely recovered her health and her happiness, and leads an ideally pleasant life with her husband, who is devoted to her, and with her numerous children, being frequently visited at Gmunden by her sisters, the widowed Czarina of Russia, the Princess of Wales, and her brothers, King George of Greece, and the Crown Prince of Denmark.

The duke is one of the wealthiest princes in Christendom. His gold and silver plate weighs over twenty tons, and being only a ruler *de jure*, without any of the responsibilities or cares of government, he is free to spend his revenues as he sees fit. Although a general in the English army, he invariably wears in Austria the uniform of the imperial infantry regiment of which he is the colonel and proprietor, but this military garb somewhat clashes with the face, which is that of a savant, rather than of an officer.

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He has the peculiar blue eyes of the royal house of England. They peer forth from behind gold-rimmed spectacles, and are sometimes lighted up with the most winning kindliness, while at other times they assume a look of intense and repellent hauteur. He talks English with the same accent as the Duke of Edinburgh, and with the characteristic intonation of voice of the Prince of Wales. Unlike the latter, he has a very powerful lower jaw, and resolute mouth, partly concealed by a close-cropped light-brown beard, tinged with grey.

Determination and obstinacy are indeed the two dominant traits of his nature. He declines to be swayed by any influence, or to take any step which he has not duly considered and approved beforehand. For years he resisted the united efforts of the late Czar, the Prince of Wales, the Queen of England, the Kings of Denmark, Greece, Saxony and Belgium, and of the Emperor of Austria, to induce him to accept the offers made by the Prussian Government for a settlement of his differences with the latter, and when at length he yielded to a certain extent, he discovered that he had made a mistake in doing so, and quickly receded to his former position.

His differences with Prussia to-day are not merely on the subject of the former kingdom of Hanover.

On the death of the last reigning Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, in 1884, he became, by right of legitimate succession, sovereign duke of that independent state, forming part of the confederation known as the German Empire; but as he was unwilling to acknowledge the King of Prussia as German Emperor, and above all, to recognize the incorporation of Hanover into the kingdom of the Hohenzollerns, the late Emperor William and Prince Bismarck decided that it would be impolitic to permit him to

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take possession of the throne of Brunswick. Accordingly they notified him that until he officially recognized the King of Prussia as German Emperor, and also publicly recognized the annexation of Hanover to Prussia, he could not be allowed to assume the sovereignty of the Duchy of Brunswick, which since that time has been administered by Prince Albert of Prussia as regent.

Some three or four years ago, it was suggested that since he was bound by promises to his dead father never to recognize Prussia's usurpation of the crown of Hanover, a compromise might be effected, according to the terms of which his eldest son, Prince George, who was bound by no such promises, might become regent of the duchy in his stead, he, however, retaining the nominal sovereignty. To this the duke seemed to agree, until Emperor William put forth pretensions to assume complete control of young Prince George's education, without any regard for the views or wishes of the lad's father. About the same time, Prince George fell ill, and thereupon the entire scheme of reconciliation, as I have stated already, fell to the ground.

The duke is one of the best read and most learned princes now living, and is almost as eager for information as was the late Dom Pedro of Brazil. There is scarcely a branch of science with which he does not possess a more or less extended acquaintance, and it is difficult to find a more instructive and entertaining conversationalist than this chief of the historic royal house of Guelph.

The Elector of Hesse has long since been laid to his last rest. His memory is not a pleasant one, and it is occasionally called to mind by the unclean scrapes in which his sons from time to time become involved.

The Duke of Nassau still survives, and after making his permanent home in Vienna for more than a quarter of a

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century, he became once more a reigning sovereign through his succession to the throne of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, on the death of his cousin, the late King of the Netherlands.

The duke, or rather, as I should style him now, the grand duke, did not by any means regret his sovereignty of Nassau, and attaches so little importance to his dignity as ruler of Luxemburg that he spends the greater part of the year in Austria, principally at Vienna.

He is immensely wealthy, his fortune having been acquired much in the same manner as that of the princes of Monaco; for until the time when Nassau was annexed by Prussia, Wiesbaden was one of the most noted public gambling resorts in all Europe, all the lessees of the tables being compelled to pay, just like the Blancs at Monte Carlo, not merely a big rental to the reigning duke, but likewise a very considerable slice of their profits.

It may be of interest to add that the tables of Wiesbaden were farmed out until 1866 by M. Blanc, whose son and daughters now own the public gambling establishment at Monte Carlo.

The accession of the jovial old Duke of Nassau to the throne of Luxemburg was signalized by one of the queerest incidents that can possibly be conceived, and one which savored very much of the opera comique.

He was enjoying himself to his heart's content at Vienna when suddenly he received the news that his cousin, the King of the Netherlands, with whom he was on the very worst possible terms, had at length succumbed to his illness, and that he himself, therefore, had become, through the wicked old king's death, Sovereign Grand Duke of Luxemburg. So he set forth from Vienna for his new capital, and before leaving went so far as to give orders

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that his palace in the Austrian metropolis should be dismantled, and that the whole establishment should be transferred to the city of Luxemburg.

On arriving at the latter place, he was received with great popular rejoicing. Reports were published in all the papers of his triumphal progress to his new capital, of his entrance within its walls, and of his assumption of the reins of government, and countless messages of congratulation and good wishes were publicly transmitted to him from every court in Europe.

The old proverb about the advisability of killing the bear before skinning it, received, however, once more an illustration in this case; for all these popular rejoicings and messages of congratulation seemed to have the effect of resurrecting the King of Holland, and of bringing him back to life.

It turned out that what the physicians had believed to be death, and had announced as such, was nothing more nor less than a cataleptic trance, and that the orders given for the draping of all the public buildings of the Netherlands with crape and black hangings were, therefore, premature.

The most peculiar thing about the entire affair, however, was that the dementia with which he had been afflicted until the moment of his supposed demise had vanished, as if by magic, with his return to life, and within a couple of days afterwards he was actually able to inform his "dear cousin" Adolphus, in an exceedingly curt and wrathy note, addressed to him as ex-Duke of Nassau, that by the end of the week he proposed to resume the reins of government, not only of the kingdom of Holland, but also of the grand duchy of Luxemburg, and that, therefore, he would be pleased if "dear" Adolphus would prepare his trunks and get out of the grand duchy as speedily as possible.

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The poor old duke, who was over seventy years of age at the time, accordingly betook himself back to Vienna, leaving Luxemburg in a cab by night—a sorry contrast to the splendor of his ceremonial entry amid the acclamations of those whom he believed to be his subjects.

A full year elapsed before King William of Holland finally died in real earnest, and it was not before he had been several weeks buried and when there appeared to be no possible chance of his coming to life again, that Duke Adolphus consented to quit Vienna for the purpose of reassuming the reins of government.

Somehow or another he seems always to retain a species of grudge against the Grand Duchy in connection with the ridiculous *contretemps* to which he was subjected, and as I have said before, he spends most of his time in Austria.

Notwithstanding his age, he is still passionately fond of all kinds of sports. He was a splendid horseman, and now in spite of his eighty years, enjoys driving four-in-hand.

He stoops slightly, wears his moustaches long and bushy, and being extremely short-sighted is never seen without large spectacles, which somewhat detract from the martial nature of his aspect. He has all his life been an admirer of the fair sex, and even at the present time is never happy unless he has some lady beside him on the box when out driving. Indeed his friends and acquaintances declare that the numerous accidents with which he has met while out driving, during the last few years, must be ascribed not to any failure of his mental or physical faculties, but solely to his paying more attention to the pretty face beside him than to his horses! The principal preoccupation of his gentlemen-in-waiting and the members of his family is to preserve him from becoming the prey of adventuresses.

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This chapter cannot be brought to a satisfactory close without a brief reference to Emperor Francis-Joseph's sister-in-law, the ex-Queen of Naples, who while she never appears at any court function, yet spends a portion of each year in Austria, frequently visiting the emperor at Ischl, and at Schönbrunn, near Vienna.

She was the favorite sister of the late empress, and is the only lady who wears the Russian cross of St. George, which is only conferred for acts of conspicuous bravery under fire.

The ex-Queen received it from Czar Alexander II., in recognition of the heroism which she displayed in connection with the magnificent defence of Gaeta against the armies of Garibaldi and King Victor Emmanuel.

One day during the siege, a bomb fell into the very room where King Francis and Queen Sophia were dining with their suite. King Francis immediately retreated to the cellar, trembling with fright. Queen Sophia on the other hand walked to a looking-glass that hung on the wall, and noticing that her hair was whitened by the plaster-dust made by the bursting bomb, exclaimed without a tremor:

"What a pity it is that powder is no longer fashionable! Don't I look with my whitened hair quite an eighteenth century queen? I must keep it just so while the garrison is being reviewed."

It was Queen Sophia, in fact, who conducted the entire defence, which was of so magnificent a character that the garrison were permitted to march out with all the honors of war. Daily she visited the ramparts and encouraged both officers and men with the reminder that the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon them. She even sighted the guns, and was indefatigable, shaming all those who

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were in any way disposed to surrender into an appearance of courage.

Like the true-hearted woman that she was, when Emperor Alexander announced his intention of conferring the Cross of St. George upon her, that cross which is only conferred for exceptional feats of gallantry and courage on the battlefield, she privately intimated to him that she would be unable to accept it unless he honored her husband in the same way, her object being to remove as far as possible the popular impression which prevailed as to his lamentable cowardice.

In this respect, Dame Rumor was only too well justified in setting her tongue wagging, for King Francis was in every sense of the word a most despicable creature, who had not one taste, sympathy or quality in common with his lovely wife, and his death must have been more of a release than a bereavement to her.

At first they made their home in Rome, where their only child died, and where the queen became involved in a most amusing conflict with the aged mother of the then all-powerful papal secretary of state, Cardinal Antonelli.

The old lady, who lived in a palace adjoining that occupied by the ex-king and ex-queen was devoted to her cats, of which she had a great number. In accordance with the customs of their tribe, these cats were in the habit of making night hideous with moonlight concerts given on the wall dividing the two palaces, and just under the window of the ex-queen. Her majesty, finding that complaints to the old Countess Antonelli were in vain, ultimately became desperate through lack of sleep, purchased a small rifle, and kept up a fusillade against every cat that appeared upon the wall, until she had routed the entire colony. On the following day there was weeping, wailing and gnashing

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of teeth in the Antonelli palace. The cardinal was appealed to by his mother, the Pope was applied to by the queen, and finally it was her majesty who carried the day, to the intense delight of the Romans, who hated the cardinal and his entire family.

After the Franco-German war, the king and queen settled in Paris, making their home in a hotel, being unwilling to purchase a house lest it should discourage their adherents, and lead them to believe that they had given up all hope of recovering possession of their throne.

The queen devoted her attention to horses, and raced with considerable success under the name of "Count Isolla." The king, who disliked horses as much as he hated dogs, devoted himself to the frail side of the boulevard population, and became involved in all sorts of unsavory scrapes, some of which are described in Alphonse Daudet's well-known novel, *The Kings in Exile*, where Queen Sophia figures under the very transparent pseudonym of "Queen of Illyria."

She spent but little time in Austria as long as her husband lived, the summers being mostly passed at the seashore, especially at Boulogne; for her majesty is very fond of sailing, and very skilful in the management of a boat; but since the demise of King Francis, who lies entombed on Austrian soil, she makes her headquarters in the Austro-Hungarian empire, where, indeed, all her relatives and most of her friends live.

She is still a strikingly handsome woman, presenting many traits of resemblance to her sister, the late Empress of Austria, and being very superstitious looks forward to as violent a death as that of her two sisters: the empress, who was stabbed by Lucheni, and the Duchess of Alençon, who was burned to death in the recent Charity Bazaar fire in Paris.

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CHAPTER XXX

One of the most charming features of court life at Vienna is the species of family feeling which prevails among all the members of what is known as court society. It is probably the most exclusive society in Europe. It remains just as much a close corporation as in the last century, and not even sovereigns have been able to open its jealously-guarded portals to persons who, although adorned with the loftiest of titles, dignities, and official honors, are regarded as unworthy of admission to the charmed circle.

This exclusiveness is not without its advantages; for not only does it put a complete extinguisher on most of those social ambitions which are productive of so much heart-burning, meanness, and downright evil, but it also enables society, thanks to its safety from intrusion by strangers, to dispense with many of those conventionalities and affectations which contribute so much to render the social intercourse of to-day artificial and lacking in spontaneity, nature, and heart.

In court society at Vienna, the pronoun "thou" is more frequently used than any other, the Rohans, the Schwarzenbergs, the Auersbergs, the Hohenlohes, the Kinskys, the Esterhazys, the Hunyadis, and the Kayrolis, being all closely related to one another. Most of these families belong to the mediatized houses, and not a few of them hold offices at the Court of Vienna, as well as at the Court of Berlin.

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Thus, for instance, there has been at one and the same time a Prince Hohenlohe who was grand master and grand chamberlain of the Court of Vienna; another who was grand marshal of the Court of the reigning duke of Saxe-Coburg; a third, who was grand chamberlain of the Court of Berlin, a fourth, aid-de-camp general to the German kaiser, and at the same time governor of Alsace-Lorraine; while, at the moment of writing this book, a fifth holds the position of chancellor of the German empire.

The Chancellor of the German Empire is known at the Court of Berlin, as well as that of Vienna, by the name of "*Onkel Chlodwig*," and enjoys in an equal degree the affection and the trust of both emperors. He is a little, old man, very quiet and very soft-spoken. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more extraordinary contrast than that which exists between the octogenarian Prince Hohenlohe and the first chancellor of the new German Empire, the late Prince Bismarck. Yet it may well be that the more diminutive of the two statesmen has exercised a greater degree of influence upon both the kaiser and the other federal sovereigns of the empire than did Prince Bismarck.

The latter was never entirely trusted by either of the three emperors whom he served, least of all by William II., who certainly did not love him. The kaiser is bright enough to have realized that it would have been a most unfortunate mistake to adopt blindly as his own the bitter prejudices, the political enmities, and in some cases the unreasonable whims of the Iron Chancellor. Moreover, the latter could not sufficiently accustom himself during the early years of the present emperor's reign to the fact that the youth whom he had known from babyhood had become his sovereign. He, therefore, tendered his advice in too

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domineering a manner, offended his young master by his brutal frankness, and, unmindful that ties of blood always assert themselves sooner or later, was indiscreet enough to encourage him to rebel against both his father and mother.

How the Bismarcks regarded and treated the emperor was strikingly demonstrated when the old princess, on the day after her husband's dismissal, loudly denounced her sovereign in a drawing-room full of people who had come to take leave, as "*Der dumme bub! Der unverschaemte bub!*" [The stupid brat! The shameless brat!]

Delighted to be free from the Bismarck tutelage, and enchanted at the prospect of governing on his own account, William next entrusted the chancellorship to General Caprivi, a courteous, honest, straightforward soldier, to whom the duties of the office were all along antipathetic, and whose guiding motive and chief characteristic throughout were blind obedience of a perfunctory, military nature to his imperial master.

Practically liberated from restraint, the impulsive, impetuous, generous-minded young kaiser, giving free course on the one hand to the mediæval theories of Divine right and absolutism inherited from his grandfather, and on the other, to the equally exaggerated and Utopian doctrines of liberalism and state socialism inculcated in his mind by his lamented father and brilliant mother, shifted the course of the huge German ship of state with every change in the direction of the wind, until the political condition of the empire developed into such a state of chaos and unrest as to leave the imperial skipper no other alternative than to abandon the attempt to navigate the vessel alone through his mate and second officer, and to entrust the helm to the safest and most reliable pilot that could be found throughout the length and breadth of Germany. That was the real

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meaning of the appointment of Prince Hohenlohe to the office of chancellor of the empire of Germany. The emperor, it is true, remained on the bridge, but it was the prince who became navigating officer of the craft.

The choice of the prince was a stroke of genius on the part of the kaiser; for it went far to disarm that hostility which is always smouldering in the non-Prussian states of the German empire against Prussia, and which was particularly acute at the moment when Count Caprivi resigned the chancellorship. Prince Hohenlohe had made his début in public life as a dignitary of the court, and as a cabinet minister of the King of Bavaria. In fact, he was premier of that kingdom at the time of the creation of the German empire, to whose foundation he contributed in no small degree. At the same time, he distinguished himself on that occasion by the vigor of his resistance to all attempts on the part of Prussia to impair the autonomy and independence of the sovereign states of the confederation.

After the disgrace of Count Harry Arnim, he was appointed German ambassador at Paris; Bismarck being of the opinion that in view of the fact that the Hohenlohes are related by marriage to many of the grandest houses of the French aristocracy, the prince would be more welcome on the banks of the Seine than any ordinary Prussian diplomat. These expectations were fulfilled, and he proved so great a success as an ambassador that he was thereupon transferred to the post of governor-general of Alsace-Lorraine, with the object of reconciling to German rule the French element in these two provinces.

He was filling this office when requested by the kaiser, and the kaiserin as well, to assume the office of chancellor. No better illustration can be given of the tact and delicacy of the prince than the fact that the first thing that he did

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upon receiving the appointment was to make a pilgrimage to Friedrichsruh in order to call upon Prince Bismarck. His predecessor, General Caprivi, had completely ignored the so-called "Hermit of the Sachsenwald," and the Iron Chancellor was, therefore, extremely sensible to the compliment thus paid, especially when Prince Hohenlohe informed him that he felt that he could not assume the burden of the chancellorship without first of all paying his respects to the original holder of that lofty dignity, and without seeking inspiration and advice from the principal founder of the empire.

This not only served to diminish, if not entirely to stop, the fierce antagonism of the ex chancellor, which until that time had been a source of much trouble and difficulty to the kaiser and to his government, but likewise reconciled to the latter all those who, in Prussia and elsewhere in Germany, persisted in seeing in Bismarck the victim of a court cabal and of an intrigue. Prince Hohenlohe thereupon made a tour of all the non-Prussian courts of Germany, and gave them to understand that as chancellor of the German Empire he wished to obtain an idea of their views and wishes; thus acknowledging for the first time that as sovereign princes of the federation known under the appellation of the German Empire, they had a voice in the conduct of the destinies thereof. He gave them to understand, in a word, that as chancellor he was not merely the principal political adviser and chief functionary of the kaiser, but also of each of the federal sovereigns.

This was a master stroke, and it served more than anything else to place the relations between the kaiser and the various non-Prussian courts of Germany on an extremely pleasant footing.

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Finally, the appointment of Prince Hohenlohe had the effect of bringing to an end the bitter war which, under the name of "Kulturkampf," had so long been waged between Berlin and the Vatican, and not only reconciled the vast Catholic moiety of the German people to the imperial government, but likewise transformed the powerful Catholic party in the Reichstag—the most numerous and influential of all the various parliamentary factions—from relentless adversaries of the government into supporters.

These are only a few of the political achievements of the octogenarian Prince Hohenlohe, who by reason of his advanced age must now be on the eve of retirement. Indeed he may have resigned the chancellorship ere this book has been long in print, but he has played so great a rôle in German history, and especially in the destinies of the two empires, that his name necessarily demands a prominent place in any description of the court of Berlin or Vienna. This little, quiet, bowed, and unobtrusive old man who always talks in the softest manner, with an appearance of weariness, and of aristocratic indifference to the subject under discussion, but whose remarks are invariably listened to with the most profound deference and attention,—of which they are well worthy, since they are always sagacious, and to the point—is a most interesting and fine character.

Of course, the confidence with which he inspires Francis-Joseph is largely due to the fact that at the time of his appointment as chancellor, his brother Constantine was still the chief of the household and principal dignitary of the court of Vienna, and the most trusted of all the members of the *entourage* of the Austrian emperor.

He spent his entire life from the age of twenty in the immediate *entourage* of Francis-Joseph. True, he was

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not popular in Viennese society or at court, being charged with close-fistedness, selfishness and a keen eye for the main chance; but still he was a kind-hearted man, as those who knew him well can testify, and no more striking illustration of the affection and devotion which he inspired can be given than the fact that his old valet, who had been with him throughout his entire career at the court of Austria, blew his brains out at the foot of the bier upon which his master's body was lying in state. He could not bear the idea of life without his beloved master, and in spite of his being a devout Catholic and realizing, as such, the penalties which that church reserves for the remains of those who have died by their own hand, he nevertheless unhesitatingly shot himself.

The old chancellor was much affected by the death of his brother Constantine, whose sons and daughters all remain established in Austria, some of them holding high office at the court of Vienna.

Constantine's death was followed by that of his wife, and then by the demise of two other brothers, namely Cardinal Prince Hohenlohe, who used to make his home at Rome, and the Duke of Ratibor, who was president of the Prussian House of Lords. Finally, shortly afterwards, the chancellor lost his wife, so that he has been in deep mourning throughout almost his entire tenure of the office which he now holds.

There has always been a considerable amount of confusion between his own wife and the wife of his brother Constantine. This arose from the fact that both ladies were of Russian birth, bore the name of Marie, and belonged to the Sayn-Wittgenstein family, while the confusion was still further increased by the fact that the respective mothers of Princesses Constantine and Chlodwig

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Hohenlohe bore the same Christian name. It was the mother, however, of Princess Constantine who achieved so much notoriety by her infatuation for the great *maestro* and composer, Abbé Liszt. She actually went to the length of divorcing her husband with the object of marrying Liszt, who was not at the time in Holy Orders.

The great musician, however, was solemnly pledged to marry Countess Agoult, known in literature as Daniel Stern, who had just become a widow at the time, the obligation being of a doubly pressing character, owing to its being necessary to legitimize the children that she had borne him after eloping from Count Agoult.

One of these children became the wife of Emile Olivier, prime minister of France at the time of the outbreak of the war with Germany, in 1870, while the other is to-day the widow of the composer, Richard Wagner. Liszt was in a terrible quandary, and appealed for advice to his friend, Cardinal Hohenlohe, who, realizing the scandal that would be created by the mésalliance projected by the mother-in-law of his brother Constantine, recommended Liszt to become a priest in order to free himself from his obligations.

The wife of the German chancellor, the late Princess Chlodwig, was a most remarkable woman, and only three weeks before her death, in spite of her seventy years of age, shot and killed a bear on her vast Russian estates at Werki. She inherited an immense amount of landed property in Russia, on the death of her brother, who spent the closing years of his life in France, ostracized to a great extent by society, through his extraordinary marriage with a woman whom his friends declare to have been a virtuous peasant girl, but whom his own relatives assert to have been a member of the Parisian demi-monde.

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These estates are situated near the western frontier of Russia, and on this account Alexander III. insisted that they should be sold for whatever they would bring, in compliance with a very strict law, which forbids foreigners to hold real estate in the proximity of any of the frontiers of the empire.

As soon as the present czar came to the throne he, however, modified his father's injunctions, and intimated to Prince and Princess Hohenlohe that they could retain possession of the property during their lifetime, and that at their death the property would have to be sold, or else that the son who inherited it would have to adopt Russian nationality, and swear allegiance to the Muscovite crown. It is probable that the latter alternative will be accepted, for it will naturally serve to increase the political influence of this great house, which must, in every sense of the word, be described as international.

As I have already shown, it plays a leading rôle at the Courts of Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Coburg, and several of the other minor German states, having a right to a seat in the House of Lords of the Kingdom of Würtemberg. There are Hohenlohes in France, and a prince of this house has held the rank of French field marshal, while another prince, Kraft Hohenlohe, is married to the daughter of the Marquise d'Imecourt, one of the most influential and grandest members of the French aristocracy, and sister of the present French minister of War, General the Marquis de Gallifet.

Prince Hermann Hohenlohe is married to a princess of the reigning house of Baden; Prince Philip Hohenlohe has sought a bride in Greece in the person of a daughter of Prince Ypsilanti, a name than which there is none more illustrious in the annals of modern Greece.

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There are Hohenlohes who are married to Spanish grandees, and there are others who are wedded to patricians of Rome and of Naples, while through the marriage of the Duke of Coburg's daughter, Alexandra, to Prince Hermann Hohenlohe, the latter has become a grandson of Queen Victoria.

It is true that the British sovereign was already previously allied by matrimonial ties to the house of Hohenlohe; for her step-sister married a Prince Hohenlohe, and it was her Britannic majesty who, on the premature death of her half-sister Feodora, assumed charge of her children, one of whom, Princess Adelaide Hohenlohe, widow of the late Duke of Augustenberg, is the mother of the present German Empress. Adelaide's brother, the late Prince Victor Hohenlohe, for many years filled the office of constable of Windsor Castle, and after greatly distinguishing himself in the English navy, in which he attained the rank of admiral, married into the English aristocracy, his children being known to-day under the name of Counts and Countesses Gleichen.

Of course, there are some drawbacks to relationship thus existing between the chief dignitaries of a number of different European courts, and it is no secret that the crushing character of the defeat sustained by the Austrian army at Sadowa, in 1866, was largely brought about by a private letter which Countess Clam-Gallas, wife of the Austrian generalissimo, wrote to her married sister at Berlin, in which she inadvertently disclosed the strategic projects and movements of her husband. This sister at Berlin showed it to her own husband, who communicated the important information contained therein to Bismarck and to Moltke, with the result that the Austrians were surprised. But such mistakes as these are of rare occurrence,

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and there is no doubt that they are more than counterbalanced by the advantages which would be derived were members of the house of Hohenlohe to become as influential in Russia and France as they are already to-day in Austria, Prussia, and all the other German states. The cause of peace would certainly be promoted by the extension of what may be described as the influence of the "Hohenlohe ring."

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CHAPTER XXXI

The Liechtensteins occupy an altogether exceptional position at the Court of Vienna, for although its princes form part of the Austrian nobility, and occupy seats in the house of lords at Vienna and at Pesth, they figure neither in Part III. of the Almanach de Gotha, among the families of the great aristocracy, nor in Part II., among the mediatized houses, but in Part I. among the sovereign dynasties; for Prince John Liechtenstein, the chief of the clan, is the ruler of the tiniest monarchical state in the Old World.

Its extent is about eight miles square, and its circumambulation makes it an easy day's walk for a healthy man. It is a constitutional monarchy, and has, since 1852, been bound to Austria by an alliance offensive and defensive.

In 1866, when war broke out between Austria and Prussia, Liechtenstein, mindful of the terms of its alliance, mobilized its little army of sixty-six men under a Captain Rheinberger, and marched its troops off to join the Austrian forces!

As the Liechtenstein corps was rather deliberate, not to say leisurely, in its movements, it had only reached about half way to the scene of hostilities when news was received of the disastrous battle of Sadowa, whereupon the captain and his merry men, realizing that they were too late to achieve any results, marched peacefully back.

At the conclusion of the conflict between Prussia and Austria, Liechtenstein was overlooked in the negotiations

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for the treaty of peace, and it was only ten or fifteen years later that by mere chance Prince Bismarck suddenly discovered that theoretically speaking Prussia was still in a state of war with Liechtenstein.

With a certain amount of humor he proceeded to remedy this condition of affairs in the most serious manner possible, and dispatched a plenipotentiary in due form to Vaduz, the capital of the principality, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of peace, apologizing that the matter should have been overlooked so long. It was not until then that Liechtenstein disbanded its army, and forever released its subjects from liability to military service.

The manner in which the now reigning Prince of Liechtenstein came to grant a constitution to his subjects is exceedingly comical. It was the result of a dispute between the people and their sovereign on the subject of his spending the greater part of the year in Vienna, or at his country seats in various parts of Austria and Hungary.

"I receive," he argued, "no civil list from my subjects. In fact, I actually pay them for the honor of being subject to my rule, and they pay no taxes. The entire expenditure in connection with the administration of the government is defrayed out of my own pocket. Why, then, should I not live where and how I like, instead of boring myself to death at Vaduz?"

"It is perfectly true," his subjects declared, "that we do not pay your highness a civil list, that we are burdened with no taxes, and that, on the contrary, we draw money from your highness's treasury; we admit all that, but, on the other hand, your highness is living an extravagant and dissipated life in Vienna, and the money you spend in that fashion would otherwise be spent in your own dominions to our benefit. We have, therefore, a right to object, and

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while we are on the subject, we may mention that we wish for a constitution and representative form of government just like the other nations of Europe."

After a considerable amount of discussion, a compromise was arranged, according to the terms of which the prince was permitted to remain resident abroad as much as he liked, but was compelled to endow his subjects with a full-fledged gilt-edged constitution, and a parliament of fifteen legislators, elected by the inhabitants, he, the prince, being of course compelled to pay their salaries.

I may add that when a Liechtensteiner commits a serious crime the principality has to hire prison accommodation for him in the neighboring Austrian town of Feldkirch, the prince, of course, paying the prisoner's board; for there is no such thing as a jail in the entire principality.

The reigning prince was formerly a very brilliant and prominent figure in Viennese society. But for the past twenty-five years he has led an existence which savors of the fairy-tale. He is afflicted with a most distressing malady, which makes it impossible for him to appear in public, and none ever see him save a few most trusted and devoted servants.

For the past quarter of a century, few, if any, of his relatives, and absolutely none of his friends and acquaintances have ever caught a glimpse of him. He lives a life which is solitary in one sense, yet not in another. His castles and palaces are filled with guests who are entertained in the most lavish manner in his name. He watches them from behind latticed windows and screens, and he listens to their conversation in the same manner, yet never, under any circumstances, do they ever see their kind and magnificently-hospitable host, though they are perfectly aware that he is under the same roof as themselves.

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Although no one, except those indicated, now knows Prince John by sight, there are few personages whose names evoke expressions of more universal sympathy, or who hold a higher place in the regard of the good people of Vienna, to whom only a year ago he presented the almost priceless collection of pictures, chiefly of old masters, which now constitute one of the chief attractions of the public art gallery.

Prince Francis, another Liechtenstein, has been for a number of years Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, and is so rich that he disdains to accept any financial remuneration for his services. But the most conspicuous of all the Liechtensteins is Prince Aloys, whose career has been of the most extraordinary character.

His first wife was the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Holland, and until the time of her marriage bore the name of Miss Mary Fox. At first, the members of his family declined to sanction the match on the ground of the inequality of birth, taking it for granted, in view of the profound secrecy which Lord and Lady Holland had always maintained concerning the girl's origin, that she was either a foundling, or else the offspring of some unlawful love. At the last moment, however, Lord Holland came forward, and, under the promise of secrecy, furnished proof that his adopted daughter was the fruit of a perfectly lawful union, and that she had royal blood in her veins.

All objections were at once waived, and the marriage took place with great pomp and ceremony in London, the prince's bride being received in Vienna with all the honors due to her rank.

She died suddenly, after a few years of happy marriage, without the mystery relating to her birth having ever been revealed to the public. Her death served to remove the

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restraints which had until that time kept her brilliant husband within bounds, and he proceeded to form that extraordinary school of politics and religion which is known by the name of Christian Socialism.

One fine day, however, he found himself called upon to vote for or against a heavy tax upon imported corn. Of course, his alliance with the Socialists, who were to a man opposed to this tax, demanded that he should vote against it. On the other hand, as he possesses enormous estates, his personal interests required that he should support the measure, and ultimately, with a cynicism truly aristocratic, he coolly voted for the measure, and consigned his Socialist friends to the hottest of hot regions.

The prince thereupon threw himself heart and soul into the advanced Catholic movement. He visited Rome, and expressed himself in such a violent manner concerning King Humbert and the "iniquity," as he described it, of robbing the Pope of his temporal power that he was expelled from the kingdom.

In course of time he became a source of embarrassment rather than of assistance to his Catholic friends, and when, ultimately, he, in a moment of religious enthusiasm, insisted on introducing into the Reichsrath a bill proposing the transfer of the control of national education from the state to the Church, even his ultramontane friends declined to follow him so far as that. This so enraged him that he proceeded to avenge what he regarded as a personal affront on the part of the Catholics by announcing his marriage with a very lovely divorcée, the notorious Madame Haupt.

There was, indeed, consternation in the clerical camp. It was as if the pastor of a strict Methodist congregation announced to the latter that he was going to wed a music-hall favorite. Even the very Jesuits who had educated

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the prince and had been his mentors, lost their heads, and told the prince plainly that he must choose between them—that is, between the political power which they command—and the lady. To their amazement he chose the lady, whom he proceeded to wed; his daughters by his first marriage giving a public demonstration of their aversion to the match by immediately entering a convent, and taking vows as nuns.

The history of the present wife of Prince Aloys Liechtenstein is an extraordinary one. Her charms enjoy probably a wider fame than those of any other lady now living, on account of the fact that she posed as a model for the foremost of the singularly scantily-robed figures which grace Makart's celebrated picture of the entry of Charles V. into Antwerp. She is the daughter of the Viennese jeweller, Klinkosch, and her first husband was the Viennese banker, Haupt, from whom she secured a most sensational divorce on the same ground that enabled both the late Lady Millais and the late Duchess de Frias to secure the dissolution of their first marriages. Herr Haupt, with the same chivalry which distinguished John Ruskin and Sir John Crampton in the analogous cases just quoted, declined to offer any defense, although in his case he would have had ample ground for demanding a divorce in his own favor, that, too, on statutory grounds. The nature of the lady may best be appreciated by the fact that, utterly indifferent to the generosity displayed by Herr Haupt, she actually caused to be printed a pamphlet holding him up to ridicule, and entitled *Ich ein Vollblutt, er ein Maulthier* [I a thoroughbred, he a mule].

For a short time after marrying this extraordinary woman, the prince remained in retirement, but it was not long before he was back in the arena of politics, this time as the

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sworn foe of the Jews, and as the leader of the anti-Jewish movement, which under his guidance has become an all-important factor in the public life of Austria, as well as of Hungary. It was largely owing to his eloquence and political strategy that the anti-Semite, Dr. Lueger, was elected mayor of Vienna and that the emperor and the government, despite the opposition of the Rothschilds, were obliged to ratify his election, and to recognize him as chief magistrate of the metropolis.

It is difficult to describe the violence of the prince's attacks upon the Hebrews, and he has not hesitated to repeatedly declare on the platform that Austria could not hope to prosper until the people had risen in their might and driven all the Jews from the land, confiscating their ill-gotten wealth and property.

It is impossible to predict what the final metamorphosis of this singularly brilliant, yet wrong-headed prince will be. He has played so many rôles, and figured in so many different parts, including those of a cavalry officer, a diplomat and a racing-stable owner, that it is difficult to pronounce any opinion on the subject. The people who know him best, however, are of the opinion that he will die in the cowl of a monk, and that after having tasted every form of pleasure and excitement the world can offer, he will, finally disgusted and disillusioned with everything and everybody, cut himself adrift from the world, and bury himself in some monastery.

It is his cousin, Prince Rudolph Liechtenstein, who is now the grand master and grand marshal of the court, after having been for many years the principal equerry of the empress, and her faithful escort in all her hunting expeditions. He is a bachelor of about fifty-two or fifty-three years of age, tall, spare and distinguished-looking, as

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are all the men of his family, an unrivalled sportsman, and possessed of a profound knowledge of all the ins and outs of Austrian society, as well as of the intricate etiquette of the court of Vienna, so that he is peculiarly well-fitted for his post.

It is under his régime that a number of reforms, particularly in the direction of economy, have been adopted at court. Following the example set by the present Queen Regent of Spain, he abolished all those extensive servants' and employees' perquisites which until that time constituted one of the principal features of expense to Emperor Francis-Joseph. For instance, it had been the rule for generations that whenever anything in the shape of provisions, fruit, wines, liqueurs, bonbons, flowers, etc., left the palace store-rooms or hot-houses under the requisition of this or that dignitary of the household, they should never, under any circumstances be returned thither, no matter whether used or not. Inasmuch as at each dinner given by the emperor, for instance, at least three or four times the number of bottles of costly wine needed for the function were taken from the palace cellars, all those bottles left over, two-thirds of which were invariably still unopened, became the perquisites of the servants, who found a ready sale for them, even among the *bourgeoisie* of the Austrian capital, these people being only too glad to be able to purchase, at a moderate cost, wines almost worth their weight in gold.

In the same way, the imperial servants had a traditional and daily right to a certain number of wax candles, either two or three, I forget which, and this again was another terrible source of expense, the perquisites in this particular actually averaging as much as two wax candles apiece for each servant every day all the year round.

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Prince Rudolph Liechtenstein put an end to all this, much to the dismay of the servants themselves and to the disgust of those court officials who had been in the habit of living on the fat of the land at a small price, by means of an arrangement with the emperor's domestics, which made it possible for them to buy imperial viands, wines, groceries, in fact, almost every conceivable thing needed for their maintenance, at very reduced prices indeed.

Had it not been for the fact that Prince Rudolph is an immense favorite with the emperor, that he has great personal wealth, and that he is a prince of that sovereign house of Liechtenstein, the junior members of which constitute the very cream of the Austrian aristocracy, and as such possesses a vast social influence, intrigues would, doubtless, have been organized against him, with a view of ousting him from his position, and discrediting him with the emperor.

Francis-Joseph of Austria is himself a most thrifty man, extravagant only in his charities, and lives on the plainest fare and in the most simple fashion. Under the circumstances, it will be readily understood that he was the first to appreciate the reforms inaugurated by the grand marshal of his court.

The emperor's grand master of the horse is Count Ferdinand Kinsky, who owes this post mainly to the fact that he is the husband of that beautiful Princess Aglăe Auersperg, around whose name there hovered a good deal of romance just about the time of Crown Prince Rudolph's death.

Born at about the same time as the emperor's youngest and favorite daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, and losing her mother shortly after her birth, she may be said to have been adopted by the late empress from her infancy, and

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she was brought up with the archduchess. She shared the latter's lessons, her pleasures and even her apartments, and not a portrait was taken of the archduchess in which her playmate did not figure beside her. They formed an attractive pair, Valerie with her burnished-bronze hair, and splendid eyes, reminding one of her mother's, and Princess Aglăe with her magnificent blue eyes, her long fair hair, and her peach-like skin. About three months before the tragedy of Mayerling took place, the princess was compelled, in consequence of her failing health, to spend the winter in Algiers. She was there with one of her brothers and some intimate friends when the crown prince's death occurred, and an attempt was foolishly and immediately made to connect her name with the tragedy. People insisted that if she had gone to Algeria, it was for the purpose of avoiding the attentions of the crown prince, which she did not dare to repel altogether, or to complain of to the empress, feeling that it would appear as an act of ingratitude in view of the kindness lavished upon her by her majesty. Some even went so far as to allege that she had been ruined by the crown prince, and that the latter's death was attributable to the vengeance of her brothers. There was, it is needless to say, not the shadow of a foundation for these stories; for the Princes Auersperg retained their commissions in the army, and their places in society, which they could not have done had their hands been stained with the blood of the only son of their sovereign; while Princess Aglăe was subsequently one of the most conspicuous guests at Archduchess Valerie's wedding, the archduchess, in turn, being present later at the marriage of her girlhood friend to Count Ferdinand Kinsky.

The latter, at the time when he led young Princess Auersperg to the altar, enjoyed the reputation of being the

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handsomest man in the Austrian army. He is a son of Prince Kinsky, and a younger brother of Charles Kinsky, the most famous gentleman-rider in Europe, who won the Grand National at Liverpool, besides very many other great races.

Another very important personage at the Court of Vienna is Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis, who was created a duke last year by his uncle, Emperor Francis-Joseph, and who is hereditary postmaster-general of the German empire, and whose family had, until 1856, the right of printing their armorial bearings on all postage stamps. Previous to the introduction of the international postal system, the Thurn and Taxis family enjoyed for several hundred years the monopoly of the conveyance of letters and parcels throughout the length and breadth of the German Empire, which up to the close of the last century extended all the way to the Netherlands.

The young prince himself is doubly related to the reigning family, for he is married to an imperial archduchess, a daughter of Archduke Joseph, who makes his home in Hungary, while his mother was Princess Hélène of Bavaria, whom Emperor Francis-Joseph deliberately jilted in order to marry her younger sister Elizabeth.

Princess Hélène, who was a remarkably gifted and beautiful woman, took the disappointment very well, although it must have been a cruel blow, as well as a terrible slight. She remained the best friend of Empress Elizabeth, her most trusted adviser, and the confidante of all her sorrows, both prior and subsequent to her loveless marriage to the late Prince Thurn and Taxis; and so profound was the affection which existed between the two sisters, that when Princess Hélène died, after a number of years of widowhood, the empress took charge of her son,

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and acted the part of mother to him until he came of age.

To-day the prince is one of the best-looking, and certainly one of the most magnificent of the great nobles of the Court of Vienna. He maintains a household, or rather a small court, fit for a reigning prince, his establishment comprising equerries, chamberlains, ladies-in-waiting, private chaplains, private secretaries, etc. His private railroad train is much more gorgeous than that of his uncle, the emperor, and he is so particular about his dress that he never wears the same suit of civilian clothes twice.

He is an amiable youth, but something of a despot towards the members of his family, being especially strict and severe about all questions of mésalliance. In fact, he seems to find it difficult to realize that the days have passed when the chief of his house had the right of life and death over its members.

Everyone, I suppose, knows the story of how, in the year when the independence of the United States was proclaimed, the wife of the then head of the house of Thurn and Taxis was decapitated by the public executioner of Strasburg in his castle of Ludwigslust.

The prince, whose Christian name was Victor, found evidence of an intrigue between his consort, Princess Olivia and a worthless adventurer who had been indiscreet in boasting of his conquest. The prince declined to seek redress in any public court of justice. He himself sentenced the princess to death, and the executioner having been summoned from Strasburg, was conducted to the "Owl Tower" of the castle, where he found a scaffold hung with black cloth, and in the middle of it a chair with a low back. Shortly afterwards a lady was led in by two persons. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her

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face was wholly concealed by a thick veil, the back of her neck, however, being left exposed. She was seated in the chair, and her attendants proceeded to tie her hands behind her, and her legs to the chair.

Not a word was spoken by the few people present, and nothing was heard excepting the murmured prayers of a monk, who stood by the side of the victim. At length, on a signal given by Prince Thurn and Taxis, the ecclesiastic withdrew, the executioner swung his sword, and so deftly did he perform his task that the head of the princess rolled on the floor wrapped in its long black veil. The executioner having received a handsome fee for his services, was driven back to Strasburg, where he placed on official record his night's work, which subsequently became public. Nor was any attempt made to call the prince to account for this high-handed act, for he was held to have in no sense exceeded his rights and prerogatives as chief of the illustrious family of Thurn and Taxis.

One of the cleverest members of this family is Prince Rudolph Thurn and Taxis, who some time ago renounced his titles in order to adopt that of Baron von Briskòw, conferred upon him by Emperor Francis-Joseph. Rudolph was the first Austrian prince to go through a university course and to graduate as a doctor of law. Falling in love with a beautiful actress named Jennie Standler, he made her his wife, and realizing that his position in Austria and Germany would be impossible under the circumstances, he resolved to leave the country, and to settle abroad, where he would be able to earn his livelihood without being subjected to any persecution or annoyance on the part of his relatives or their friends.

He migrated to Philippopolis, and availing himself of his degree of doctor of law, he commenced practising at

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the bar under the name of "Dr. Taxis," observing strict secrecy concerning his real name and rank. In course of time he became the chief judge of Eastern Roumelia. It is possible that his identity might have remained a secret forever had not one of the Princes of Schwartzenberg fallen in love with his daughter. The interest thus originated led Prince Schwartzenberg to make inquiries concerning the family of his sweetheart, and on discovering who the Bulgarian judge really was, he urged upon him to take steps to secure a share of the fortune of his family, to which he was entitled, and at the same time to obtain the sanction of the emperor and the head of the house of Thurn and Taxis to his marriage, failing which, his children, he pointed out, would be regarded as illegitimate.

"Dr. Taxis" eventually yielded to the solicitations of young Prince Schwartzenberg, and effected a compromise, according to the terms of which his marriage was recognized, and his children legitimized, on the condition that he abandoned all rights to the title of a Prince Thurn and Taxis, receiving instead the Barony of Briskòw, and a large annuity in perpetuity for himself and his male descendants, chargeable upon the Thurn and Taxis estates. His daughter has since become the wife of Prince Schwarzenberg.

I must not omit to mention in this short nomenclature of the great nobles of the Court of Vienna the Esterhazys, whose power and grandeur are such that when in the early part of the century, Emperor Napoleon I. offered to make the then chief of the house King of Hungary, thus restoring to the Magyar kingdom its ardently desired independence, the prince proudly replied that he cared nothing for the French emperor's offer, and that no royal crown, or anything else that Napoleon had the power

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to offer, could add anything whatever to the exalted rank of the house of Esterhazy.

The estates of this family, though considerably diminished, still exceed Ireland in size, and comprise cities, towns, and villages.

When Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, who had spurned Napoleon's advances, visited England in the early part of the century, and was asked by the Earl of Leicester if he had in Hungary as many sheep as the immense flocks for which Holkham was celebrated, and which extended as far as the eye could see, the prince shrugged his shoulders, and replied that he could show on his Hungarian estates as many shepherds as the earl had sheep!

It was this same prince who was the friend and patron of the great composer, Haydn, and the latter composed some of his most glorious works beneath the roof of Esterhazy, whose private "chapelle de musique" he conducted.

Prince Nicholas's son, Prince Paul, was ambassador in London, and was famous for his gorgeously jewelled Hungarian dress, which he wore on all state occasions, and which was adorned with diamonds valued at two million dollars. It used to be said that it cost the prince five hundred dollars for repairing the injury done to the smaller diamonds each time that he wore this magnificent dress.

Prince Paul married Lady Sarah Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, and it is her son, General Prince Aloys Esterhazy, who is at the present moment military attaché of the Austrian embassy in London; the British capital having been his home during six months of each year for more than three decades past, the remainder of his time being spent in Vienna.

His elder brother, Prince Paul, died about two years ago, and the present head of the house is his nephew, Prince

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Nicholas, who assuredly maintains the traditions of independence of his family; for after a marriage had been arranged for him with Archduchess Christine, eldest daughter of Archduke and Archduchess Frederick, he deliberately jilted her in order to wed a Countess Marguerite Cziraky, whom he considered to be better-looking—in a word, more fascinating.

The family is now divided into three branches, the heads of the two junior ones being Counts Maurice and Francis Esterhazy.

All the encumbrances which, fifty years ago, so seriously embarrassed the family have now been paid off, and the former glories of the house have returned to it; the property owned by the family comprises twenty-nine separate estates, twenty-one country seats, sixty cities and market towns, and four hundred and forty villages.

The Esterhazys claim to be lineal descendants of Attila, king of the Huns, and the earliest records of Hungarian history show the Esterhazys to have already been great magnates and lords. In the seventeenth century, they espoused the doctrines of Luther, but later on recanted them, and became the patrons of the Jesuits and chiefs of the Catholic party in Hungary, which they remain to this day.

The name of Galantha, which the princes and counts of this family bear to-day in connection with the name of Esterhazy, was conferred upon a certain Paul Esterhazy as a reward for his gallantry in the wars against the Turks,—services so distinguished that he received at the same time the right of coining money, and of conferring titles of nobility.

One curious point about this great family is their extraordinary comeliness. The Huns, and in particular Attila,

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from whom the Esterhazys claim descent, were hideous, short, squat, broad-faced, with leering eyes, and mouths extending from ear to ear. There is no trace of this hideousness in any of the Esterhazys of to-day, possibly due to the fact that for hundreds of years, owing to their colossal wealth and their power and rank, they were always able to pick out the most beautiful women for their consorts.

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CHAPTER XXXII

There are but two members of the Hebrew faith and race who are to be met with at the Court of Austria, and who, in spite of the very pronounced prejudice on the part of the old Austrian aristocracy against this people, are nevertheless received in the highest circle of Viennese society. They are the Barons Nathaniel and Albert Rothschild, each of whom holds a patent from the emperor, which has been published in the *Official Gazette*, and which grants to them *hoffähigkeit*, that is to say, the right of forming part of the outer court circle.

There are a number of official personages of obscure birth and of plebeian origin who, by reason of the offices which they hold and of the decorations and orders which they possess, are invited to attend great state functions at court; but they are only present on such occasions by virtue of an invitation, and not as a right, and of course are absent from any of the more intimate court entertainments and ceremonies, which are restricted to nobles of both sexes who possess a sufficiently blue-blooded ancestry, free from all plebeian strain, to render them "hoffähig:" the only exceptions that the emperor has made so far as men are concerned, are in favor of the two Barons Rothschild, and the privilege was regarded as of such an extraordinary and unusual character that it formed the subject of a special decree, much commented upon, and taken amiss by many.

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While these imperial honors thus granted to Albert and Nathaniel Rothschild constitute a recognition of the services rendered by them to the Austro-Hungarian government in their capacity of financiers, their admission to court society must be ascribed entirely to the influence and also to the sense of gratitude of Princess Pauline Metternich, and it speaks volumes for the extent of her social prestige and power on the banks of the Danube that she should have been able to effect this in face of the opposition of several members of the imperial family, notably of the late Archduke Charles-Louis, and of his imperious consort, Archduchess Marie-Thérèse, who, more intensely than all the other Hapsburgs, distrust and hate all Hebrews.

When Princess Metternich went to Paris as the wife of the ambassador to the Court of the Tuileries, she found Baron and Baroness Alphonse Rothschild occupying quite a prominent position in Parisian Napoleonic society, and figuring conspicuously in the *entourage* of the parvenu French emperor and empress. She had to choose between the alternative of ignoring them, as the members of the Hebrew race had until that time been socially ignored at Vienna, or of following the example of the Parisian Bonapartist world, and accepting them.

Like a sensible woman, she chose the latter almost inevitable alternative, her position as ambassadress considered, and found less reason to regret it than one might have supposed; for Baroness Alphonse Rothschild, who had been brought up in England, was a very witty and attractive woman, with whom she had, in fact, some tastes in common. Indeed, the two became quite friendly, and on several occasions when the Metternichs, by reason of the appalling extravagance which prevailed in court life at Paris during the closing years of the empire, became in-

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volved in temporary financial difficulties, Baron Alphonse Rothschild was only too delighted to come to the assistance both of the prince and princess in the most lavish manner.

Later on, after the fall of the French empire, when the princess had resumed her position in society at Vienna, and become its acknowledged leader, one of the daughters of Baron and Baroness Alphonse Rothschild married Albert Rothschild, now chief of the Viennese branch of the great banking house. Princess Metternich had known Baron Albert's bride from the latter's early childhood, and had while at Paris become quite attached to the young girl, who was singularly free from any Hebraic traits. She had not the heart, therefore, to close her door against her when she came to Vienna, in spite of the rules of Austrian society in such matters. She accordingly boldly intimated to her friends that she was very fond of the young girl, and that she intended to add her name to her visiting list, to call upon her as soon as she came to Vienna, and to open her house to her.

At first there was a great outcry; but the princess, encouraged by the late empress, whose kind and over-sensitive heart could not forget the help tendered by the Adolph Rothschilds to her sister and brother-in-law, the ex-Queen and ex-King of Naples, at a moment of grievous trouble, stood firm, declaring that if she had found the Rothschilds sufficiently desirable people to associate with at Paris, she was certainly not disposed, after accepting their hospitality on the banks of the Seine, to refuse to return the same on the banks of the Danube.

The princess carried the day.

Baroness Albert was eventually voted acceptable by many, for she was unaffected, unostentatious, and chari-

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table in the extreme, and when she died in childbirth, her demise was sincerely mourned, Princess Metternich displaying an altogether maternal solicitude and kindness to her six motherless children.

Of course, the acceptance by society of Bettina Rothschild involved the recognition of her husband, Baron Albert, who is a very clever and well-mannered man, and possesses a correctness of appearance which his brother Nathaniel can scarcely be said to enjoy.

Nathaniel is a great character in his way. He cares nothing whatsoever for business, but devotes himself entirely to society, to philanthropy and to hospitality. In course of time, he became a particular favorite of Princess Metternich, who ended by invariably getting him to take charge of all her charitable fêtes and entertainments, treating him, in fact, as a friend, and jokingly describing him as "Mein Haus-Jude" [My house Jew], in remembrance of the time when each of the grand families of the Austrian aristocracy had a Hebrew attached to their households to manage the financial and business affairs thereof, and who went by the name of the "Haus-Jude."

Indeed, the fortunes of the now powerful Rothschild family may be said to date from the time when old Meyer Rothschild entered the service of the reigning Elector of Hesse Cassel as his "House Jew."

When the elector was forced by the French invasion under Napoleon to take to flight, he left money to the amount of some five million dollars in the hands of his "Haus-Jude," having neither receipt nor any kind of paper to show that he had confided any money to Meyer Rothschild.

On the fall of Napoleon, the elector, who had never dreamed of seeing his money again, was gratified to receive

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a notification from his "Haus-Jude" to the effect that his money was perfectly safe, that by dint of careful management and fortunate investments he had trebled the original capital, and that the entire amount, save for the charges of management, was at the disposal of the elector.

The latter was so delighted, that at the Congress of Vienna he was never tired of telling the story to the assembled sovereigns and plenipotentiaries, and thus gave the Rothschild banking-house an advertisement of unprecedented and unparalleled value. One of the immediate results thereof was that the Austrian government transferred its entire financial business to the Rothschilds, who established a branch at Vienna, and so great were the services of the firm to the imperial exchequer, that already in 1817 Meyer's son, Solomon, in charge of the Viennese house, was ennobled by the emperor, the entire family being raised to the rank of Austrian barons in 1822.

Ten years later, the municipality of Vienna, which is now animated by sentiments of such bitter hostility to the Hebrew race, created Baron Solomon an honorary Freeman of the City, the compliment being all the more highly prized in view of the fact that at that time, Jews were still excluded from the rights of citizenship. The municipality gave as its reason for this honor conferred upon the baron, his public spirit, his charity, and his great exertion for the welfare of the Austrian metropolis.

To-day, both Nathaniel and Albert, grandsons of Solomon, are members of the Austrian House of Lords and Grand Crosses of several Austrian Orders of chivalry, by virtue of which they are entitled to be addressed as "Excellency." These honors are, one is bound to confess, deserved; for if throughout the past half-century or more, the finances of both Austria and Hungary have always been

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well managed, and if Austro-Hungarian credit has always ranked particularly high abroad, it is largely due to the house of Rothschild.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, whose appearance is somewhat Falstaffian, and who is the most genial of *bon-vivants*, is an extremely witty man, and invariably manages to get even, usually in an amusing manner, with those who have intentionally offended or slighted him. The way in which he got the better of Archduke Charles-Louis and his beautiful archduchess is sufficiently characteristic to merit being placed on record.

Finding that the archduke and archduchess had established their summer residence at Reichenau, one of the most picturesquely and charmingly situated spots in the neighborhood of Vienna, Baron "Natty" Rothschild proceeded to purchase through a third party a large tract of ground adjoining and overlooking the estate of the archduke. He thereupon proceeded to erect a magnificent château, which completely cast into the shade the country-seat of the archduke, and after having had it furnished, took up his residence there for a short time, establishing a number of superb greenhouses and conservatories on the place.

The archduke, extremely indignant at what he regarded as the impudence of the baron, set to work to render the financier's sojourn there as unpleasant as he could. He denied him access to certain roads over the imperial estates, which were freely used by all the other residents and inhabitants of Reichenau, and absolutely ignored the salutations which the baron considered it proper to address to him as a member of the imperial house, when he met him out riding or driving.

It will scarcely be believed that after having thus shown

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in a pointed manner his ill-will to the baron, the archduke should one day have sent to say that he wished to show some friends over the Rothschild orchid-houses, adding that he did not wish that the baron himself should be in any way disturbed, this being equivalent to an intimation that he did not desire to see him. "*Natty*," with a degree of spirit and independence, which pleased instead of offended the Viennese, declined to grant the favor which the archduke had requested in so peculiar a fashion, and for once in his life Charles-Louis, who was at the time heir to the throne, found a door closed in his imperial face, and that door, the door of a much-despised Jew.

His indignation knew no bounds, and instead of keeping the matter to himself, he at once published far and wide the insult to which he claimed that he had been subjected, failing to realize the fact that he had deliberately exposed himself thereto, and in the opinion of most people had received nothing but what he had deserved.

The baron was so pleased by the manner in which the greater portion of society at Vienna took his side in his dispute with the archduke, that he thereupon took steps to put into execution, without any further delay, the project which he had in view when he first purchased the property at Reichenau.

He wrote a letter to the city government of Vienna, offering to present his château and park, valued together at two million five hundred thousand dollars, for use as a convalescent home and hospital for consumptives, and to make the matter more pointed he suggested that it should constitute an annex and branch establishment of that particular Viennese hospital of which Archduke Charles-Louis was president.

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Of course, a tremendous row ensued, and owing to the pronounced opposition of the archduke, the baron's offer was declined; his imperial highness, however, who did not relish the idea of having a consumptives' hospital so near his summer home, incurred much popular odium for preferring the health and interest of his own family to those of the pauper sick of Vienna.

Nothing daunted, the baron thereupon presented the estate to the Austrian war department, together with a handsome endowment, for use as a home for invalid soldiers. The gift aroused so much enthusiasm in military circles, that the archduke no longer dared to stand in the way of the baron's philanthropic intentions, and resolved to himself withdraw from Reichenau, putting up his own country-seat for sale. The baron immediately purchased it, and added it to his enormous institution for old soldiers, the emperor conferring upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of Francis-Joseph, by way of recognition of his generosity; an act of imperial favor which was, naturally, gall and wormwood to the archduke.

It is due to the more enlightened views of Emperor Francis-Joseph on the subject of the Hebrew race, that there are to-day officers professing the Hebrew faith holding commissions in the Austro-Hungarian army, whereas there is not one in active service holding a commission in the German army from Emperor William.

Strange to relate, it is a Jewish field officer, General von Porges, who now holds the command of the fortress of Prsemysl, which owing to the position it occupies on the Russian frontier of Austria may be said to constitute the most important of all the keys to the Dual Empire.

When the old Grand Duke Michael of Russia some time ago celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his joining the

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army, a deputation of officers from the Austrian regiment of which he is colonel-in-chief proceeded to St. Petersburg by order of Francis-Joseph, to convey to him the congratulations of the Austrian army. At the head of the deputation was the commanding officer of the regiment, Colonel Baron von Schweitzer, a professing Jew, and before returning to Vienna he was accorded the honor of a private audience by the present czar, who conferred upon him a high Russian order.

But the most distinguished Jewish officer in the army is old General Baron von Eiss, for a number of years the commanding officer of the garrison at Brunn. He is a general favorite, which considering that he belongs to the despised race, is nothing short of a miracle, and his breast is covered with orders, chief among which is the great gold medal for conspicuous and extraordinary gallantry on the battlefield.

This old officer was slated for the Cross of the Order of Maria-Theresa, only granted for some extraordinary feat of daring in war. It is the highest military distinction in the Old World, ranking even higher than the Victoria Cross in England, or the St. George's Cross in Russia; and that it is but rarely conferred may be gathered from the fact that to-day there are but six officers in the Austro-Hungarian army whose breasts are adorned with this most highly-prized decoration.

The statutes of this grand Order, which was founded in the middle of the last century by Empress Maria-Theresa, restricts its membership to Christians, and General Von Eiss was informed that having been elected by the Chapter of the Order, on the proposal of the Emperor, the decoration would be conferred upon him if he would consent to become a convert to Christianity. Called upon to thus

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choose between the grandest prize of the military profession, and apostasy, the gallant old soldier elected to sacrifice the distinction rather than to abandon his religion, and there is not an officer in the whole Austrian army who does not honor him for his loyalty to his creed. All military men realize, moreover, what it must have cost him to forego the Maria-Theresa Cross, which was within his grasp, and admire him for his steadfast conduct.

It may be hoped that the emperor's successor, Archduke Francis, will show as much enlightenment and progressiveness in dealing with his Jewish subjects as Francis-Joseph does, and that he will have the good sense to lay aside the prejudices, somewhat exaggerated, it must be admitted, which he inherited from his father, Archduke Charles-Louis. History shows that liberal treatment of the Hebrew race has always brought prosperity and wealth to the nation that displayed liberal opinions in the matter, and that persecution of the Jews has chiefly resulted in a decline of the people's well-being. The power and riches of Spain commenced to wane from the time when the Jews were expelled from the kingdom. Russia is to-day suffering acutely from a perfect avalanche of economic difficulties, which are clearly traceable to the ill-treatment of the Hebrew race by the government and the people, while the phenomenal progress of Great Britain and the United States, and the advance of their prosperity with giant strides, may in the same way be ascribed to the fact that Jews enjoy precisely the same political rights and advantages as people of any other race or creed, all this being easily explained in six words: The Jews are the moneyed race!

While Emperor William has not, since his accession to

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the throne, given any token of approval of that anti-Jewish movement which he championed and endorsed at the Stöcker meetings in the drawing-rooms of the American born Countess Waldersee during the lifetime of his father and grandfather, yet the fact remains that he does not favor the presence of Jews in the ranks of the commissioned officers of his army; and the very few who wore the epaulets when he became emperor eleven years ago have either been induced to withdraw altogether from the army, or else have been placed on the retired list. Emperor William manifestly does not set any store on Jewish soldiers, and is inclined to attach more weight to the story told in connection with one of the Frankfort Rothschilds, than to the fact that several thousand members of the "Chosen Race" fought for Germany in the war of 1870.

The story in question is as follows: It seems that Baron Meyer Rothschild of Frankfort, being anxious to remove the reputation for pacific timidity under which his race labors, gave notice that he would present a very large sum of money to any Hebrew soldier in the German army who might capture a French flag.

In course of time the reward was claimed by a German soldier of Jewish faith. After the baron had received the flag, he invited the "doughty" warrior into his private office and begged him to describe the glorious episode.

"Well, Herr Baron, it was this way," replied the man. "The French soldier who carried the flag was likewise a member of our race, and so we have gone in together on joint account, and I am to share the reward with him!"

Neither the old Emperor William nor Prince Bismarck held similar views. For it is well known that the prince

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wished to marry his younger son, Count William, to one of the daughters of the Frankfort Rothschilds, and that on two separate occasions he made a definite offer of such a marriage, which was rejected by the Rothschilds solely on religious grounds, the prince having stipulated that his daughter-in-law should become a convert to Christianity. The late Princess Bismarck was a most intimate friend of Baroness "Willie" Rothschild, and it may not generally be known that Bismarck himself had Hebrew blood in his veins; his maternal grandfather, Menkel, having been a converted Jew.

Bismarck, moreover, remains on record as having frequently asserted that from a physical and intellectual point of view, there was no finer cross than that between the Teuton nobility and the Hebrew race!

As long as Bismarck remained chancellor the Jews enjoyed an exceptional position. Indeed, the principal financial adviser of the prince, from the time he became premier of Prussia until his overthrow, was the Hebrew banker, Bleichröder.

During that time, the baron's influence was second only to that of the chancellor, throughout the length and breadth of the German empire, and it was the colossal sums which the baron was able to dispose of that enabled Prince Bismarck to so frequently defy, first the Prussian Diet, then the "Zollverein Parliament," and lastly the "Reichstag," whenever any of the legislators attempted to bend the prince to their will by means of tightening the national purse-strings. It was Bleichröder who furnished him with the money to carry on the government, to reorganize the army, to defray the cost of the wars of 1864 and 1866, and to bring them to a successful issue in the face of the most violent opposition on the part of the

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Prussian Diet; and again in 1870, during the Franco-German war, he came to the rescue of the chancellor and the Prussian government.

Created a baron for his inestimable services to the government,—I may add that he was the financial agent of the German Empire through whom the colossal war indemnity exacted from France was paid,—the old financier became imbued, like so many of his race and class, with social aspirations. He had but one son, and a daughter, and he sought admission for them to the most exclusive circles at Berlin, hoping to succeed in this as well as Albert and Nathaniel Rothschild had done at Vienna. He took the ground that the services that he had rendered to the Prussian state and to the German Empire were every bit as important as those that the Rothschilds had rendered to Austro-Hungary, and added that he could not see why he should not enjoy a similar reward. Unfortunately for him, he had no Princess Metternich at Berlin to champion his cause, and even Bismarck's immense power was not sufficient to beat down the wall of social prejudice that existed at Berlin against the members of his race.

It is difficult to conceive the humiliations to which the old banker and his two children were subjected. With the utmost difficulty a commission was secured for his son, the young baron, in one of the regiments of guards, not, it is true, in the actual regiment, but merely as an officer of the reserve. As such, he had a right to wear the uniform, and was called upon to fulfil certain occasional military duties. These were, however, rendered intolerable by the attitude of his fellow officers, who subjected him to the most cruel ostracism. On one occasion, while attending the manœuvres of his corps, the colonel had the bugle sounded to summon the officers around him. Lieutenant Bleichröder

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naturally came up with the rest. But the commander turned to him with the words:

"Sir, I wish it to be distinctly understood that when I summon my officers I do not wish you to consider yourself among the number."

On another occasion, the old banker thought it might improve his son's position with his comrades if he were to invite them to dinner.

Accordingly, he addressed an invitation to the entire body of officers of the regiment. The invitation was at first declined, and that, too, in the curtest and coldest fashion. The old emperor, on hearing about it, however, through Prince Bismarck, to whom the banker had complained, summoned the colonel, and ordered the acceptance of the invitation. At the appointed time, the entire body of officers, with the colonel at their head, arrived at the magnificent Bleichröder palace, in the Behrenstrasse, and on entering the baron's salons, the colonel exclaimed, with a slight inclination of the head to his host: "At the command of his majesty, we appear here for dinner."

Silence reigned throughout the meal, at the close of which every officer left the house without returning to the drawing-room.

Young Bleichröder eventually left the army under circumstances which have never been satisfactorily explained. He was endeavoring to make his way through a crowd assembled around the gates of the imperial palace in order to see the emperor drive out, and got into some sort of altercation. In the course of the latter, he is asserted to have made a remark which was construed as disrespectful to his majesty, on the strength of which his face was slapped by a fellow officer. This is the story related in the regiment to which he belonged, although the young baron denied

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either having spoken disrespectfully of his majesty, or having had his face slapped. But the fact remains that he resigned his commission forty-eight hours later, severing his connection with the army, and that his discharge was granted without a single word of comment, and with evident relief on the part of his chiefs.

Still more unfortunate has been the experience of the young baron's only sister. Her father, in the hope of securing her entrée in society, secured for her the chaperonage of the popular Countess Schleinitz, the wife of the minister of the royal and imperial household. The countess, who used to be known by the nickname of "Princess Trompette," on account of her devotion to Wagner, and her passionate enthusiasm on the subject of his music, and who is to-day the wife of Count Wolkenstein, Austro-Hungarian ambassador at Paris, did everything that she could, in order to loyally fulfil the duties which she had undertaken. But it was without much avail, for after causing her to be invited to a court ball, all the obstacles on the score of lineage having been waived by the personal orders of the emperor, she was ignored in the most cruel fashion by everyone present.

Unfortunately for her, she possessed no beauty either of face or figure, and consequently the gorgeousness of her dress and the magnificence of her jewels merely served to intensify her lack of comeliness.

The emperor had given orders to the marshal of the court and to the masters of the ceremonies that young officers were to dance with the girl, but only one of them obeyed, and as he made his bow to her he exclaimed: "Fraulein, I have the orders of the emperor to ask you to dance," and after dancing a few turns, he conducted her to her seat, at once withdrawing.

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Not a single lady, with the exception of Countess Schleinitz, spoke to the unfortunate girl throughout the entire evening, and Empress Augusta herself manifested so much displeasure at her presence that the marshal of the court was encouraged thereby to intimate to the masters of ceremonies under his orders that the commands of the old kaiser to find partners for her might be considered as rescinded.

The old monarch himself spoke a few words to her, but, save for this, she was subjected to the most cruel frost throughout the entire evening, the observed of all unfriendly observers; and she never ventured to repeat the experiment. The climax of the unfortunate girl's humiliation came to her in connection with her marriage. In spite of the contumely to which both her father and brother, as well as she herself, had been subjected by the aristocracy, she made up her mind with extraordinary obstinacy that she would marry no one but a nobleman of ancient lineage. Among the impecunious suitors who took advantage of their knowledge of this determination on the part of Mlle. Bleichröder, was a certain Baron Suchtritz, belonging to one of the most ancient families of Germany, and who was an officer of the guards. The marriage took place in 1887, and the bride received a dowry of several million marks, two magnificent estates in Silesia, near Breslau, in addition to which the bridegroom had his enormous debts paid in full by his father-in-law.

For some time after the marriage, which attracted much attention at the time, the young couple resided on their estate at Huenern. But within three months after the marriage Baron Suchtritz suddenly deserted his wife, and departed for foreign lands, without leaving any address. Simultaneously, a very beautiful woman named Eiseman

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disappeared from Breslau; and the climax was reached when the deserted wife was notified that the country-seat and handsome estate where she was living, and which had constituted part of her dowry, had passed into other hands, having been sold without her knowledge by her husband for a large sum of money.

The baroness returned to her father, and a year later obtained a divorce, on the ground of her husband's misconduct and desertion. During the course of the trial, the fact was brought to light that Madame Eiseman, whose intimacy with the baron existed previous to his marriage, had followed the young couple about from place to place during their honeymoon; indeed, scarcely a day had passed on which she had not been visited by the bridegroom.

As the baron coolly refused to refund to his former wife a single penny of her dowry, and as it was discovered that the marriage was merely a preconceived plan of obtaining some of Baron Bleichröder's millions,—a plan of which the amiable Suchtritz had publicly boasted to his brother officers—his conduct was made the subject of inquiry by a Court of Honor, composed of officers of the brigade of guards. Their first verdict was to acquit the baron of any misconduct; but the emperor declined to approve this decision, and, subsequently, in deference to his commands, a decision was rendered to the effect that the baron had been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. On the strength of this, the emperor at once cashiered him, and he has since that time made his home in Austria.

To-day old Baron Bleichröder is dead, and both his son and his daughter have been cured definitely of all their social aspirations.

The episode of the young baroness's only appearance at

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a Berlin Court ball, in defiance of the wishes of the empress and the members of the court, had a sensational counterpart at the Court of Vienna, where, on only one occasion, Emperor Francis-Joseph was compelled by political considerations to invite a lady whose presence was eminently distasteful alike to the empress and the whole imperial family.

She was the wife of the famous cavalry general, Baron Edelsheim, who at the time commanded the entire Austro-Hungarian forces in Hungary, and who was particularly valuable to the emperor and to his government as being the only Austrian officer of the highest rank whose Magyar affiliations were such as to render him acceptable to the Hungarian people, and to their army.

For a number of years his name was associated with that of an actress who bore the name of "Die Kaula," and several years elapsed after the birth of her son before the baron consented to marry her with a view of legitimizing the lad. Of course, both court and society decided that in view of the questionable antecedents of the new-fledged baroness, it would be necessary to subject her to the most severe ostracism, and to ignore her. The field-marshal, however, was resolved that his wife should receive imperial recognition. To this end, he availed himself of the Austrian Derby, which is run every year at Vienna, and is regarded as the principal sporting event, and, as such, attended by all the court and aristocracy. The baroness, arrayed in a much too ostentatious and beautiful toilet, took her place in one of the boxes of the grand stand, which had been secured for her in advance. As soon as the third race had been run, her husband left her side, and approaching the emperor, who was walking about in the enclosure, requested him to be permitted to present his wife to him, adding, that

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if his majesty would permit, he would conduct him to the box of the baroness for the purpose.

On the emperor manifesting signs of hesitation, Edelsheim, who was a very blunt, brusque, and outspoken man, and who, moreover, was fully conscious of his power at the time, exclaimed, in quiet, but cutting tones:

"Unless your majesty is gracious enough to confer upon me the honor which I have just requested, I shall tender my resignation as commander-in-chief of the military forces in Hungary to-night."

The emperor, aware that such a step as this would give rise to immense difficulty, and, owing to the great popularity of the general, might lead to possible disturbances in the Magyar kingdom, at once gave way and accompanied the baron to the box where the baroness was seated.

She was presented in due form, and, in full view of the entire assemblage, the monarch conversed with her most amiably for several minutes.

This was not, however, sufficient to satisfy the social aspirations of the baroness. She insisted on being invited to a court ball, persuading her husband to again threaten to resign, unless his demands on the subject were granted. The matter created no end of disturbance, and the whole court was in a perfect uproar, the empress especially being extremely indignant about the affair.

The court ball took place at Vienna, and both the field-marshal and his wife were present, she being arrayed in a superb Parisian court dress, and covered with truly priceless jewels.

At the last moment the empress refused to appear, and pretending a sudden indisposition, delegated one of the archduchesses to replace her.

Both the emperor and the archduchess showed them-

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selves gracious to the Edelsheims, the archduchess, however, restricting her conversation to the field-marshal, while the emperor spoke to the baroness.

With the exception of this brief interview, the baroness was left severely alone throughout the entire evening, not another lady belonging either to the imperial family or to the aristocracy taking the slightest notice of her presence, while the few men who came up to speak to her husband contented themselves with a mere bow on being presented to her.

There the couple stood in one corner of the room, as if surrounded by a wall of ice, and looking the very picture of discomfort, embarrassment and misery. They were glad when the entertainment came to a close, and though the baroness had obtained her wish, and secured the entrée to court, yet the experience of that one night proved sufficient, and she never again availed herself of the privilege.

A short time before her husband's death, he fought a duel on her account with Prince George Lobkowitz, and a few months after his demise she married the prince, and is to-day subjected to a yet more severe ostracism as a princess than ever fell to her share as Baroness Edelsheim.

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CHAPTER XXXIII

In all great official ceremonies and state functions in the Old World, it is always the principal personage who walks last in the procession, and usually alone. It is, therefore, right and proper that Emperor Francis-Joseph should constitute the subject of the closing chapter of this work. It is true that I have repeatedly referred to him, and often at some length, in the earlier pages of these volumes. But he presents so striking a spectacle, so interesting a figure, occupying as he does the position of patriarch among the rulers of the Old World, that some more detailed description of his apostolic majesty appears to me to be necessary, especially in view of the fact that having attained the age of three score years and ten, the span of life allotted to man by the Psalmist, his long and eventful reign must be regarded as nearly reaching its close.

No monarch, with the exception of Queen Victoria, enjoys the loyalty and personal affection of his subjects to such a degree as this white-haired emperor. In fact, it is the profound regard, and the love which they universally bear for their sovereign, that may be said to constitute the chief, nay, almost the only bond which unites the many different nationalities comprised in what is so wrongly styled the Dual Empire.

There are at least sixteen different and distinct races, who look up to Francis-Joseph as their ruler. They are imbued with sentiments of the most bitter hatred to one

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another. Thus at the outset of Francis-Joseph's reign, the Austrians did not hesitate to invoke the assistance of the Russians to help them to crush the Hungarian insurrection, and the Magyar Kingdom was in consequence overrun by fierce hordes of semi-barbarous Cossacks, whose very name still gives rise to a shiver in the Trans-Leithan portion of the dominions of Francis-Joseph.

In the same way, the Bohemians would be ready to invite Muscovite co-operation in order to get the best of the Austrians, while the latter in turn have gone to the length of publicly professing that they preferred incorporation into the new German empire, to compulsory obedience to a government in which Bohemians have any voice.

The Croats and the Transylvanians are so hostile to the Hungarians that they are ready to enter into any combination or to participate in any political movement calculated to disturb the Magyar government, while the Italian-speaking provinces regard the Austrians as their sworn foes. In fact, the abhorrence of these sixteen different nationalities for one another is carried to such lengths that it is impossible to form a lasting combination between any two racial groups in the imperial parliament, and the consequence is that legislative government has become virtually impossible in Austria.

All these nations have but one tie that unites them. It cannot be called a dynastic tie, for their loyalty is not accorded to the House of Hapsburg, but solely and exclusively to the person of Francis-Joseph; and it is to be feared that this tie, the only remaining bond of union that preserves the Austro-Hungarian empire from falling to pieces, will disappear when the good old emperor is gathered to his fathers, and is laid beside his murdered wife, within the vaults of the Capuchin Church in Vienna.

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The Austrians, it is true, hail him as their emperor, but they want it thoroughly understood that he is their emperor alone, and that they occupy the highest place in his regard and affection.

In the same way, the Magyars insist that he is King of Hungary much more than Emperor of Austria, that he is happier at Pesth than at Vienna, and that, as the possessor of the crown of St. Stephen, he is a far grander personage than as a mere Emperor of Austria.

The Bohemians again hail him as their king, cannot understand his reluctance to be crowned at Prague, as he has been crowned at Pesth, and urge that he is, above everything else, monarch of the ancient and magnificent kingdom of Bohemia.

It is the same with the Polish province of Galicia, where he is greeted as King of Poland; and in the Tyrol, where the sturdy highlanders yield homage to him as their sovereign duke; while even the Transylvanians wish it to be thoroughly understood that, though they are opposed to being ruled by the authorities at Pesth, they are imbued with sentiments of the most profound loyalty towards their "grand prince," as they style Francis-Joseph.

It is necessary to know the Austrian emperor personally in order to be able to understand this extraordinary condition of affairs. In the first place, being possessed of an extraordinary gift of languages, comparable only to that of the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti, he is able to converse with each of his subjects in his own particular tongue. He can talk German to the people of Vienna with the soft, agreeable accent of the Austrians. He is equally at home with Hungarian. Italian he learnt as a child, and speaks it with the purest Milanese intonation.

Croatian, Polish, Bohemian and Roumanian, which is

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the language spoken in Transylvania, are equally familiar to him, and since the incorporation of the Mohammedan provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina into his empire he has even taken the trouble to learn their tongue, so that he is able to bid good-morning to the Bosniac sentinels at his palace gates at Vienna in their own dialect.

Besides this faculty of addressing the people of each nationality comprised in his dominions in their own idiom, the emperor acts in many ways that contribute to his popularity. For instance, he spends much of his time in travelling about, visiting first one, then another provincial capital, and no matter where he may be staying, whether it be in the metropolis of Bohemia, in the principal city of Croatia, or in Cracòw, the old capital of Poland, he invariably invites the local authorities and the leading personages of the district to dine with him.

He is not satisfied, however, with the local fare; for these banquets he has everything brought from Vienna, even to the very candles that figure on the imperial table. Such *agapæ* have to be served with precisely the same degree of pomp, splendor and magnificence that characterizes the court entertainments at the Hofburg; the idea of the emperor being to convince his provincial guests that, in his estimation, they are every bit as worthy of princely hospitality as any of the great personages who attend court functions in the Austrian metropolis.

There is a delicacy, thoughtfulness, and consideration in this imperial compliment which is all the more appreciated by those honored with invitations in these provincial capitals, because of the intense jealousy which they nourish toward the people at Vienna.

There is also another and very characteristic method by means of which the old emperor manages to keep in touch

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with his subjects, and to retain their love and affection, no matter what their race or creed. He is the only sovereign in Europe who still keeps up the mediæval practice of granting private audiences to the rich and poor alike; and the humblest peasant, even the nomad Tzigan, greasy, wild and unkempt in appearance, and without any home but his canvas-covered cart, possesses the privilege of access to his sovereign, and of pouring his wrongs into the ear of his monarch, without the presence of any official or attendant.

Nothing is more characteristic than the scene in his antechamber on Mondays and Thursdays, when the emperor is at Vienna. The great room is thronged with cardinals and prelates, generals and statesmen, great nobles and magnates, and mingling with all these high and mighty personages are Bohemian bricklayers, Styrian farmers, peasants fron Upper Austria, humble shopkeepers from the poorer classes of Vienna, and village priests, all waiting to submit their troubles, their sorrows, their wrongs and their grievances to "Unsern Guten Kaiser."

It need hardly be added that, in accordance with the teachings of the New Testament, it is the village priest who is generally received before the scarlet-robed cardinal, the pooly-clad peasant before the cabinet minister in his gold-embroidered uniform, and the farmer before the great territorial magnate.

Francis-Joseph receives them standing in front of his writing-table, against which he sometimes leans when talking to them. If his visitor is in the least shy or alarmed, his manner immediately becomes paternal and encouraging, and he mentally makes rapid notes and extracts from what they have to say, to be remembered at leisure. Sometimes it is a widow who wants the discharge of her only son from

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military service; while at other times it is an old soldier, anxious for the righting of some error in connection with his pension; or perchance some village priest appealing for financial assistance for his poor.

To one and all the emperor lends a kindly and attentive ear, summons an aide or a secretary to make a note of the most important cases, and dismisses his visitor with a kindly and paternal nod, frequently extending his hand, which is kissed by the great and the humble alike, partly in affection, and partly, too, in token of deep and reverent homage.

Sometimes, very odd episodes occur, and on one memorable occasion the loud squealing of a pig rang through the lofty antechamber of the emperor in the Hofburg at Vienna. This strange sound emanated from a small, but very noisy porker, adorned with ribbons, which was carried in the arms of an elderly woman, arrayed in peasant costume. She had travelled a considerable distance in order to implore the sovereign's pardon for some military offence committed by her only son, who was serving in the army, and had brought the sucking pig with her as a gift to the monarch, with the view of propitiating him. The poor woman had no trouble in reaching the emperor, although she experienced some difficulty in taking her offering along with her. The emperor, however, insisted that it should not be taken from her, and the pig not only shared its mistress's honor of an imperial audience, but was graciously accepted by his majesty, who of course arranged to grant the petition which the woman had brought with her. Nor are pigs the only denizens of the farm-yard that have been seen in the antechambers of the emperor, for on St. Martin's Day of each year, the Jewish inhabitants of the capital in which the emperor may happen to be at the time,

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present to him, in accordance with the time-honored and century-old custom, a couple of live and exceedingly noisy, fat geese, the biggest of their kind, picturesquely adorned with bows and streamers, as an offering to the monarch by way of gratitude to the crown for the protection accorded to the Hebrew race in the empire during the past twelve months.

It is scarcely necessary to say that all those waiting in the antechamber for an audience with the emperor are only too glad to give way, and to yield the *pas* to the Jews on these occasions; for the geese are so vociferous, and show so little regard for the conventionalities or the etiquette inherent in polished life, that all are alike eager to see them disappear.

It is impossible to give a just idea of the extent to which this patriarchal emperor is in touch with the lowliest of his subjects, as well as the highest, or of the degree to which he considers himself the real father of his people.

Volumes could be written of anecdotes illustrating this touching feature of his character.

One day the emperor encountered two poachers while out shooting in his own jealously-guarded preserves in Upper Styria. The emperor was quite alone, and the men, had they wished, could either have escaped, or else have attacked the monarch; instead of this, as soon as they recognized him, they threw themselves on their knees to entreat his pardon. He spoke to them kindly, and in response to his inquiry as to what had led them to indulge in poaching, they explained that they were both old soldiers, fathers of large families, who had suffered greatly through the agricultural depression, and in their need had yielded to the temptation to procure sustenance by poaching.

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Francis-Joseph allowed them to depart, not, however, before taking their names and addresses. In terror and fear they awaited arrest, and sentence to a long term of imprisonment,—the game laws being as exceptionally severe in Austria, as they are in Germany;—but instead, a few days later, they were notified of their appointment as imperial game-keepers. Francis-Joseph had ascertained by means of private investigation that their story was entirely true, and that they had served him bravely through the sanguinary war of 1866; hence he was only too delighted to overlook their offense and reward past services.

On another occasion, when driving from the Hofburg to Schönbrunn he came upon a fire-engine, which was unable to proceed on its way to a conflagration, on account of the wheels having sunk so deeply into the mire that the horses had not strength enough to extricate it.

He at once stopped his carriage, ordered his horses to be taken out, and harnessed to the engine, with the view of using them to assist in bringing it to the scene of the fire, while he himself hired a one-horse fiacre or hack that was passing, and in that extraordinary conveyance drove to his destination.

Beloved though he is by his people of high and low degree, Emperor Francis-Joseph is to-day without any intimate friend or associate, that is to say, in his dominions. His only crony is the equally aged King of Saxony, who only comes to Vienna once or twice a year to join the imperial shooting parties.

At Berlin, the kaiser is wont to seek his friends and associates among the members of his nobility, and I have already mentioned in these pages his intimate association with the Counts of Goertz, Eulenburg and Douglas.

In England, the Prince of Wales seeks his favorite cro-

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nies among the members of the British nobility; but the Emperor of Austria, while simple and unaffected in his demeanor, and without the slightest touch of arrogance, always remains the monarch to his nobles, and though paternal in his attitude towards them, as he is to the lowliest peasants, never mingles at any time with them in a social sense.

The members of the old aristocracy figure at his court and at great state functions; but the gulf between the imperial house and the nobility is so sharply defined that there is never the slightest question of familiarity on the part of any of the princes or great magnates with the members of their reigning house.

There is much in common between Francis-Joseph and Emperor Joseph II. in this respect. Joseph was very fond of the common people, and just as fatherly in his dealings with them as the present occupant of the throne. It was he, indeed, who presented to the people of Vienna the Augarten and the Prater, which until that time had constituted a portion of the private pleasure-grounds of the sovereign, but which to-day may be said to constitute the lungs of the Austrian metropolis. At the time Emperor Joseph II. made this gift, one of the greatest nobles of his court, in the most deferential manner, ventured to express his doubt as to the policy of this imperial act of generosity, adding, that at that rate his apostolic majesty would soon have no spot left to which he could withdraw in order to enjoy in privacy the society of his peers.

"My friend," replied Joseph, "if I were to be restricted to the society of my peers, it would be necessary for me to spend my life in the vault of the Capuchin Church." (That is, among the remains of his predecessors on the imperial throne).

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Emperor Francis-Joseph has never made use of any such simile, yet doubtless he cannot help experiencing the same feeling in the matter as did Joseph II. There is a touch and flavor of the *bourgeoisie* about most of the reigning dynasties of Europe. This is the case with the royal family of England, and lately, alas! also with the imperial house of Russia; but there is nothing whatsoever of this nature where the Hapsburgs are concerned, and I should be tempted to describe the majesty of Francis-Joseph as absolutely Olympian, in the sense that it is so entirely above even the great aristocracy, aye, and apart from them, were it not for the paternal kindness and, if I may coin the word, the *approachfulness* of the monarch.

Save for the society of his two daughters and their children, Francis-Joseph is very much alone indeed. He has outlived most of his contemporaries who belonged to his own family, as well as all those statesmen who acted as his political advisers during the first half or two-thirds of his fifty years' reign; and most of the ministers and dignitaries by whom he is now surrounded belong to a different generation, and were mere boys at school even after he had been reigning for more than twenty years. He stands, indeed, a very lonely and, therefore, pathetic figure,—doubly pathetic, since he has lost in the most cruel fashion that can be imagined, first of all, his only son, and thereupon his lovely and beloved consort, the unforgettable Empress Elizabeth.

One of the extraordinary features of this Olympian eminence upon which the emperor is poised, so to speak, is the fact that he is looked upon as so far above his ministers and his government that he is not regarded as responsible by the people for anything that goes wrong. His subjects ascribe to him everything good that is done either by the crown or

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by the administration, but if any unpopular measure is inaugurated, if any national disaster takes place, no one dreams of attributing any blame to the emperor. All the odium thereof is lavished upon his ministers or his generals.

I lay particular stress on this, as it serves to explain why the innumerable misfortunes that have overtaken Austria since Francis-Joseph ascended the throne have served to strengthen the loyalty and love of his people towards him, rather than to diminish them. Napoleon III. was unable to return to Paris after the defeat of the French army on the frontier, and there are memoirs and official dispatches to show that as far back as in 1859 he realized that if he were defeated at the battle of Solferino, his throne would be endangered; but Emperor Francis-Joseph has not once only, but on several occasions, returned to his capital, not as the victor, but as the vanquished, and in each instance he has been welcomed back with, if anything, increased manifestations of popular affection; his subjects being apparently bent on endeavoring to console him by their loyalty for the reverses which he had sustained.

Both the Napoleons, the First and the Third, are on record as having remarked that Austria was the only country in Europe where the monarch could show his face in his capital without any vestige of apprehension, after sustaining the most crushing military defeats.

It is necessary to go back more than fifty years in order to realize the extent to which the Austrian crown has been shorn of its glory during the present reign. In 1848, Hungary was a mere province of Austria, and was governed, not from Pesth as to-day, but from Vienna. Venice and Lombardy were likewise provinces of the Austrian Empire, while Parma, Tuscany, and other petty Italian states were virtually subject to Hapsburg rule; the reigning

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Grand Duke of Tuscany being an Austrian archduke. Moreover, all the non-Prussian states of Germany looked to the Emperor of Austria as their chief. Indeed, he occupied a far higher position with regard to them than the German kaiser does to-day; for whereas the non-Prussian states at the present time insist that they are merely allies of the King of Prussia, and his equals, they were content, forty or fifty years ago, to look upon themselves as the vassals of Francis-Joseph.

Before the emperor had been many years on the throne, he found himself involved in a war with both France and Sardinia, which, after the crushing defeat sustained at Solferino by Austria, was brought to a disastrous close by the peace of Villafranca; according to the terms of which, Francis-Joseph was compelled not merely to surrender to King Victor Emmanuel his Italian province of Lombardy, including the city of Milan, but likewise to consent to the incorporation of Tuscany, and all the other Hapsburg-ruled states of Italy, into the dominions of the King of Sardinia.

In 1860, Francis-Joseph's sister-in-law and her consort, the Queen and King of Naples, were deprived of their kingdom and their throne by Victor Emmanuel, without his being able to raise a hand in their defence; and after having been forced against his will to reluctantly play second fiddle to Prussia, in the latter's war upon Denmark in 1864, he found himself confronted by Prussia and Italy in 1866.

Before six weeks had elapsed, Prussia had defeated Austria at every point, and that, too, in the most crushing manner, all the non-Prussian German princes, who had sided with Francis-Joseph as their suzerain in the conflict, being compelled to seek refuge in Vienna. Indeed, in those sad days, much of Francis-Joseph's time was spent

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in driving to some railroad terminus to receive this or that German sovereign who had risked his throne, and sacrificed his crown, in order to stand by Austria.

Finally, when the Prussians were within a day's march of Vienna, a peace was concluded, according to the terms of which all the non-Prussian states of Germany were compelled to abandon their allegiance to the house of Hapsburg, and to accept thenceforth their directions from Berlin; the King of Prussia, four years later, assuming the title of German Emperor, which for many centuries had been the heritage of the house of Hapsburg. It was this war of 1866, also, that cost Austria her province of Venetia, including the city of Venice, which she was obliged to give up to King Victor-Emmanuel, although she had defeated the Italians at Custozza on land, and in the battle of Lissa at sea.

Finally, Austria has been obliged to join in an offensive and defensive alliance with Prussia, that is to say, with her despoiler, and to submit to the assumption of the first rôle in the alliance by Prussia; the headquarters of the Triple Alliance being, as everybody is aware, not at Vienna, but at Berlin.

It is doubtful whether any alliance more distasteful to Emperor Francis-Joseph and the imperial house of Hapsburg than the tripartite agreement could possibly have been conceived; for the Hohenzollerns have, from time immemorial, shown themselves mutinous subjects, disloyal vassals, and relentless enemies to the dynasty of which Francis-Joseph is the head; while the aversion of Austria to everything Italian is still more acute.

Francis-Joseph cannot forget that this kingdom of Italy, to which he is now bound by ties of an offensive and defensive alliance, has driven him out of the Italian Penin-

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sula at the point of the sword; has despoiled his relatives at Florence, Naples, Parma, and Modena, not merely of their thrones and dominions, but even of their personal fortunes; besides robbing the Pope of his temporal power, and virtually condemning him to imprisonment within the walls of the Vatican.

It would be ridiculous to claim for one minute that Francis-Joseph has joined this Triple Alliance of his own free will and inclination. In fact, there is no doubt that he looks upon the necessity of taking part therein as one of the many bitter pills which he has had to swallow since he ascended the throne.

Few people can to-day realize how numerous these bitter pills have been. The entire reign of Francis-Joseph may indeed be said to have constituted a long succession of distasteful drafts of medicine of this kind, alleviated only by the great joy which he must have derived from the knowledge of the profound and unalterable loyalty and affection of his people. He owes this love on their part entirely to his own extremely sympathetic personality, and to the manner in which he has sacrificed his own individual inclinations to the requirements of his people.

It would be difficult to find any monarch either in ancient or modern history who entered upon his duties as sovereign amid such scenes of riot, rapine, bloodshed and civil war as the Emperor of Austria. The Hungarian portion of his dominions was in the ruthless grasp of a Russian army, which the first Czar Nicholas had placed at the disposal of old Emperor Ferdinand in order to enable him to suppress the Magyar insurrection. Civil war likewise prevailed in the Austrian moiety of the empire. The imperial family had been compelled to withdraw from the metropolis to Olmütz, and the gutters of Vienna literally

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ran with human blood, the streets being rendered hideous by the most extraordinary savagery and bloodshed. The mob which had taken possession of the city worked its sanguinary will upon both life and property until the capital was recaptured by an army of regulars,—just as Paris was recaptured from the Commune in 1871,—and before he had been a few weeks on the throne, a third insurrection had broken out in the Austrian provinces of Northern Italy, which developed into a full-fledged war with King Charles-Albert of Sardinia.

This was the situation that confronted Francis-Joseph when, scarcely at the age of eighteen, he found himself, to his own intense amazement, suddenly called upon to occupy the throne, through the abdication of his uncle. The latter realized that he was himself no longer capable of dealing with the situation, and on Saturday, December 2, 1848, summoned all the members of the imperial family, all the dignitaries of the realm, civil as well as military, to assemble in the great hall of the archiepiscopal palace of Olmütz.

No one knew the object of the summons, but the general impression was that the old emperor had at length resolved to yield to popular pressure, and to grant a constitution to his people. Punctually at eight o'clock, the emperor and empress, accompanied by the emperor's brother and sister-in-law, Archduke and Archduchess Francis-Charles, made their solemn entry, and as soon as they had taken their seats, the emperor drew a paper from the pocket of his uniform and read the following address:

"Important reasons have lead us to take the unalterable resolve to abdicate our imperial crown in favor of our beloved nephew, Archduke Francis-Joseph, whom we hereby declare to be of age, our beloved brother, Arch-

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duke Francis-Charles having renounced his own rights of succession in favor of this young prince, his son."

A solemn silence prevailed throughout that huge hall whilst the old emperor was reading this speech, and it continued for several minutes after the address had been completed, the people present being apparently so thunderstruck as to literally lose their breath. Young Archduke Francis-Joseph appeared as surprised as everyone else, but recovering his presence of mind, he approached his uncle, and knelt down before him as if to ask his blessing for the task which he was about to undertake. The old emperor thereupon bent down towards the young emperor, embraced him, laid his hand affectionately on his head, and exclaimed:

"*Gott segne dich, sei nur brav, Gott wird dich schützen; es ist gern geschehen.*" [God bless you. Do your best, God will protect you. It has been done gladly.]

That constituted the inauguration of the reign of Francis-Joseph. There was no coronation, no ceremonious investiture, merely an old man's blessing, yet the whole episode was infinitely more impressive and moving than any magnificent pageant would have been.

Two hours later, the ex-emperor and ex-empress, as well as the parents of the young monarch, took their departure from Olmütz, leaving the eighteen-year-old sovereign to face alone a situation which had proved beyond the strength of the two old men. The ex-emperor and empress sat side by side in the carriage, and facing them were Archduke and Archduchess Francis-Charles, while the young emperor rode on horseback beside the carriage as escort and equerry to his uncle.

The whole road to the railroad station was lined with troops, while the street was densely crowded with people,

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all heads being bared. There was not a single sound heard, excepting the commands of the officers to their men. The silence was profound throughout the entire route and remained unbroken until the young emperor bade a last farewell to his aged relatives, at the moment when the special train steamed off in the direction of Prague, leaving him to confront a situation almost without parallel.

How little Francis-Joseph was equipped for such a position at the time, will be appreciated when it is borne in mind that he was brought up under the care of the Jesuits, that is to say, of a religious school which in those days was particularly pronounced in its intolerance. His political ideas had been derived from old Prince Metternich, whose administration of the empire during the previous half century had been mainly responsible for the critical situation in which it became involved in 1848; while the principles which he had inherited from his uncle and his father were of the most absolutist character.

Indeed, he had been taught from his earliest childhood to look upon constitutionalism and legislative government precisely in the same way as we to-day regard the most advanced forms of socialism and anarchy. The main reason of Ferdinand's abdication, and his brother's refusal to follow him on the throne, was that neither could bring himself to accept principles of popular government, which in their eyes were nothing more nor less than rank heresy, but which they realized could no longer be denied to the people.

Francis-Joseph, in spite of this education, has shown himself one of the most constitutional monarchs in Europe. He has, as I have said before, subordinated all his own personal prejudices, doctrines, hereditary principles and

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traditions to the requirements of his people, in confiding the chancellorship of the empire, first, to a Protestant, in the person of Count Beust, and afterwards to a Hungarian ex-insurgent, Count Julius Andrassy, who had been sentenced to death, and was obliged to flee for his life in 1849, in consequence of the prominent part which he had taken in the Hungarian rebellion, which marked the commencement of the reign of Francis-Joseph. Indeed, the emperor, while Andrassy was in office, would often pat him good-humoredly on the shoulder, and exclaim with a smile:

"*How glad I am that I did not hang you in 1849. If you had not managed to escape I should be to-day deprived of the most sympathetic and capable of all my ministers and constitutional advisers.*"

It is fortunate that the emperor has but little time to brood over his sorrows, or to permit his mind to rest upon the trials which he has undergone since he ascended the throne. There is no more busily occupied man, nor one who has more hard work, throughout the length and breadth of the Austro-Hungarian empire. Indeed, he has not a moment to himself from morning to night, and the only periods of relaxation that he ever enjoys are when he is on hunting and chamois stalking expeditions.

He is extremely conscientious about the performance of his duties; he has to sign the documents submitted to him by a body of no less than nineteen cabinet ministers, and to transact with each of them the business of their respective departments. He must direct the administration, and exercise the chief command of the entire Austro-Hungarian army, comprising nearly a million of troops, supervise one full-fledged court and household, with its thousands of dignitaries, officials, and retainers of every degree, at Vienna, and another at Pesth. He is obliged to be in

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touch with two distinct parliaments, the Austrian and the Hungarian.

He has, moreover, to keep a watchful eye upon the members of his numerous family, some of whom have given him no end of trouble, as already shown in these volumes. Finally, it is no small matter to manage the enormous fortunes and property of the imperial family, and to take the leading part in all the ceremonies and state functions, not of one court, but of two.

He rises at daybreak from the iron camp-bed on which he has slept for very many years, and after dressing with the help of his old valet,—invariably shaving himself, however,—he proceeds to his work-room, which adjoins his sleeping-chamber, the walls and furniture of which are decorated in gold, white, and crimson damask. It is there that his coffee and his *semmels*, or rolls, are brought to him; there that he works for several hours before the majority of his subjects are stirring, although those who have business with him are often forced to keep the same hours as himself, as he is frequently in the habit of giving audience to ministers and officials at seven o'clock in the morning. It is during these early hours that he reads through the reports and dispatches submitted to him, and his endorsements and annotations show that he possesses, not only a sense of humor, but also a very keen penetration.

Thus, on the margin of one dispatch from an Austrian ambassador abroad will be found the words: "*Very pompous and trivial,*" while another will bear the remark: "*Count X—— has signed this report, but seems to have been absent when it was written.*"

Francis-Joseph does not play cards, and during the last quarter of a century has never touched a novel. Moreover, he lends no ear to the gossip of society or that of the court.

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In this he differs from all of his fellow-rulers. Even Queen Victoria is fond of gossip, and does not object when piquancy is added thereto, in the shape of a certain flavor of scandal; while Emperor William considers it to be his duty to keep himself posted concerning all the *on-dits* of his entourage, and as to what is going on in society at Berlin and at Potsdam.

In fact, while Francis-Joseph is, as I have repeatedly stated already, most kind and gracious to his entourage, yet he does not invite familiarity, and no one dreams of addressing him, save in reply to a question, nor would any one venture to talk to his apostolic majesty, unasked, about some matter foreign to his own particular duty and position.

It is, perhaps, largely due to this that there has been so little that has been trivial or petty in his actions. He is so far removed above the little meannesses of society, no matter whether it be high or low, that one feels him to be incapable of anything that is in the slightest degree mean or questionable. Thanks to this, his people realize that he is beyond the reach of any intrigues that might be concocted for the purpose of influencing his actions, either in public or private life.

Every other monarch who has reigned during the last fifty years has been at one time or another exposed to the reproach of yielding to the influence of some personal favorite, and whenever a change of ministers takes place at Berlin, the first question asked is through whose influence with the emperor it has been brought about; but there is nothing of this kind at Vienna, and never has been since Francis-Joseph ascended the throne. The only influence that he has ever permitted to sway his actions has been that of the empress, his lamented consort, and inasmuch as hers was invariably exercised in behalf of liberalism and prog-

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ress, and as the present enthusiastic loyalty of the Magyars to their king is mainly owing to the fact that he yielded to the advice of his wife in restoring autonomy to Hungary, and all the liberal reforms which it now enjoys, no fault can be found with his majesty's deference to the enlightened wishes of his deeply-mourned wife.

Exception may be taken to a sovereign's permitting himself to be influenced by more or less worthy favorites, who are without constitutional responsibility for the advice which they induce their monarch to accept; but no objection can possibly be raised to a man's submitting to the influence of his wife, when she happens to be such a good, noble, and altogether blameless woman as Empress Elizabeth was.

In earlier chapters, I have shown the extent to which intrigue prevails in the entourage of Emperor William, and the unhappiness which it has caused there, as well as the extent to which it has impaired the prestige and good name of the Court of Berlin. There, people seem to realize that their entire future, as well as their present welfare, depends upon winning and retaining the personal favor of the emperor. Every other consideration is subordinated thereto, and as this, in many cases, can only be achieved by ousting those who already enjoy the favor of the monarch, and who are anxious to prevent the intrusion of new-comers, it naturally follows that intrigues are the order of the day, and that the entire atmosphere of the court is redolent thereof.

It is the same at almost every other court; indeed, to such a degree is this the case, that the very designation of "courtier" is equivalent to an intimation that the person to whom it is applied is a petty intriguer, and anxious to further his own selfish interests by supplanting those who

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enjoy the favor of the sovereign, and of creating obstacles and pitfalls for all those who are likely to prove rivals.

There is an entire absence of this spirit of intrigue at the court of Vienna. The experience of fifty years has taught those who are admitted within its circle, that intrigue is of no avail in any attempt to win the good graces of the emperor, and that if he is entirely beyond its reach, it is because he has never had any favorites, or deferred to any other unconstitutional influence than that of his wife.

This is one of the reasons why court life at Vienna, in spite of the breadth of the chasm that prevails between the imperial family and the aristocracy, is so particularly charming. There is among the aristocracy, and the entourage of the emperor and the imperial princes, a species of good-fellowship and *camaraderie*, entirely devoid of any jealousy, back-biting or attempt to inflict mutual injury by means of insidious and malevolent insinuations. Everybody knows that intrigue will be of no avail, and that is why a tone of chivalry prevails at the imperial palace at Vienna, and at the royal palace in the Hungarian capital which does not exist at any other court of the Old World.

Anything that savors of intrigue in the government reports, documents, or papers, that come under Francis-Joseph's notice in the ordinary course of business, arouses his keen resentment, and on such occasions his wrath is very great—I might almost make use of an expression which I have already employed, and describe it as Olympian! In fact his apostolic majesty, despite his patience, his indulgence, his forbearance and his magnanimity, can be very hot-tempered at times, especially when he becomes aware of any act of meanness or of dishonor. He does not hesitate on such occasions to use language which is quite

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the reverse of parliamentary, and in the case of one of his orderly officers, who shall be nameless, and who is to-day undergoing a long term of imprisonment for the betrayal of military secrets to Russia, he was heard by those of the anteroom to have apostrophized the culprit as a *schwein* [PIG].

It is true that the case in question was one of particularly gross treachery and disloyalty; the officer in question, as one of the confidential attendants of the emperor, saw every paper and document that was submitted to his imperial master for consideration, especially those relating to army matters. In this way he became possessed of all the most important military secrets relating to the defences of Austro-Hungary.

It is doubtful how long he might have gone on betraying these secrets to the Russian government, had he not been foolish enough to hand to the Russian military attaché a memorandum containing the list of certain documents which he had secured for him. This took place at a reception given by Princess Arenberg, widow *en premières noces* of that Prince Milosh, who preceded King Milan on the throne of Servia, and who was assassinated in 1868 at Belgrade.

The list was found on the same night, after the guests had left, upon a sofa where the Russian officer had been sitting, and it had evidently slipped out of his pocket. As soon as the princess caught sight of the paper, and glanced at the memoranda inscribed thereon, she at once commenced to tax her memory as to the persons who had been engaged in conversation in that particular part of the room with the Russian, and finally recalled the name of the emperor's orderly officer, or *flügel adjutant*.

She thereupon summoned her brother, Count Koloman

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Hunyàdi, who in addition to being a general of cavalry is grand master of ceremonies at the court of Vienna, and a trusted servant of the emperor. The count lost no time in seeking his imperial master and obtained an audience with him, during the course of which he communicated the circumstances connected with the discovery of this bordereau.

The emperor was at first dumbfounded, and almost incapable of believing in the existence of such vile treachery; for he perceived at a glance the importance of the bordereau, since it enumerated a number of very confidential documents which had recently been submitted to him by the minister of war, and the contents of which no one was supposed to know save half a dozen of the leading generals of the army.

It was thereupon that the interview between the emperor and the incriminated officer took place, in the course of which his majesty is described as having so completely lost control of his temper as to apostrophize the man repeatedly with the word *schwein*, as if there were no worse epithet he could think of in the German language; and even going so far, it is said, as to strike the officer with his clenched fist in the face.

The man was at once arrested, court-martialled behind closed doors, degraded in the presence of a number of superior officers and picked troops, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude and solitary confinement in the military penitentiary of Peterswardein; but the public were never allowed to know anything about the matter, and no mention was made thereof in the newspapers, and to this day there are few, save the initiated, who are even aware of the man's name.

Francis-Joseph has shown himself on many occasions so

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indifferent to popular clamor, when he knew that he was in the right and the people in the wrong, that it might be imagined that he is totally indifferent to public criticism, especially as it is only occasionally that he sees the daily papers; for every day a number of folio sheets containing extracts from all the domestic and foreign papers, and matters of news likely to interest him, are submitted to him by a high official of the imperial household, who has no other duty to perform than to prepare this species of daily *précis* of the press for his sovereign; yet he sometimes strongly resents popular criticism.

I well remember that at the time the new Burg, or Court, Theatre was opened at Vienna, its architecture, decorations and appearance in general were the subject of much abuse on the part of the people.

True, the emperor had not designed it, but he had approved all the designs; and, what is more, had paid for the construction of this magnificent temple of the drama, which is maintained entirely at his expense, and run without any regard to its revenues, solely for the purpose of fostering dramatic art, and giving the people an opportunity to become acquainted with the masterpieces of modern and ancient playwrights. That he keenly resented public criticism in this case is shown by a remark which was repeated to me at the time.

"I like the building immensely," said the emperor; "and even if it has faults, I do not think that people ought in this way to endeavor to spoil the pleasure of one whose main object in causing the theatre to be built was to provide them with pleasure and entertainment."

There is something very paternal in this complaint. It reminds one far more of a father chiding ungrateful children than of a monarch dealing with his subjects.

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While on the topic of this theatre, which is regarded by experts throughout the world as a triumph of architecture, I may mention that Francis-Joseph possesses a far finer sense of the artistic than is generally supposed, or than people might be tempted to believe from the number of works of questionable merit which in public exhibitions bear an inscription to the effect that they have been purchased by the emperor.

In such cases, the works are purchased on the recommendation of a committee appointed for the purpose. The emperor does this, not because he wants them, or because he likes them, but merely for the sake of encouraging native art. More than once he has subsequently admitted this in an outburst of confidence.

"Yes, I know that those pictures are nothing but *schund* [rubbish], but you see I have been recommended to buy them, and I don't think it would be right to put my own personal judgment as an amateur against the collective opinions of professional experts," has often been his remark.

This deference to the opinion of experts is one of the keynotes of the character of Francis-Joseph. His favorite adage is "*Ruhig und sächlich*," which may be interpreted as "Stick quietly to your profession, and do your best at it without attempting to *splurge*."

There is no greater praise that falls from the lips of Francis-Joseph than an intimation to the effect that something is quite *sächlich!*

The emperor, while full of deference to the obligations begotten by all the traditional etiquette of the Court of Vienna, much of which dates back to the reign of his illustrious ancestor, Emperor Charles V., has a hatred of everything that is theatrical, and that partakes of the nature of hypocrisy or pose.

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He is essentially simple in his manner, prefers direct frankness, and even brutal honesty, to circumlocution, and holds in horror all those florid and useless excrescences of speech which are the bane of official phraseology in the German language.

On state occasions, such as in the speeches which he addresses to the parliamentary delegations, he ordinarily follows the indications of his ministers, but he frequently casts aside these indications and appeals directly to his people in words spoken straight from the heart, on the impulse of the moment, and there is in these particular utterances a degree of pathos and an extreme elegance which is infinitely more effective than any of the previously prepared speeches mentioned.

Who can forget the words which Francis-Joseph, on the spur of his first impression, once addressed to the old speaker of the Reichstag, a venerable statesman named Smolka, immediately after the funeral of the crown prince?

"How much I have to thank, in these sad days, my dearly beloved wife for the great support that she has been to me during this trying time, I cannot describe or express in sufficiently warm language. I cannot thank Heaven deeply enough for having given me such a consort to sustain me in the path of my long and sad life. Please spread these words for me as widely as you can. The more you propagate them, the more grateful I shall be to you."

Old Smolka was never tired of expatiating on the indescribable tone with which the emperor delivered this utterance, a tone which came from the very heart of the speaker, and went straight to the hearts of those who heard it.

The emperor is not an excessively tall man, yet he is far above the middle height, and is, assuredly, the best-

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looking member of his family. The Hapsburg features are in him less conspicuous than in the other members of his house, and there is about him an expression of straightforwardness and uprightness, coupled with an appearance of determination, that are altogether out of keeping with the traditional hesitancy of mind which is set down as the hereditary characteristic of this most illustrious dynasty.

In spite of his kindliness of manner and of looks, one feels that he is not only an emperor, but a gentleman, and that he is utterly incapable of anything mean, or unchivalrous. His hair has turned snow white, and his face, furrowed by many wrinkles, bears the impress of sorrows, domestic as well as national; yet his figure retains all the elegance for which it was distinguished in days of yore, and he still remains outwardly and inwardly the personification of all that is knightly.

For Austro-Hungary he is an ideal ruler. He is a man who decides only after long deliberation, and who resolves with wisdom; whose sense of duty is so wide and so strong that he considers the greatest task not above his abilities, and the least, not undeserving of his care. He is known to be entirely superior to all ambition of personal glory and military laurels; to be imbued with the deepest sense of his responsibilities, first to his people and then to his dynasty. These are a few of the public qualities of the emperor, to which may be added a singularly gracious readiness to forgive, great patience, magnanimity and generosity. Finally, there is one virtue in which he surpasses all other crowned heads of the world, past and present,—a virtue which goes far to account for his popularity: —*it is tact!*

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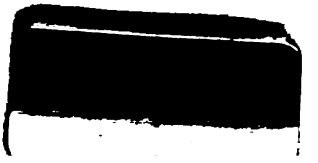

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